THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NOV. 11, 1922

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

George Pattullo—George Kibbe Turner—Sophie Kerr—Corra Harris
Frederick Irving Anderson—Joseph Hergesheimer—Ben Ames Williams

THANKSGIVING

DEL MONTE PEACHES WITH TURKEY

Place DEL MONTE Peaches beside the turkey in the roasting pan a few minutes before the time of serving. When hot, place around the turkey as you would a garnish. Serve one peach half with each portion.

ROAST TURKEY STUFFING

Mix 4 cups bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon powdered sage and 1 teaspoon grated onion. Heat ½ to 1 cup of the sirup from DEL MONTE Canned Peaches with 3 tablespoons butter and mix thoroughly with the other ingredients. This is sufficient for a seven or eight pound turkey. If a larger turkey is used, the amounts in the recipe may be increased by one-half.

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Our book "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor" gives over 500 other simple and economical ways to put tempting, healthful variety into every-day meals with canned fruits and vegetables. Send for a free copy. Address Department E, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California

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Have you ever tasted DEL MONTE Peaches with turkey? Do you know the goodness of peach sirup in the dressing? Try them. Two delectable additions—even to the most tempting Thanksgiving feast.

They're illustrations of the "balanced ration" principle which is one of the most important things to observe in planning meals.

Make a regular practice of serving fruit with meat or fowl. It supplies healthful mineral salts and natural fruit acids which stimulate digestive action and play an essential part in the well-balanced meal.

Eat some fruit every day for its goodness and for its healthfulness—especially during the cold, winter months. You can do it most conveniently and economically. Just keep on hand a supply of DEL MONTE — choicest fruits from the world's finest orchards — packed where they ripen the day they are picked — and brought to your table with all their natural fresh flavor and delicacy—ready to serve whenever you want them in endless appetizing ways.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

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DEL MONTE Cranberry Sauce — DEL MONTE Peas
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DEL MONTE Jams, Jellies and Preserves
(in a wide variety of flavors)

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The job is not done until the Inspector's O. K. is on the Barrett Specification Roof—

The Barrett Specification Bond that protects you against all maintenance costs.

Not until the finished Barrett Specification Bonded Roof is approved by a Barrett Inspector, is the roofer's contract with the owner completed. For the Surety Company Bond which guarantees the roof against repair and maintenance expense is issued only on the Inspector's O. K.

And not until the Inspector is sure that the roof conforms strictly to The Barrett Specification—not until he is sure that the required number of layers of Specification Felt and Specification Pitch were used, and *properly used*—does he approve the job.

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There are two types of Barrett Specification Bonded Roofs—Type "AA," bonded for 20 years, and Type "A," bonded for 10 years. Before specifying or closing contract for either of these types of Bonded Roofs, be sure to read carefully all the stipulations contained in the specifications, copies of which will be sent free on request.

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Barrett Specification Roofs Bonded for 20 and 10 Years

To guard their digestions

and give them the foods they like, too.

More intelligent cooking—this is a subject in which most American mothers are vitally interested.

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While little Eskimo boys and girls may digest, in heavy form, the fat which is essential to all of us, intelligent American mothers recognize that civilized little stomachs are not so ostrich-like.

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Yes, Crisco costs, during an average week's baking and frying, a few pennies more than do most cooking fats. But thoughtful mothers would no more deliberately choose cheap, indigestible shortening than they would deliberately choose inferior milk.

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Crisco is sold by grocers in small, medium sized and large cans. Made and sold in Canada, too.

Gold Cake

5 tablespoonfuls Crisco
¾ cupful sugar
½ cupful milk
4 yolks of eggs
1½ cupfuls flour
½ teaspoonful salt
3 teaspoonfuls baking powder
½ teaspoonful lemon extract

Cream Crisco and sugar together. Beat egg yolks very light and add to creamed mixture. Add dry ingredients, milk and lemon extract, and mix well. Turn into a small Criscoed and floured cake tin and bake in moderate oven forty-five minutes.

Sufficient for one small cake.

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Into half a glass of lukewarm water drop a small lump each of Crisco and any other shortening. With a teaspoon gradually add hot water until Crisco melts. You will find that few other fats melt at this point. Food authorities say that an easily digested fat should melt near body heat—98½ degrees. Crisco, you will find, melts even below this temperature. It melts at 97 degrees. (This test does not necessarily condemn the digestibility of the other fat, but it will aid you to establish Crisco's fine digestibility.)

For delicious cakes which stay fresh longer
For flaky and digestible pastry
For wholesome digestible fried foods.

Digestible Vegetable Shortening

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 0, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D! 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 15, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Galveston, Tex., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 195 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., NOVEMBER 11, 1922 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 20

STINNES THE STABILIZER

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

A YEAR ago I had the good fortune to interview Hugo Stinnes at Berlin. It was the first time that he had talked for publication. In the course of his striking comments on world affairs he declared that it was impossible for Germany to pay the reparation demanded, because the system that necessitated payments in foreign exchange speeded up the printing presses and depreciated the mark. "The indemnity problem can be solved only on a business basis by business men," he said. "Such a solution is the key to European stabilization, and the real step toward Franco-German economic accord."

Prior to the first interview in Berlin Stinnes had been a silent and inaccessible figure. The glamour and mystery of astounding industrial achievement were about him. He had ridden roughshod over all obstacles in the path of his masterful ambition. Never disclosing his plans until he had struck, he was rapidly acquiring a corner on European production. It took me six weeks to get at him. When I did have the opportunity it was, as readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST may possibly recall, more like a motion-picture story than a chapter out of real life. At the end chance entered largely into the matter. I was out when Stinnes finally sought me, and subsequently I caught him on the wing in the lobby of the Adlon Hotel just before I started for Brussels.

PHOTO. BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO. SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

Hugo Stinnes—With the Beard—Germany's Financial Potentate, With President Ebert at His Left, During the Launching of the Carl Lexien, the Biggest German Steamship Built Since the War

Exactly twelve months from the day my article about him appeared in America I again saw Stinnes in Berlin. In the quiet of his apartment at the Esplanade Hotel, which was also his office, and with some hint of the background of the far-flung empire of trade that he dominates, this remarkable man once more talked about the European situation. Although an even more conspicuous figure, he had not departed from his habit of silence, so far as public utterance is concerned. He is still "the inaccessible Hugo," as they call him in Germany. This interview with him, therefore, is the second that he has ever given.

The Significance of the Stinnes-Lubersac Agreement

LAST year he bestrode the Continent like a colossus. Then his power was almost entirely financial and industrial. Now he was vested with a new authority, because he had ignored the politicians with the same daring with which he crushed business rivals. He stood revealed as the exponent of that economic statesmanship which is the one salvation of a still harassed and shell-shocked Europe.

In 1921 Stinnes said to me: "A few business men sitting around a table discussing matters calmly and amicably could achieve more reconstruction than all the chatter of self-seeking politicians. The curse of Europe is politics, and until the politician is eliminated there can be no stabilization."

In 1922, like the doer he is, he had just translated his theory into reality. Through the instrumentality of what history will record as the Stinnes-Lubursac compact he has taken the reconstruction of the devastated area of France out of the hands of the politicians and put it on a business basis. His participation guarantees action. By this procedure he applied the initial antiseptic to the sore of reparations that has poisoned European life and envenomed international relations. Moreover, he has made the indemnity issue what it should have been from the start—an economic and not a political issue. It means, despite turmoil in the Near East and the financial disintegration of Germany, that the mists of misunderstanding are slowly lifting. Reason and reparations—strangers so long—are at last beginning to march together. Stinnes the Syndicate has become Stinnes the Stabilizer.

Reparations

ALTHOUGH the Stinnes-Lubursac agreement will be fully explained later on in this article, it may be well to present the essential details here. They will serve to give you a better understanding perhaps of what the master industrialist of Germany said to me during the course of the evening I spent with him. To do so we must retrace our steps for a moment and get the setting of the undertaking which sets up the first real milepost in the slow and painful journey of Europe toward normalcy.

Like most European ills it goes back to the Versailles Treaty, which was basically unsound, because it was framed by professional nationalists who could not see beyond the frontiers of their own domains. All idea of an international coöperation which would heal the wounds of war and reëstablish commercial confidence was lost in the grand scramble for plunder and power. Instead of being guided by sound business judgment it was animated by passion and politics, always a costly combination. The document which was to be the Magna Charta of a new world rising out of the ashes of a stupendous struggle has utterly failed of its purpose. Instead of peace it has begot war.

Before long the chickens of hate began to come home to roost. Most of them perched upon the structure labeled "German Reparations." Everybody admitted that Germany ought to pay for her supreme folly, but by the same token the first task should have been to find out her capacity to pay. Incredible as it may seem, this riddle remains unanswered. It was not until the Stinnes-Lubursac agreement that anything like an approach to it was recorded. Between the Teutonic side-stepping, on the one hand, and the economically unsound schedule of payments, on the other, the course of reparations had been a continuous series of crises, marked by compromises that have only staved off the final show-down. This is why the Stinnes arrangement is so vital to the economic accord of Europe. It is a definite and orderly piece of unprejudiced business.

When the German indemnity was fixed at 132,000,000,000 gold marks—$33,000,000,000—the plan was to issue five per cent bearer bonds, known as A, B and C bonds, to cover this principal. In order to take care of the fixed charges, including a sinking fund, Germany agreed to pay 2,000,000,000 gold marks a year in quarterly installments. She acquiesced in this only in the face of the Allied threat to invade the Ruhr.

Since her gold reserve had been sadly depleted, Germany was forced to buy foreign exchange with which to meet these obligations. She could do this only with new German paper marks. Every reparation payment therefore meant that dollars, pounds and francs

would go up and marks go down. The German printing presses were started and they have worked overtime ever since. The circulation of German currency on October first was something like 275,000,000,000 marks, while the daily output—it is the only word that meets the situation—at the time I write is 7,000,000,000 marks a day. Here is one explanation for the collapse in the value of German money.

In passing—and it is merely another commentary on the unbusinesslike procedure of the reparations business—let me say that the A, B and C bonds, which were planned to put the whole indemnity transaction on a marketable basis—the first two groups should have been brought out in 1921—are still unissued and will probably remain so. The reason is that it would be well-nigh impossible to find buyers. The Germans will not have them because of pride or passion, while the Allies and neutrals have no confidence in them. When I asked a certain high-placed reparation authority about them in Paris last September he shrugged his shoulders and replied: "They are merely pieces of paper now and that is about as far as they will ever go."

There is no need of rehearsing the tangled reparation story since payments began August 30, 1921. To deal with it is like trying to keep pace with politics in China. The scheme of today is the wreck of tomorrow. Every installment paid by Germany has been extorted almost at the sword's point or through fear of the bailiff, the bailiff being the French army. Each near-default has demoralized exchange, upset markets, jeopardized trade and fed the fires of passion. It has been like pulling teeth. Meanwhile the great gash in the north of France remained unhealed. The reconstruction that has prevailed was largely due to French initiative, and it drained a national finance and labor already at low ebb.

Germany might have toed the mark with much better grace if many of her capitalists had not sent so much of their money out of the country to be converted into pounds and dollars, and incidentally to avoid taxation. This is another reason why the mark collapsed. The Germans themselves have no confidence in it.

Be that as it may, one thing is certain: The indemnity system and with it the fixed amount, which has been a constant irritant to the Teutons, have not been compatible with peace and stability in Europe. Every conference—there have been fourteen since the armistice—that dealt with the bristling mess only made it worse, because nothing decisive was ever done. It invariably got back to the policy of delay and compromise, which, with politics, has constituted the bane of the Continent. When England sought to lighten the German reparation burden France construed it as an affront, and the integrity of the Entente was menaced. When a committee of distinguished bankers, including J. P. Morgan, suggested a loan to Germany the French frustrated the plan, despite the fact that the major part of the proceeds was to be applied to the reparation principal. The project foundered because the bankers sought to ascertain the German capacity to pay, and France could not see her way to aid in the achievement of this end.

Payment in Kind

THE trouble lay largely in the fact that there has been too much threatening and intimidating by the French, and a corresponding amount of unnecessary evasion and pleading of poverty on the part of the Germans. Reconstruction was caught in the cross fire and had no chance to lift its head. The history of the treaty breaking was repeated in the enforcement of the reparation payments because once more the larger issue of European rehabilitation was lost sight of. France could only see France; and while everybody sympathized with the great republic, the feeling grew in England and elsewhere that a less coercive policy would net more in the end.

Now we approach the Stinnes deal. Far-seeing men realized a year ago that as long as reparations continued almost exclusively on a cash basis delay and discord would become chronic. It was increasingly difficult to extract the installments. The Germans were getting into the mood which said: "Come and take what you can." Something had to be done to bridge the widening gap. Happily a precedent developed that eventually pointed the way to solution. That solution lay through reparation in kind. While Germany had been furnishing France with coal and dyes under the terms of the treaty, these materials did not rebuild sacked cities or restore prostrate factories.

In the summer of 1921 Louis Loucheur, French Minister of Reconstruction, and the late Walter Rathenau, who held the corresponding post in the German Cabinet, realizing that cash indemnities meant eternal bickering, got together at Wiesbaden and negotiated a pact for reparation in kind. This meant that Germany was to provide materials and machinery for the restoration of the ravaged regions. It was a cheerful sign of progress that held out the promise of two things—to relieve the pressure on German cash; and to help France toward normalization. A foundation for real restitution was laid, but unfortunately no one started to build on it to any appreciable extent. It remained a promise.

Meanwhile cash payments continued to cause periodical clashes. The Briands and the Poincarés threatened confiscation of the Ruhr, and the Wirths no less persistently protested that Germany was on the verge of bankruptcy. The reparation muddle became more and more involved in politics. To add to the confusion, the Allied debt to America was projected into the mêlée. Every straw was looked upon as a life preserver. England and France grew further apart. That fundamental source of all trouble, money—or rather the lack of money—threatened a rupture between the Allies, and even worse.

Such was the situation at the beginning of August last. The usual quarterly reparation row was brewing because Germany announced that she could not meet her next payment, on which Belgium had priority. A default under the Versailles Treaty meant that the French and their Allies could take the law, as it were, in their own hands and levy. Once more the French talked invasion, and the sensitive fabric of trade trembled. Ultimately this scare subsided, because the Germans offered, in lieu of cash, short-term treasury bonds, guaranteed by the Reichsbank, with a further indorsement by the Bank of England. This merely provided a stop-gap, because there will be a fine complication when these bonds mature early next year just about the time that the first normal cash payment for 1923 is due.

Then it was that Stinnes projected himself into the fracas, and in characteristic fashion. Without disclosing his plan to the German Government he invited the Marquis de Lubursac, a member of the French Senate, to meet him at his country place at Reimberg, Niederheimbach, on the Rhine, early in August. He selected the marquis as his mate in what has developed into an historic enterprise, not only because the Frenchman was a power in his land but for the reason that as President of the General Federation of Coöperative Associations for the Reconstruction of France he represented 1600 reconstruction associations with a membership of 140,000 householders, who had sustained war losses to the extent of more than 15,000,000,000 francs.

To the marquis Stinnes said in substance and in a manner reminiscent of the late E. H. Harriman's famous apostrophe to Theodore Roosevelt: "We are both practical men. France and Germany can never get together on an economic footing if the politicians are to muddle things up constantly. Why not go ahead on a sensible basis? The biggest need of France is the immediate restoration of her devastated areas. The effect will be not only economic but moral. The Loucheur-Rathenau arrangement shows how it can be done. Let us do it."

De Lubursac in turn dwelt on the plight of the French war sufferers, whose return to normal life and labor has been hampered by political complications. He said that he realized the calming influence on Franco-German relations that would result from effective German participation in the reconstruction of the devastated regions.

Business Men Supersede Politicians

THE result of the conference was the agreement entered into between the two men by which 70 per cent of the French war victims agree to receive their reparation through Stinnes' hands. A total of over 30,000,000,000 francs is involved in the deal. Through the agency of a Stinnes construction company France is to be provided with lumber, cement, tile, lime and other necessary materials for rehabilitation. The work is to be done by French laborers, while Stinnes and his colleagues must look to the German government for compensation. The whole scheme is precisely like a colossal commercial transaction between big business men. All the details—and they show Stinnes the master organizer at his best—will be disclosed in a subsequent article, since the task now is to shorten the approach to my second meeting with him.

The important facts that must be disclosed at this juncture are that not only has the agreement been ratified by both governments and is functioning, but that just as Stinnes ignored the German Government in taking the short cut to De Lubursac and action, so did the French senator on his part fail to reveal the project to Poincaré until the deed was done. In many respects this is a most remarkable phase of the performance, because it shows that finally the politicians are being passed up in the long-delayed effort to restore Europe to something like sanity and order. What muddling governments have failed to accomplish in three years of sound and fury that signified nothing a few hard-headed men of practical affairs accomplished in a few weeks. The fact that Stinnes, who is not a philanthropist, gets a 6 per cent commission out of the transaction merely shows that with him business is business. In the army phraseology, he has consolidated his position and looms larger than ever as perhaps the most powerful individual in the world.

Thus the Stinnes-Lubursac arrangement cannot be measured in terms of money. It has a deeper and larger significance, because it aims at a satisfactory settlement of the problem that has perplexed and well-nigh paralyzed Europe since the armistice. The Stinnes proposition has become the precedent for other similar undertakings. Reparation in kind will probably supersede the cash system that has disrupted the fiscal machine so persistently and so destructively. French capital is now flowing into the Stinnes private enterprises and what seems to be the dawn of an area of economic coördination between France and Germany is breaking. It is simply another convincing evidence of the fact that, in the last analysis, business and with it self-preservation are the eternal levelers.

With this prelude we can now see what Stinnes looks like after the passage of twelve months. Frankly I had no expectation of seeing him again, for reasons that will be here disclosed for the first time. My first interview with him was, in journalistic parlance, a news event. As soon as the cables began to sizzle with extracts the great man promptly repudiated it in his newspaper, the semi-official Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung. He simply declared that he had given no interview. I was absolutely sure of my ground and waited for what I was certain would be the inevitable development. It came in due time.

As soon as THE SATURDAY EVENING POST containing the article reached Berlin and Stinnes saw that I had reproduced precisely

(Continued on Page 58)

THE SURVIVAL

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

A Man on a Burro Appeared in the Dry River Bed and Ambled Slowly Toward Camp

A POLECAT had wandered into the Lazy L camp during the night, stampeding the night horses and obliging the boss to make an enforced retreat two hundred yards from his fellows.

"Why, I smelt him the minute he hit camp," boasted the cook.

"Then why didn't you crack down on him?" roared the boss from the mesquite clump at which he was burning his clothes.

"Well, I thought at first it was Shorty comin' to bed," Mit explained.

The ensuing argument with Shorty further delayed breakfast and it was long after sunup before the outfit got to horse and rode away. They redoubled their efforts to make up lost time and it was not much past the usual hour when the cook perceived the dust of the cattle's approach and heard the shrill yelps of the cowboys urging them on toward the round-up ground. Presently they arrived and the ropers went to work.

Dust swirled in choking clouds; the pungent smell of burned hair and seared flesh set the flankers to coughing; a continuous clamor of lowing cows and bawling calves, now and again broken by the rumbling challenge of a bull spoiling for a fight; and, piercing the din, the high-pitched voice of Hi Garrett—"Hot iron! Hot iron!"

A husky red calf which the roper had dragged from the herd by the neck foiled the Big Un's heave and, making a desperate lunge, knocked him down. And while the Big Un was prostrate, the calf kicked him in the knee, the stomach and the face.

"Stay with him, cowboy!"

"Look out," followed a warning cry. "She's on the prod."

The calf's mother had followed her offspring when he was jerked from her side, bucking and squalling at the end of Reb's rope, and now stood gazing uncertainly at the scene, her head turning from side to side. At last she came to a decision and bore down on the Big Un to horn him. He jumped to his feet, kicked a spurt of dust in her face and the mother swerved irresolutely and trotted back to the herd.

"Heel them big boogers, Reb—heel 'em!" bawled the Big Un, wiping the blood from his lip.

"Hi! Catch that one again, Lafe!" yelled Garrett from the fire, where he was seeing to it that the branding irons were kept hot. "It ain't earmarked."

Two ropers and four sets of flankers were working at a feverish pace to brand the calves brought in by the morning's round-up. In the herd were close to four hundred cows, and practically every one was followed by a worried calf. The temperature stood at 98 in the shade and there wasn't any shade. The ground was hard and cracked, the cattle fractious and inclined to break out, and Garrett drove his men as he always did when he bossed the job.

The sun was high in the heavens and the flankers had begun to curse every least mishap before the boss took out his fat silver watch and inquired, "What's your tally, Lafe?"

"A hundred and ninety-seven."

"Check!" cried Garrett. "Let's go."

The Lazy L outfit mounted and, leaving two men to hold the herd, swept toward camp and dinner in a furious race. Arrived there, some of the boys washed before eating, but sparingly—partly from habit, partly because water was scarce in that region and what they used was carried in a barrel on the hoodlum wagon.

"How about it, Mit?" demanded the boss. "Ain't you ready?"

"Chuck!" yowled the cook. "Come and git it or I'll throw it away."

They had just squatted to eat when a man on a burro appeared in the dry river bed and ambled slowly toward camp. He was leading another burro, loaded so high with a pack that nothing except its slender moving legs was visible.

"Good day, genta," was his greeting as he halted about ten yards from the wagon fly.

"Howdy," said somebody.

The newcomer was of a type strange to that country and they eyed him curiously.

"Get down and have some dinner," said Garrett, his mouth full of beef.

The man on the burro eagerly accepted. Off came the pack, and that animal was staked out to graze. He left the saddle on the beast he rode.

"Best take that off—I would if I was you," suggested the cowman. "It's like to gall him."

The outfit watched with broad grins as he clumsily followed this advice. The freed burro lay down to roll; his owner stood uncertainly near the fire, apparently not knowing what to do next.

"Git a knife and fork and plate from the box, and help yourself," the cook told him. "That's beef in one pot and beans in the other. But watch out for that coffeepot. It'll sure-enough burn you."

The visitor was a short rotund man, much soiled by hard travel. Evidently he had made some attempt to dress according to cow-country modes, but the effect was only to accentuate the tenderfoot. He walked as though legs and feet hurt, and the toes of his boots turned up oddly. Nobody said anything while he was eating. Nobody asked him his name, or where he came from, or whither he was bound. In those days it was considered more tactful not to be curious, because so many gentlemen had a way of traveling suddenly.

At last—"What is it, your name, please, mister?" he inquired of Garrett, with a propitiating smile.

The boss told him. "What's yours?" he added.

"Strusky," was the reply. "Everybody calls me Ben.

"Who owns all this country I been riding through?" he next wanted to know.

"I own some."

"But how can anybody tell where is it his land begins and the other ends, hey, mister?"

"Fences."

"Me, I only struck one fence today and that was eleven or twelve miles back."

The cowman nodded. "That's our west pasture fence. Hundred and twenty thousand acres in it. You're in it still."

Strusky let the knife load of beans he was raising to his mouth drop into his tin plate.

"Aw, you're stringin' me, mister."

Garrett laughed—it was so evident that Strusky intended no offense by his questioning.

"Where're you bound?" demanded the boss.

The other named a mining camp in New Mexico, a hundred and fifty miles southwest.

"Well, the gait you travel, you'll be on my land two days more."

They could see Strusky pondering this statement; he seemed engaged in mental arithmetic. Finally he asked, "How much does that make, all told—all you got?"

"Oh, around four hundred thousand acres."

Ben got up from the ground very thoughtfully and deposited his plate and cup with the others in the dishpan. His manner was a nice compound of deference and suspicion.

"I seen it a lot of cows," he remarked, "and calves, mister. Some of the cows was he's—fine, big fellers."

A roar of laughter from the outfit—a little goes a long way in the cow country and there is no joke to equal a tenderfoot's ignorance. They'll talk about it for years afterwards. The Big Un almost choked to death.

"Those were mine, I reckon," said Garrett, "He-cows and all. Leastways they was if they wore the L lying down—like this." And with a piece of stick he drew his brand in the dirt.

"How many you got it, mister?" persisted Ben, undaunted by the laughter.

The boss didn't like the question; nobody ever got him in his life to admit within 40 per cent of what he had, more especially the tax assessors. So he answered, "Oh, ten thousand, maybe. Maybe fifteen."

Strusky glanced involuntarily toward his two scrawny burros and the pack on the ground, which represented everything he owned in the world.

"They must've cost you a lot of money, yes?"

"You're damn whistlin' they did."

"Who did you buy all this land from, mister? Who owned it foist?"

The boss glanced sidewise at the listening cowboys, who were now beginning to take a lively interest in the conversation, and in a suddenly harsh voice—"What're you doing in this country?" he countered. "What's your business?"

Ben saw he had offended and became eagerly apologetic.

"Mister, no offense. I am a stranger."

"Peddler?"

"I got me some fine clothes and shoes in that peck and I aim to sell them in New Mexico."

"Huh," said Garrett, still out of humor. "Well, if you want to know, me and a few like me made this country safe for fellers like you to do business in. Twenty years ago you couldn't have rode ten miles across them flats you come over without losing every last shoe string you got, and maybe your hide to boot. Come on, boys, let's go!"

The remuda was driven up, they saddled fresh horses and went back to the round-up ground, and Ben slowly set about reloading the pack on his burro. While tightening the rope his glance fell on the carcass of a heifer lying about a hundred yards from camp.

"Say, mister," he said to the cook, "is it fresh?"

"Killed this mornin'."

The peddler walked over to inspect it. "What do you aim to do with all this meat, mister?"

"Nothin'. We got the hind quarters—all we can use. It'd only spoil in a couple of days."

Ben stared at him in frank puzzlement. Here was enough beef going to waste to feed half a dozen families, and where he came from they never wasted anything, not so much as a grain of corn.

"How often you kill one like this, mister?"

"Oh, maybe every other day durin' round-up. We work thirty men in this outfit, and it takes a lot of beef. Why? You want some?"

"You gimme, mister?"

"Fly at it," responded the cook, "Help yourself, ol'-timer."

The peddler cut off all he could carry on the burro and wrapped it in a sack. In return he offered to help Mit wash the dishes, and the offer being gladly accepted, they were presently discussing the drought, the science of cooking, its troubles when you had to feed an ornery bunch who were too lazy to scrape their own plates clean, and other such life problems. Mit was in a particularly moralizing mood, due to a prolonged toot which had just terminated with two days in the calaboose in Fort Worth, whither he had journeyed whilst Uncle Hi was absent from the ranch, and he was glad of an audience, particularly as Ben listened sympathetically and agreed with him on every point.

"This meat now, mister—ain't there a place where you could sell it, maybe?"

"Nowheres but Doghole, and that's eleven mile. Besides, it ain't more'n a wide place in the road. That's where we ship."

The peddler regarded him queerly, but did not say anything. Perhaps he was calculating how much a cowboy's time was worth to make the journey there and back.

On the cook's side, he felt toward this forlorn tenderfoot alien the large tolerance of a man accustomed always to seeing things done on a big scale. His casual references to millions of acres and hundreds of thousands of cattle reduced the peddler to awed silence, and, flattered, he began to brag of his employer's possessions—how much land he owned, the horses he had, his cattle.

"We'll brand seven thousand calves this round-up," he declared. "Yes, sir, ol' Hi has got right smart of cattle."

"How did he get all this land, mister?"

Mit spat about ten feet. "Hell, just grabbed it, I reckon. He was here first. Did you see how mad he got when you asked him? Well, Garrett fenced in all he could see and nobody else wanted it then. And he got quite a smear from the Indians too—run 'em off or traded 'em out of it. They say a lot of the land he bought from the Gover'ment only cost him thirty cents an acre. And then he done got fellers to take up school land for him to round out his range. Anyhow, he's got it. It's his."

"But he must've had a lot of money to buy cows with?"

"Money! When Hi Garrett come to this country as a boy he didn't even own a pair of socks. No, sir; he was helpin' a bunch of hunters skin buf'lo. But he did a li'l' tradin' round and got a few head of cattle together. Lots of 'em did the same. And lots of 'em stuck their brand on many a maverick too—Garrett among 'em, though he'd raise Cain if he heard anybody say so now. Times has changed."

Having finished the dishes, the peddler sold Mit a couple of bandannas the cook didn't need, and then discovering that he had no money, offered to trade them for some flour. To this Mit readily agreed, since the flour belonged to Garrett. Thereupon they parted with mutual esteem, and the peddler vanished into the broad wastes of sand and red dirt and dry creek beds and mesquite flats. The last Mit saw of him, Strusky was encouraging his burro with a stick; short as he was, his legs almost trailed the ground, and there was something absurdly pathetic about the figure.

"Pore ignorant cuss," muttered the cook as he dragged his bed roll under the shade of the chuck wagon and prepared to take a nap. "It's like he'll die or git killed somewheres, roamin' around alone the way he does. He'd ought to of stayed in a city, where he knowed the ropes. He ain't cut out for this country."

The peddler sold the beef to the station agent at Doghole for seventy-five cents, and continued on his way.

Four days later he came upon another round-up ground, on a wide flat near the bed of a river. This was in New Mexico, and four outfits had combined to work the open range. Strusky stayed to dinner and in the afternoon went out to watch them cut the herd. Possibly he hoped to do a little business with some of the cowboys on the side.

As he sat his burro at a safe distance from the churning, bellowing mass a sudden dispute arose between two of the wagon bosses over the ownership of a dogie. One claimed it belonged to a cow bearing his brand; the other had a very distinct remembrance of its mother having died up in the foothills the previous day. He described the mother in detail; the resemblance was striking; but the calf gave color to the first claim by sticking close to one of his claimant's cows. The argument became heated.

And then, before Ben considered the dispute as even well started—why, they hadn't even begun to threaten or call names!—guns were pulled, one of them flashed, and a rider slid slowly from his horse, clutching at the mane and the horn of the saddle as he fell. His mount snorted and dashed away. The injured man died within five minutes.

"They'll let half a fine cow rot out on the ground, but they'll kill each other for a little calf," Strusky said wonderingly as he rode along. It was plain that Strusky was incapable of appreciating the high mettle of the men involved.

Scared and depressed by the tragedy, he did not give any particular heed to surroundings, and consequently a nester who had trailed him from the round-up ground was enabled to head him off and get the drop on him before Ben was aware of his proximity. The nester—part cattle rustler, part outlaw—made Strusky stick up his hands, and then proceeded to rob him of everything of value that he fancied. Ben himself carried a six-shooter, but he never dreamed of using it. In fact, he did not know how, and was in terror of the weapon.

The peddler saw all his money go into the pockets of the ragged dirty bandit, even the gold coins he had so cunningly sewed within the soles of his boots, and the rascal rode away, leading the burros behind him. He left some of the merchandise from the pack, either because he could see no use for it or feared its possession might incriminate him. Sobbing and whimpering like a child, Ben set to gathering this scattered stuff into a bundle, which he shouldered resolutely and resumed his way afoot. He shed plenty of tears, but never for a moment lost heart or abandoned his purpose. It was thirty miles to the nearest town and he had only a canteen of water, for his food had been stolen, too, but Strusky, bent and sweating under the load, stuck to it doggedly.

Let us leave him there—leave him headed toward several years of wandering about the country, buying and selling and trading, and always adding to his pile.

Meanwhile Hi Garrett of the Lazy L made a trip to Europe. Prices had been right, the calf crop ran close to 80 per cent, he had a fine set of grass and ample water—everything looked lovely, and the cowman considered he could take a vacation with a clear conscience.

"Maybe I can turn a li'l' profit sellin' some ponies for polo too," he told his wife. She and their two children accompanied him.

The climate of London so depressed Hi that he went on a spree, and when Mrs. Garrett had sobered him up—it was not her first experience—she insisted they should leave for Paris, where the sunshine might revive his spirits. The cowman consented and, although ill at ease among people whose language he could not understand, enjoyed his visit.

However, it soon grew lonely for him and he began to pine for male companionship and his native tongue.

"Look in the American register and see who's here. Maybe we know somebody," suggested his wife.

Garrett acted on the suggestion. It was a goodly list: Mr. and Mrs. John B. Preston, of Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Pinckney, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Stacey, Miss Mildred Stacey and Master Charles Stacey; Mr. William C. Buxton, of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Greer, of New York; Miss Alice Greer and governess; Mr. P. McGillicuddy, of Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. Oliver T. Drysdale and three children, of Chicago; Mr. Hector McIntosh, of Detroit; etc., etc.

"Ol' Phil Brent's here," reported Hi jubilantly. "I aim to go round to his hotel this afternoon. And Claiborne, the big cattle buyer from Kansas City, he's here too. We'll fix up a party, ma."

"You'd best leave me out," replied Mrs. Garrett in a lugubrious voice. She was inclined to take her enjoyment gloomily.

However, the two gentlemen in question being encumbered with wives also, she joined the party. And they talked over the week they had in Paris for years afterwards; it remained the high light of their lives.

"Everything's fine," Lafe informed him on his return home, "except the roan horse got cut up in the wire. And—oh, yes—there's a colony of furriners settled over on the West Fork. They bought ten sections from ol' man Larrabie and a piece from Uncle Hans Wagner."

Hi frowned, then grew thoughtful. "Well, I dunno, Lafe. Maybe it'll be a good thing. Can they farm?"

"Kin they!" exclaimed Lafe. "They kin raise more on ten feet of ground than all the nesters I ever see could raise on a quarter section."

Hitherto Garrett had always opposed settlement of the country. Many a time in the old days his men had run off the nesters who took up school land within their range; he had never hesitated to use force when it was required. But now he changed his attitude. Coming over on the boat, Phil Brent had made him see the possibilities in the country becoming settled by farmers—the immensely increased value of land, cheap feed for the stock, a ready market for his acres whenever he felt inclined to turn them loose. So when a chance came he, too, sold on credit some smooth sections on the outskirts of his range to farmers from the North and East. A few of these were of native American stock, the majority were foreign born.

With such increases in population several small towns sprang up and Doghole became quite a community. It was finally made the county seat. Among those most active in promoting its claims was Ben Strusky, who blew into town one day from nowhere and opened a general store. Hi Garrett did business there, and they often had a good laugh over the change in Ben's circumstances since the day he bummed the beef from the chuck-wagon cook.

Garrett was now easily the richest man in that part of the country. Much of his land was worth twenty dollars an acre, the roughest of it would bring two dollars—and he had close to half a million acres. Also, he owned vast herds of white-faced cattle.

His income, however, was not proportionate to this wealth. Indeed, some years he made barely enough to buy feed for the cattle which would need it during the winter.

And his children took every cent he could lay his hands on. Young Hi was at an Eastern college, and going all the gaits; as the only son of a cattle king who counted his lands in square miles, Hi Junior cut quite a dash among a certain crowd, but it kept his indulgent father scrambling to find the money. Maybelle was less of an expense, yet the checks he had to send her for dresses and vacations spent with friends she had made at school represented the profits from many a score of his fattest stuff.

"I swan, the cattle business is the sorriest business in the world," he confided to Ben Strusky.

"It ought to be a fine bus'ness, Mr. Garrett—a fine bus'ness. Lookit at the prices what we pay for beef. You should ought to own a store, if you want it a rotten bus'ness."

"But expenses just eat me up."

"Sure they do. Sure they do, the way what you run it, Mr. Garrett. You let everybody rob you. And a leak here and a leak there—why, they don't mean nothing to you at all."

"Son," said Hi, regarding him grimly, yet with good nature, "I was runnin' my own bunch of cattle when you was gettin' your livin' out of a bottle. And I reckon I know my own business."

"Sure," admitted Strusky. "You know cattle, Mr. Garrett. Everybody, they say it—there is no better judge of cattle in the country."

"Then what're you trying to tell me how to run the ranch for?"

"Me," returned Ben, with an apologetic outward fling of the hands, "I don't know nothin' about cattle. But I know bus'ness, Mr. Garrett. And bus'ness is bus'ness, no matter what line you handle. You got to play it close to your shirt, y'understand, or it eats you up."

His own affairs were prospering. A Mrs. Strusky and two young sons appeared on the scene one day, and they all went to live in a shack back of the store. When not in school the boys, aged fourteen and twelve, helped their father and mother to wait on customers.

And Ben began to lend money. Soon he held mortgages on several farms within a few miles of Doghole. The prevailing rate in that country has always been 10 per cent, and good traders like Ben hadn't much trouble in obtaining 12 on first-class security. Hi Garrett paid him 10 when he found himself in sudden need of eight thousand dollars to get Hi Junior out of a chorus-girl scrape and did not want the loan to show among those secured for the transaction of his business.

A year of drought burned the Lazy L range to a browned waste. Garrett lost twelve hundred head by desperately waiting too long before shipping to other pastures. Settler after settler gave up the struggle, abandoned his ruined crops and, loading the family into a wagon, started for new fields, with his dog trotting behind and a bucket banging from the tailboard. His milk cows stayed behind to apply on the debts he owed the storekeepers in Doghole. As for his land, Ben Strusky owned that.

Though the loss was a severe one to Uncle Hi, it did not approximate a tenth of the disaster the drought entailed to each of these poor farmers. But the bad reports frightened one of the Middle West banks which held his paper; it refused to renew his note, and, unable or unwilling to make other arrangements on short notice, Garrett shipped two thousand head to market at ruinous prices. The step ran against his better judgment as a cowman, and its necessity made him bitter, but at least it maintained his credit. And he came through a winter of no grass by renewed borrowings.

Hitherto he had always been able to finance his needs by cattle mortgages, but prices were now so low that this form of security became dubious, and in his extremity he offered a mortgage on a portion of his range. Ben Strusky loaned him a hundred and ten thousand dollars.

It may be that Uncle Hi would never have required this money had not Hi Junior been helping him with his business.

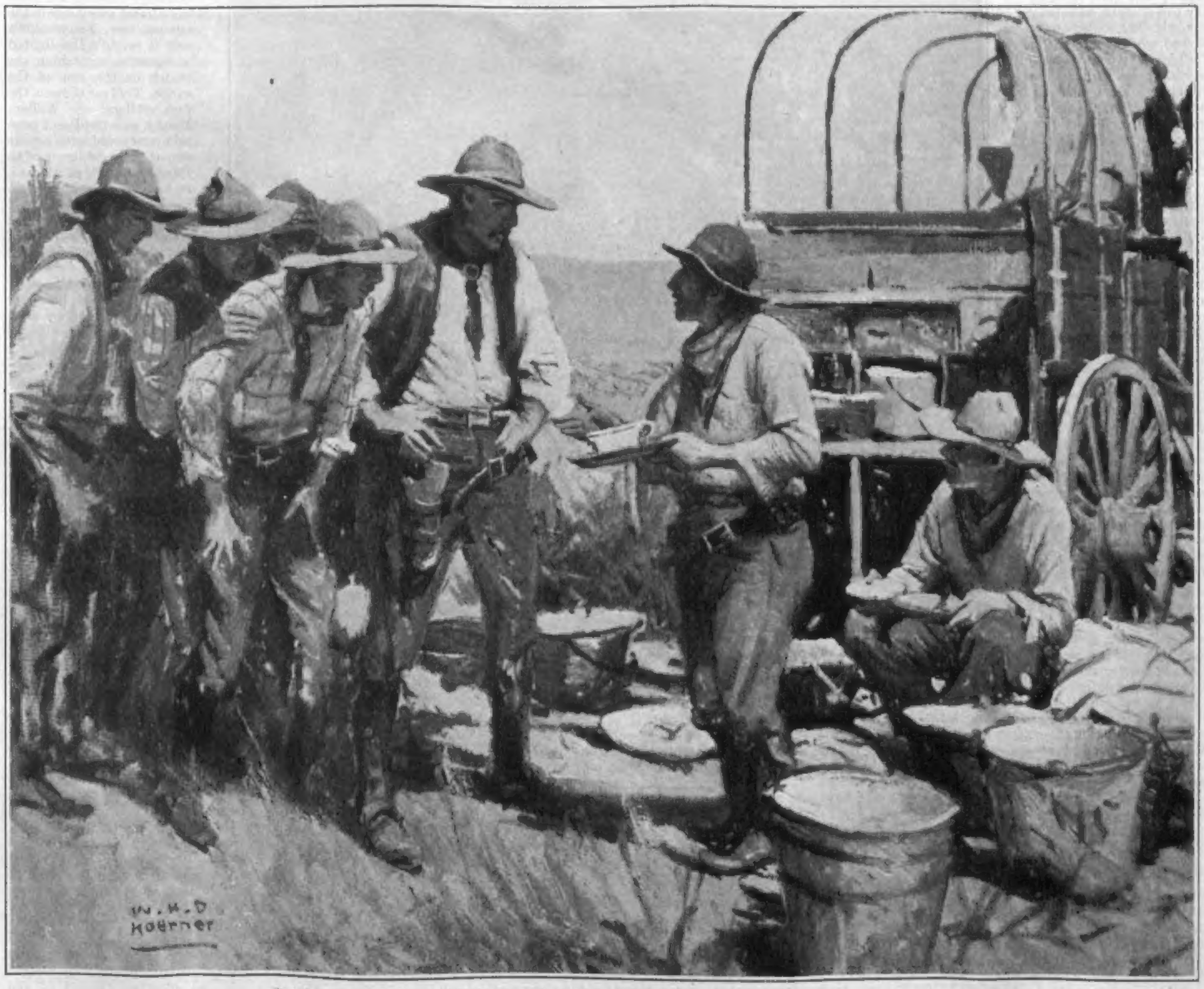
His son was the sort of operator who thinks in big lump sums and never bothers with details, and he managed to lose a barrel of money in various experiments.

The old man was as clay in his hands. Hi Junior had picked up a lot of ideas at conventions about raising cattle and regarded his father as a back number. Had anyone else proposed to Uncle Hi the schemes he permitted his son to try the cowman would have laughed in his face, but to the boy, as he called him, he would say "Go ahead," and later pay the cost without a whimper.

He was paying out handsomely for his daughter too. The couple had entertained great expectations for Maybelle, what with the advantages they had given her and the friends she had made in the East, but within three months after graduation she eloped with young Terry Scott, the scapegrace son of an impecunious lawyer who had hung out his shingle in Doghole, and the cowman had to support them. Maybelle also managed to wheedle him into backing her husband in half a dozen enterprises which all failed dismally, Terry being the sort of man who could bankrupt any business. He never stuck at anything after the first enthusiasm wore off.

"You spoil those children, Mr. Garrett," Ben Strusky told him. "Now me, I learned my boys to work and save, and look at them."

(Continued on Page 121)



Ben Saw He Had Offended and Became Eagerly Apologetic. "Mister, No Offense. I Am a Stranger"

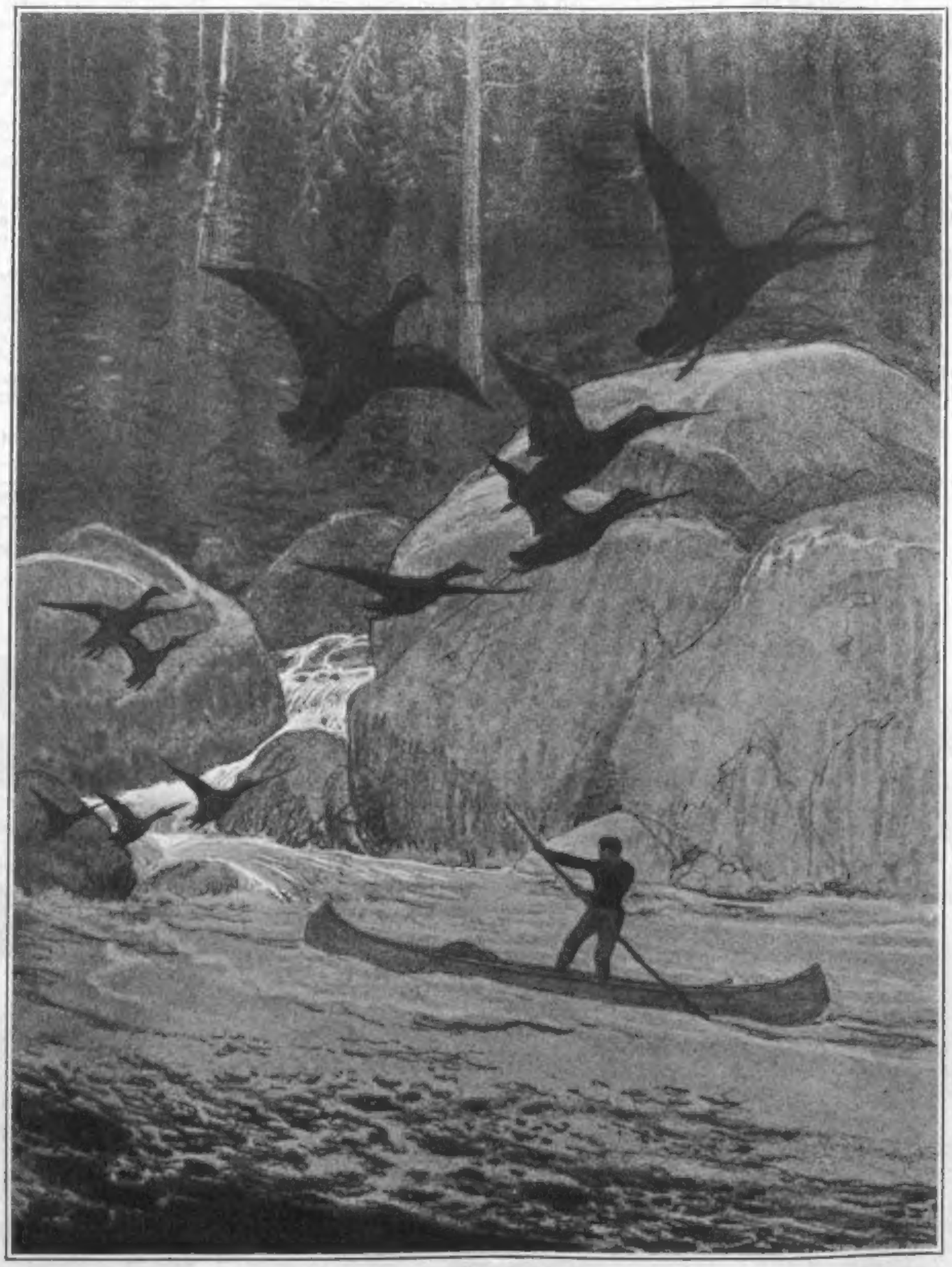
THE ROAD OF CASUALTY

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THERE is nothing else in all Nature so impressive as a river; so apt to stimulate the imagination and awaken half-forgotten memories. To look upon a great stream as it flows along its eternal pathway to the sea is to remember that a thousand years ago, and a thousand, and a thousand, since the earth crust first hardened into permanence, this stream has thus flowed along these valleys. To move is an attribute of life; a great river is the only moving thing that never dies. A certain commentator with a legal mind said that water is a movable, wandering thing; but such minds are blind in one eye. He considered only the potentialities of water as property; but water is many things besides. There is nothing, for all its caprices and its treacheries and its furies, which has been more steadfastly a friend of man than water; and man, recognizing this alliance, has always made his home where water flowed, when it was possible for him so to do. Water in motion bears him and his freightage along the road without demanding any compensatory labors from him; inert, it offers an easy highway for his travels into the wilderness.

About a river that has long served man as highway a particular glamour and charm do always seem to cluster. One such waterway I have in mind. At first a stagnant pond, high among the hills; then a trickle of brook; then a chain of lakes with thoroughfares between; and finally a stream that murmurs among its shallows in the summer drought, that roars among its bowlders after the spring thaws, and that delivers itself at last, merging its identity in another stream, to the sea. It was, no doubt, a traveled road a thousand years ago; the valorous Frenchmen found it out and turned it to the uses of the whites. Thousands and thousands of cords of spruce and pine have been borne down its swift current; and every bit of dead water and every foaming rapid has been the scene of stirring incident or accident or valorous deed or crime. Every foot of its banks, every spring along the way is rich in memories. It pierces the solitude of the forests, admits men to their mysteries and bears them forth to the outer world again. A highroad of adventure and of stirring deed; a road of toil and suffering, of slow endurance and quick decision, a road where anything may chance, where many things have chanced. It is of some few of the matters that have chanced along this road I now propose to tell.



Someone Had Been Fred Up Jungun Brook Three Days Ago, Alone

II

A FLOCK of half-grown sheldrake fled desperately downstream ahead of our canoe, and their hardworking feet threw up water in a spray behind. The mother bird hovered along in the rear, half-driving, half-herding them. A well-distributed pattern of Number Eights would have killed half a dozen birds.

"And they're pretty nice eating too," Dave said from the stern. "The young ones."

"Old ones no good?" I asked.

"Oh, they're all right if they're cooked right," Dave replied. I have a constitutional distrust of viands that have to be cooked right to be edible. Such recipes usually begin with the advice "Soak overnight." Nevertheless, I asked Dave how to cook a sheldrake.

"Soak him overnight," he told me, as I had expected. "Then put him in a steamer, with a flatiron or something to hold him down, and boil him in the live steam till you can stick a fork through the flatiron."

Silence fell upon us. A short stretch of quick water demanded Dave's attention. Thick woods lay along the bank on either side; a doe and a fawn fled from a gravel bar beyond the next bend at our approach. The flock of young sheldrake, overtaken, resumed their flight down the stream.

"Or a better way," said Dave thoughtfully, "is to tie the bird by a cod line in the sluice of a dam overnight; and then go out in the morning and cut the line."

We had delayed a little way upstream while Dave took a look around an abandoned lumber camp, in line with his duties as game warden. The other canoes had gone ahead to make camp eight or ten miles below; we would overtake them by and by. Thick forest lay all about us; we had not seen a cleared field for fifty miles; and the cedar growth was like a jungle on either hand.

"This was real wild country when I first came through here, back in the '90's," said Dave, and spat into the water beside the canoe.

"We've seen twenty-three deer since morning. You wouldn't call it thickly settled now," I suggested.

"There's a telephone line clear up through here to the lake," Dave replied, as though this were sufficient answer. "I'm talking about before they lumbered here."

"Were there many people up in here then?"

"It's always been a kind of a thoroughfare; the easiest way to get into this country. Canoes are passing almost every day in the summer now. You wouldn't call it wild." He lighted a cigarette, scratching the match on the side of the canoe. Told me of one of the first settlers, one William Boody, who lived on a two-mile carry and with a yoke across his shoulders used to tote two barrels of salt pork at a load.

"He was six feet eleven," Dave explained. "And he weighed nigh three hundred pound. And died with his boots on."

"How?" I asked.

"Well, I guess he never took 'em off till they wore off," Dave replied. "So he was almost bound to."

A mink, with a frog dangling from its jaws, galloped boldly along the nearer bank beside us. Three black duck flushed ahead and circled high and went back upstream. A buck deer watched us from the shallows of a lagoon as we passed within fifty yards. Hundreds of redstarts, flocking for their flight south, filled the air with whirring wings among the cedars on the right bank. We stopped at a small pool below the mouth of a brook, where a dead hedgehog decayed in the water's edge, and took four or five eight-inch trout before moving on. Around the next bend we ran into quicker water. Here for a space Dave guided the canoe with his paddle, following the current, choosing the channel fifty yards ahead of us by signs and portents indistinguishable to my dull eyes. Presently he dropped the paddle and took the pole and eased the canoe down a sluice where swells of roaring water rose on either side of us and splashed my elbows, resting on the gunwales of the canoe. Dave threw the canoe this way or that by holding back on the pole while the current helped him. When we straightened out for the sheer dive to the eddies below he caught up the paddle again and let the light craft slide, content to guide its course. In the pool at the foot of the rapid we lay for a moment while I filled my pipe, then glided on, dead water like a narrow lake ahead of us. There was no ripple on its surface; no air stirred between the tall trees on either hand. I could feel the light forward surge of the canoe at each stroke. As Dave's paddle dipped, we leaned a little to the left; as his body weight went into the stroke in the effortless fashion of the

rivermen, we drove ahead; and as he straightened, the canoe rode for an instant on even keel before his paddle dipped again. My thoughts, in the silence, harked back, and I remembered a word he had spoken that morning, when we stopped at the ancient lumber camp now far behind us.

"What was that tale you started to tell about the game warden and the poachers?" I asked.

"Back at old Number Seven Camp?"

"Yes."

"Where Jean Dufray was killed?"

"That wasn't the name," I suggested.

He nodded. "You mean Fred Perrin." He accented each syllable of the name equally, so that the effect was as though he stressed the last.

"Probably."

He spat overside. "It's kind of a long tale if you go way back," he said apologetically. "All happened a good many years ago. Fred's older'n I am now."

"We've lots of time," I reminded him.

But I did not hear the whole story at that time. It was told in fragments, and in no sort of order, chronological or otherwise. Parts of it, unknown to Dave, I myself gathered by later inquiries. Those portions that he knew were recited while we slid through dead water between the half-mile stretches of quicker current; while we ate cornbread and jelly for lunch on the bank above a little spring; while we fished a pool where the trout would not strike; while we crouched under a low hemlock to avoid a brief and furious shower of rain. The story of two friends, and of two men who were their enemies; and in some small measure, too, the story of a girl. And back of it all, lending depth and beauty to every picture, the living personality of the river which we now were traveling. Its calm reaches where the water seemed scarce to move; its quick descents where the spray boiled and blew; its thick-wooded banks and the many little brooks that fed it—these were all a part of the tale. Old traditions cluster up and down its reaches; this tale of Fred Perrin bids fair to become one of those traditions.

III

THE tale properly begins in the little town of St. Pierre. There are, nowadays, some forty houses in this town; and one or two, built recently, are of brick. The first were of logs; and later of frame construction, small and compact so that they might the more readily be defended against the attacks of bitter cold. A low plateau extends out into the valley of the river, overtopped by lofty wooded hills on every side, with the waters of the river lapping at its foot, a hundred feet below the houses. On this plateau St. Pierre stands; and the white cross atop its white church spire may be seen gleaming against the green background of the hillsides. Such towns are history, if you can read them.

Some centuries since, a breed of Frenchmen came into this northern land; breed of true adventurers. Every little stream tempted and led them, every river beckoned them on. One after another they thrust their canoes into the wilderness, intent only on discovering what lay ahead. Sometimes Indians showed them the way; sometimes they went alone, rounding each bend in the stream with eyes eagerly looking ahead, to see what no white man had ever seen before. And they came to the heads of the streams, and were not content to stop and turn back, but spied out the land, till they discovered—a mile or two or three miles away—other waters. So they carried across the divide and traveled downstream, but onward still; and thus they threaded to and fro through all the great black forest of the border region roundabout.

It would have been worth while to know the man who first built a log cabin where St. Pierre now stands. He had an eye for beauty; he must have loved the hills, the river meandering below, the gorge of Sungun Brook that opens opposite. Heart for adventure, love for the wild, and a gay and laughing valor—these must have been his qualities. You may discover them among the people of St. Pierre today.

Fred Perrin and Jean Dufray grew up in this tradition. St. Pierre their home. The father of Fred Perrin was a trapper, and took his son into the woods when the snow lay deep there. Jean Dufray turned more naturally to the river work. A lad who could ride a log could always find tasks to do. Yet the two boys used to look forward, each of them, to reunion with the other. There was between them a certain kinship of spirit. Once or twice they went in Jean Dufray's canoe into the wilds together; and though it was Jean's canoe Fred took the stern; for he soon developed a superior aptitude for the arts of paddle and pole. Also he was more familiar with woods lore. A more substantial youngster, more given to sobriety and thoughtfulness. His mother was a Welsh woman whom Fred's father had wooed in a day and won and wedded, when he went youthfully adventuring as far away as Bangor. And the girl came home with him, all the way by water, in canoe. A wilderness honeymoon. Sometimes she was lonely in St. Pierre; for she could never master the swift French tongue. But she called her boy Fred and loved him and loved her husband with a quiet strength. Fred had her quietness, and perhaps her strength. But Jean Dufray was French to the bone; gay, laughing, a jester and a chatterer. When he and Fred were alone together he talked constantly, Fred seldom spoke at all. Sometimes people would meet them on the river, Jean in the bow singing a gay French tune, Fred in the stern paddling steadily, with that odd forward lurch of the body which seems so awkward yet thrusts the canoe insistently forward and can be maintained for hours upon end without sensible fatigue.

There were many children in St. Pierre; three or four or five to the average household, and these children had good times together. The woods that came down to their clearings had a charm for them; so long as they were children the sight of a buck deer in the potato patches at dusk never lost its wonder for them. Their games were likely to take them into the fringes of the forest; they adventured together, boy and girl on even terms. Up to the time Fred and Jean began to go abroad with their fathers it had not occurred to them with any force that children were divided into two classes according to sex.

But about the time Fred was twenty and Jean was nineteen Aure Dumont put up her hair, and the face of the world was changed. Both instantly loved her; Jean loved her laughingly, singingly, jestingly. Fred loved her steadily and silently. He never considered himself as a rival of Jean. Fred thought Jean so charming and so handsome and so fine that he was sure no girl who might have him would cast the chance aside. The fact that Aure did not forthwith marry Jean perplexed him a little; but it wakened no hopeless hopes in his heart. He was sure they would be married in the end. Afterwards, perhaps, he himself might find a girl as lovely. Aure used to like to tease Fred; used to seek to evoke from him those tributes that a pretty girl expects. Perhaps his silence piqued her.

There were others who thought Aure beautiful; many others. Most of them were boys; but Peter Bubier was not a boy. Peter was not St. Pierre born. He had come from across the Canada line; and he lived in obscure ways. He had a cabin somewhere back in the woods, and sometimes he brought furs to sell, and venison, and fresh fish. Now and then he went down river for weeks or months at a time; and when he returned from one such trip Joe Case came home with him. After that Joe and Peter Bubier were boon companions. When there was a dance they made a little more noise than the other men. When there was a fight one or both of them were usually involved. When there was a stiff piece of work to be done in the spring on the drive they were apt to have a hand in it. Between whiles they came and went, living chiefly by rifle and trap and line. The time was coming when conditions were to change; when everything that lived in the woods would be protected, the very hairs of its head numbered and accounted for; when no man might kill save at a time and in a fashion appointed by the law. But in the meantime living was easy for such men as Peter Bubier and Joe Case. A little dark man with black hair, well oiled, and a thin mustache; this was Peter. He smiled

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A Doe and a Fawn Fled From a Gravel Bar Beyond the Next Bend at Our Approach

WISH! YOU MAY GET IT

A Sporty Low Car Rolled Up the Street and Stopped at the Gate

By Sophie Kerr

"I BELIEVE it," said Miss Martin, and pursed her thin lips. "Look, wasn't my sister Bessie wishing and wishing for something to happen, and that very night she had the adventure with the bandits?"

"Oh, Rowena, tell us!" exclaimed Miss Gilfoyle, pressing nearer to the speaker. "We've five minutes yet of lunch hour."

Rowena liked nothing better than to talk. The round eyes and the intense interest of the other women employes of Hardy & Son, publishers, flattered her.

"It was this way: She was coming home from the late show at the movies, and when she turned into our street a woman was kind of hanging round there, a nice middle-aged, respectable-enough-looking woman, and she said to Bessie, 'Do you mind if I walk up the street with you, because that electric light's broken and it's so dark and you hear such things about robbers and crime waves these days.' And Bess said, not thinking a thing, 'Why, of course! Come along.' And the woman walked along and said, 'I feel specially scary tonight because I'm carrying home the cash from my husband's evening sales, and then I guess you saw my diamond earrings, and I got two diamond rings, and they say these bandits go right after a body's jewelry.' And Bess says, 'Well, I got on a string of ten-cent-store beads, and I haven't even got carfare in my purse, for I make no habit of carrying money.' And then an auto came along, kind of close to the curb, and the woman turned toward it and said, 'Nothing doing with this one, boys,' and stepped into the car and they beat it—see? She was in league with 'em all the time. Well—I guess Miss Bessie hasn't wished for any excitement since. She said seemed like her legs wouldn't last till she got home, and she's been nervous as a cat ever since."

"No wonder," said Miss Gilfoyle admiringly. "And it proves that it's dead wrong to wish unless you make a good wish, for you might get it. Look at this Frenchman who's got everybody wishing away their aches and pains and diseases—I was reading about him in the Sunday paper, and it's just wonderful. But there, we'd better get back to our desks."

The crowd scattered alertly. All but one. She was the youngest and infinitely the prettiest. Hardy & Son prided themselves on their faithful staff of underlings, and most of them were gray-haired, dry and prim, so that the floor where the form letters were written looked as if a score of old-fashioned schoolmarms had received sentence to the typewriter for life.

Thelma Morris had been taken on during an unexpected spurt of business, and she had stayed because, on her part, Hardy & Son paid well, and because, on the part of Hardy & Son, she was, in spite of a rose-pink complexion and a sunny-brown mop of curly hair, efficient, quick and likable. It was a combination of qualities that did not endear her to her associates, though if they had known what a desperately lonely, homesick little creature she was they would have stopped being suspicious and sniffy and offered her all the friendship of which they were capable. But prunes-and-prisms forty-to-fifty finds it hard to be generous to impulsive sweet-and-twenty. They tried to snub Thelma, and Thelma had eyed them with a silent youthful scorn and derision that were a wall against their snubs, and reminded them disagreeably of their thin, graying hair, the puckery lines at the corners of their eyes and the skinny flesh under their chins.

Nevertheless, she had listened to what Rowena Martin had to say about wishes, under pretense of an elaborate powdering of her nose, which process alone, she knew, made all the old cats simply raging. Old cats was what she called them. Sweet-and-twenty can be even more misunderstanding of its elders than its elders can of sweet-and-twenty. And if Thelma had been a little wiser and more thoughtful she might have found out that Rowena Martin wore those horrible cheap shirtwaists and a skirt as shiny as a beau's silk hat because she was the mainstay of a paralytic father and a frail mother. Also, if Emma Gilfoyle hadn't taken all her sister's children to bring up, when her brother-in-law ran away, she needn't have been bossing this squad of toilers at the age of fifty-two, but could have married the man who wanted her so much and had children and a home of her own. But Thelma knew nothing of all this, and didn't trouble to learn.

She was, however, interested in wishes. She had once believed in them enormously. Thelma was, like most young people, full of innocent ignorances and dreamy fancies that she would not have revealed to anyone for the world; no, nor for twenty worlds, grown over with diamond vines and ruby bushes.

She knew, for instance, that she was totally different from all the other girls in Reistersville. She alone had any real ambitions. She was the only one of them who was determined on a career in the world of big business. Somewhere along in the middle of her last year in high school she had got hold of a copy of Advice to Business Girls, and it had been a secret powerful influence upon her. From it she had learned that women might rise to eminence even from lowly beginners' jobs, that they might become executives, and easily, from that, leaders of their sex toward every variety of emancipation. Thelma at once decided that she was divinely appointed to become an executive and leader of her sex. It meant lots of money and her picture in the Sunday papers, and —and—she was rather vague about the rest of it, but she knew that it was all desirable, far beyond anything home had to offer.

Therefore she had insisted on taking a business course after high school, and by insistent wishing alone she had brought that about, for her parents at first opposed it. Thelma was sure it was the wishing that had done it. She ignored the coaxings, the cajolings, the determined pleas that she had also used, all day and every day.

"There's nothing in this little old down-South town," she kept saying. "I want to be somebody—somebody who does things! I want us to be among the prominent people! I won't be nothing and have nothing all my life—I won't—I won't!"

Her father and mother had smiled and sighed, but in the end Thelma had won her point. When she was through business college she might go to New York and get a job. They did not want to let her go, but they could not bear to see her so discontented and restless, and besides, though she knew nothing of it, Mr. Morris had made a bad investment and was having a struggle to keep his shoe store out of bankruptcy and their home free from the blight of a mortgage. Times were hard; there were three children younger than Thelma. It would be a distinct help if she could be self-supporting. So, with many misgivings, they had let her go.

"It makes me feel a pretty poor stick not to be able to take care of my eldest girl," mourned Mr. Morris to his wife. "If she'd only wanted to marry and settle down——"

"And Ray Bowles crazy about her! But she won't look at him. Calls him an old stick-in-the-mud. Says if he had any gump he'd 've been away from here and made his mark long before this."

"It's a pity. He's a good steady boy—Ray. Somebody called him the only honest lawyer in town the other day, and I reckon they weren't far wrong. Of course he's kind of slow—but he's getting plenty of practice, and—well, I always liked him!"

"So did I," agreed Mrs. Morris. "But it's not us he wants to marry, unfortunately."

And that was that. Ray Bowles had gone down to the train the day Thelma left for fame and fortune, and presented her with a large box of chocolates as a parting token, and asked her if she would write to him.

"I'll send you a picture post card of the tall buildings," she had replied saucily.

Ray Bowles! Old stick-in-the-mud! She wasn't going to waste her time writing to him. In New York there must be heaps and heaps of men who were all busy doing big things, who would be much more interesting. Thelma was quite naïvely sure of her own attractions—there was every reason in past experience why she should be sure—she felt certain that with her ambitions as well —— Oh, of course she didn't put it right into words, but, after all, like seeks like, and birds of a feather flock together, and all that sort of thing.

But as yet it hadn't turned out at all as she had expected. She had had no difficulty in getting a job. Only, unfortunately, the stout dark gentleman who engaged her so promptly for his private secretary had called her cutie and tried to kiss her the second day she worked for him. And Thelma, who had been basketball captain of the high-school team, and local tennis champion, had quite inelegantly doubled up her fist and, in sporting language, busted him on his prominent nose and nearly knocked him down. His nose bled horribly, but before he could stanch it, and long before his flow of eloquent language was stopped, Thelma had gone away from there. She was so angry she forgot to be scared.

"Wish I'd hit him again—harder!" was her dark reflection.

She didn't write home about that occurrence. It was, she realized, a hard thing to tell so that her father and mother wouldn't be alarmed. What they didn't know would never hurt them. Having brought up her parents fairly well so far, she wasn't going to begin to spoil them now.

She got another position, the very next day, at Hardy & Son's, the great book publishers, the people who make all those snappy little editions of Epictetus, and Evangeline, and Sesame and Lilies, and Sonnets from the Portuguese, that everybody buys at Christmas when they don't know what else to give. Popular Classics, they are called. Also, Hardy & Son furnish cheap sets on the installment plan, books no homes dare be without—Dickens, Thackeray,

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THE LIBERTY BONDS

By Will Payne

FOUR times a year all securities in the bank's possession were checked up. First, a steel box containing bonds owned by the bank was taken from the safe-deposit vault to the directors' room, which was in the basement adjoining the vault, and emptied on a long table. Leila Hagar, an employe of the bank whose duties included custodianship of the safe-deposit vault, sat at the left with a typed list in front of her, pencil in hand. Next her sat old Peter Dewstow, chairman of the board, who counted the bonds and called out a description of them, looking over Leila's shoulder as she checked them on her list. At the right sat Tomlinson, vice president and director. When a given bundle of bonds was duly counted and checked Dewstow passed them to Tomlinson, who laid them in the steel box. But the three auditors were side by side; the whole transaction went on under three pairs of eyes.

The contents of that first box having been counted and checked, it was returned to the vault and locked into its niche. Then a box containing securities which the bank held as collateral or in trust was brought out and audited in the same manner. Lastly a special box containing securities of the Nettleton estate, for which the bank acted as trustee, was verified.

Old Peter Dewstow made a great ceremony of this quarterly audit, which he had invented. He was always auditing and checking the bank from top to bottom, and he did it with a kind of sacerdotal particularity, slighting nothing, looking with his own eyes to see that Leila Hagar made a check mark against every bond on her list as he called out the description. He believed in doing things thoroughly, especially this crucial thing of checking, counting and verifying.

The January audit had been in progress for more than two hours, and they were in the middle of the Nettleton pile. Leila Hagar gently beat her lips with the tips of her fingers to keep from yawning. Tomlinson put a well-manicured hand to his mouth for the same polite purpose. Looking across Peter's gray head, his eye caught Leila's and twinkled a little with humorous sympathy for his fellow martyr. She glanced obliquely at Peter and showed her teeth in a smile.

The chairman's veined and bony hands were pulling the rubber bands from a bundle of Liberty Bonds, and he took his bearded nether lip between his false teeth, for Liberty Bonds, as the last word in security, begot a sort of reverent emotion. Then his cracked voice began droning:

"United States Liberty Bonds of the fourth series, for one thousand dollars each; number one million, six hundred and sixty-two thousand, six hundred and forty-one; number one million, six hundred and sixty-two thousand, six hundred and forty-two; number one million, six hundred and sixty-two thousand, six hundred and forty-three."

There were forty of the bonds, and Peter droned each number in full with an oddly hypnotic or soporific effect. Leila Hagar winked rapidly to keep awake. Peter's cracked voice ceased with the last bond, and at once the hypnotic influence which it had conveyed seemed to transfer itself to a big paper weight—a globe of burnished brass on an ornamental base—which stood at the left-hand end of the table. Having caught Leila's wandering eye as Peter ceased droning, that shiny globe held her by a drowsy spell. She sat staring blankly at it, mechanically trying not to yawn, vaguely aware of old Peter at her elbow fussily adjusting the rubber bands on his bundle of Liberty Bonds, passing them on to Tomlinson to be deposited in the steel box, then picking up another bundle of bonds and removing the rubber bands from it.

But abruptly Leila thrilled from top to toe with a great start and inner commotion, as though an explosion had occurred, and she was staring at the brass globe, not drowsily, but with mind on edge.

For the patch of shiny convex surface upon which her eye fell reflected a true image in miniature of Tomlinson's right hand and arm and the steel box in front of him. All else was reflected grotesquely and out of drawing, running off into nothing. But that miniature image of the right hand and arm and the box was clear and true. She saw Tomlinson's hand, with the bundle of bonds in it, go by the box. She was as certain of it as though she had been looking at him point-blank. Her nerves bristled, but under a sort of paralysis too. . . . Peter's cracked voice was droning again:

"First mortgage, sinking fund, 5 per cent bonds of the Lowtown and Farmingdale Electric Railway Company, for one thousand dollars each; number ——"

So the droning continued inexorably until the last of the Nettleton securities was duly counted and checked and the three-hour boredom was ended. Tomlinson closed the box and stood up, shaking down his trousers, whose creases fell in straight lines, and settling his snugly fitted coat. But old Peter instantly boarded him, hopping up also, sprightly for all his seventy years.

"I tell you, Tomlinson, we oughta sell those trolley bonds," he declared in high-pitched, irascible affliction. "Company's going downhill every day. It's going to pot. We're numskulls to set here and let those bonds go sour on our hands."

For some time he had been clamoring about the Nettleton estate's trolley bonds, insisting that the bank, as trustee, should sell them and invest the money in something safe, for the trolley security was visibly depreciating. However, there was a legal question of the trustee's authority under the will to sell the bonds without consent of the heirs, who were abroad. The directors hesitated—all but old Peter. To him, letting a bond go sour on one's hands was a kind of sin.

"That new bus line's takin' the business. The roadbed ain't kept up. We'll have a lot of junk on our hands," he cackled to Tomlinson, thrusting his meager body within a foot of the vice president's and gnawing his nether lip in high affliction.

Meanwhile Leila Hagar stood by the long polished directors' table on which the closed steel box lay. In order to lock any box into its niche in the vault two keys were required—the master key, which Leila carried, and an individual key for each box. Peter Dewstow now had the individual key for this box, so she could not lock it in the vault without his coöperation.

But Peter was just now piping hot on the trail of those obnoxious trolley bonds. Tomlinson was the bank's attorney, as well as a director and vice president, the vice presidency being largely honorary, for he commonly spent his business hours in his own law office instead of in the bank, acting as vice president only on special occasions. His conservative legal opinion stood in the way of selling the trolley bonds, and Peter now battered away at that bar in a high, aggrieved bleat, the lawyer parrying. It even had something the aspect of a physical encounter, Tomlinson yielding ground a little as Peter pressed him. They drifted several feet away from the table.

It was now nearly four o'clock, and the main banking office upstairs closed to customers at three. The chairman was still pressing his attack when Benjamin Thorpe, president of the bank, came down the inner stairway and entered the room. Whereupon Peter rallied for a grand charge; if he could bully Tomlinson and Thorpe into assent he would sell those souring bonds.

"Come here, Ben!" he bleated peremptorily, for President Thorpe was also his son-in-law. "We gotta do something about those Nettleton trolley bonds."

But he had turned to address the president, and, in turning, his eye had lighted upon the tall young woman at the directors' table and the steel box. For two minutes he had practically forgotten that—an immoral sort of lapse, for money and securities were never to be left absent-mindedly lying around. He frowned at the young woman as though she were somehow at fault, and said testily, "Wait a minute till I lock up this box."

Leila carried the box to the vault, Peter at her heels. Together they locked it into its niche, and Peter ambled rapidly back for the affray. Leila followed slowly. When she entered the directors' room the three men stood together and Peter was already at it —— "That clause in the will is only a fool technicality anyhow. They want their money safe. They don't want it made ducks and drakes of in a run-down trolley line. You and Tomlinson talk's though I was proposin' to rob the estate," his voice rose in complaint.

Badgered President Thorpe pleaded, "But why should the bank take the risk of acting without their consent? We'd have to sell the bonds at a discount. They might sue us for it."

"Sue your grandmother!" Peter shrilled. "If the bonds are going down it shows they're going bad. Anybody can find plenty reasons for actin' the fool if he wants to!"

Leila heard them arguing, but only as in a kind of phantasm, while amazement held her mind. There stood Mr. Tomlinson—a tall man, with sloping chin, neatly trimmed yellow mustache peppered with gray, light blue eyes, fine yellow hair; a personable man, better dressed than the two others. That was a perfectly familiar image in her eye—a man she knew right well, now looking just as he had always looked. But she had seen his hand with the bonds in it go by the box, as though he were not at all the man she knew, but an utter stranger—amazing ——

The Dictation Finished, He Became Sociable, and So Learned That She Had Gone to Work in the Bank the Day Before

This was a flourishing bank in a flourishing New England country town. Besides her duties as custodian of the safe-deposit vault, she had various other clerical occupations, some of which, for convenience to the vault, she performed here in the directors' room. She moved on to the long table. When the full board met, nine directors sat at it—four on a side and Peter Dewstow, as chairman, at the head. Coming in for the audit today Tomlinson had dropped his overcoat and hat in the fourth chair on that side, next the chair in which he sat. His hand with the bonds in it had moved in that direction. She looked at the gray overcoat on the chair and saw a lump under its skirt—a conspicuous lump, it seemed to her, so that almost anybody might notice it. She felt a conviction that Tomlinson had thrust the bonds beneath his overcoat.

The three men were in a group a dozen feet away, Peter Dewstow and President Thorpe with their backs towards her, Tomlinson's eyes on the voluble old chairman. The turmoil in her mind threw up starts of thought, such as "Can he mean to steal them? They'll see the bonds under his coat!" She sat down in the chair which he had vacated and opened the one drawer in the table, taking therefrom a small ledger and some penciled sheets, for she was making up an annual statement of the operations of the safe-deposit vault which would be submitted to the stockholders at their yearly meeting next week.

The starts of agitated thought flashed in her mind: "Are the bonds really there? They'll see them. I mustn't let him. I owe it to the bank."

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THE JORGENSEN PLATES

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

He Had a Curious Sense of Having Seen Her Before; Possibly at Some Great House

A FROSTY young moon coming up over the hemlock spires along the lake shore discovered a large man in an open fur coat working himself to a high pitch of frenzy over a pair of iron gates set in a patented thief-proof fence that extended to infinity in either direction.

The man was out of gas, and he said so to high heaven in a cultivated voice that shook under his emotion as the iron gates shook under his futile hands. His car stood hard by, an edging of polished nickel indicating its looming inanimate bulk. Saint Christopher, who from his high seat overlooks blowouts and empty gas tanks, had set him down tantalizingly at the sealed portals of one of those vast estates whose seigneurs indicate to the world the extent of their wealth by the extent of their fence line.

After a half hour's interview with that pair of gates his gorillalike persistence came to an end, and he sat down on a whitewashed bowlder, holding his head disconsolately in his hands. From this reverie he was roused by the drum of an approaching automobile. It filled the air: hill, dale and bosom of the placid lake bayed to the moon in echo. It was a bootleggers' express, mounting twenty-one guns, and its only reply to the man in the fur coat was a roar of artillery and wild piratical yells, as it swept by, drawing the road in its wake at sixty miles an hour. The man in the fur coat picked himself up. A low moan came from the interstices of nickel-plating.

A woman's voice wailed thinly, "Oh, Llewellyn! Why did we ever come out to these dreadful provinces!"

Llewellyn explained that they had crossed the line, were no longer in the provinces, were in the States, which area is, as everyone knows, highly civilized; but the lady, binding her head in robes, from the depths of the car predicted a raid of Comanches, Apaches or Iroquois before the night was older.

Llewellyn was back at the gate, which he now examined methodically. He was not a walking man, else he might have deserted his wife and adventured down this piratical road. The gate seemed the best bet, and he was hallooing loudly when he became aware of company. A diminutive person in peaked cap, stock and putties, a paddock boy, evidently imported in bond, had come up beside him noiselessly. Llewellyn recognized the breed, common enough in country lanes back home.

"I'm out of petrol, boy!" he said.

"You ain't expectin' to git it of 'im?"

"And why not? Shan't he have it?"

"'Im?"—in rising falsetto. "'Ave it? Lor'! 'E owns it—hall of it!"

"Here's a quid, boy. Run down the road to the first garage."

The paddock boy turned his back on the glittering bribe; he eyed with awful malevolence the stalled car. It was in the ditch; that was where it belonged, said he; it had run 'im and 'is 'orses hoff the road, said he; and hit could bloody well sty, for all of 'im, said he. If it 'ad been a 'orse, now; and if it 'ad been a scuttle of hoats as was wanted, or a rub of liniment, or a surcingle, said he—but a gas wagon—no, sir, not for all the quids in the bloomin' land! said he. And he walked off, nor could any entreaties induce him to return.

"I order you! I command! I'll have you given in charge!"

"'Aw, go push the bloomin' bell!" sneered the boy over his shoulder.

Llewellyn sprang to the gate; he found the bell, which he had overlooked in his precipitancy. He leaned against it. He primed his ears. He envisioned a great manorial castle behind the trees, a servants' hall suddenly alive with his summons. He waited and waited and waited. He prodded the button with rising choler. He had heard of estates in America a mile to the front gate; possibly this was such a principality.

Then, as if a curtain had suddenly lifted, a gentleman, with two stag hounds on leash, seeming to have been projected from the gloaming, stood on the inside, making a Gainsborough picture in the crisp moonlight.

"Sorry! Devilish awkward! I'm needing petrol! A drop to carry me to the next stores! I didn't know, but ——"

Llewellyn ceased spanking, to gape, first in wonder, then in rage. For the gentlemen, with the two silent stag hounds, reached up on a pole and turned a switch, saying coldly as he turned away, "Don't worry that button, please. I've disconnected it."

A streak of moonlight momentarily illuminated the gentleman's profile. Llewellyn, in the very act of shrieking "Damned American bounder!" found himself unaccountably crying after the retreating figure, "I say! You speak Greek, don't you?"

The night-walking gentleman turned.

"Well? What of it?"

"But you do speak Greek! Is it not a fact?" babbled Llewellyn, racking his memory. Where had he seen that face? What put that idiotic question into his mind? "Tell me!" he cried in desperation, for his haughty quarry was escaping. "You are fluent in both the modern and ancient tongues? Is it not a fact?"

"If it is any solace to you at this hour of night," said the disappearing gentleman, "I am; it is." And he was gone.

"Capri—Brindisi—Scutari "

Llewellyn dived into the far-off Levant for that face, that supercilious intonation, that chill voice that spoke Greek. Then it came, like a thunderclap.

"Mullet!" he shrieked ecstatically. "Mullet! You old fish! Don't you know me, Mully? It's Sissy! Sissy! Sissingham! At Scutari, four years ago." He listened. Silence. "You did me an inestimable, an unforgetable service at that time, sir," he pleaded to the night. "It's Sissy; Sissy." His voice trailed. He played his last card: "Lord Blunes' brother!"

That should fetch him, an American. It did.

Mullet—for it was Mullet, none other—came back and turned on the light illuminating the gate; and in its rays he examined the eager face pressed between the bars. Plainly he was suspicious. Passers-by trumped up the most outrageous excuses to get a look inside here, especially at night.

"You have the better of me," was his final verdict.

"What a scoundrel, to abandon us like this!" came the agonized voice of Mrs. Sissingham from the depths of the car.

"A lady with you? I'll send a man with some gas," said Mullet hurriedly; and again he faded out in the night.

"Is he a rich American?" asked Mrs. Sissingham.

"Rich as cheese! Owns all this fence! As I recollect, he is the baron of Connecticut or Montana, or something. I say!" Sissy felt an idea dawning. "I might manage to have him put us up for the night!"

They eyed each other meditatively. He crawled under the car, and by the light of a pocket torch and by sheer good luck he dislocated something vital. When the petrol arrived, it was brought, as good luck would have it, not by a flunky, but by Mullet himself, in a small car.

"I came back to make my apologies in person," he said with a curious stiffness. "I recollect you now perfectly. We were able to put you through the Turkish lines, or some such thing, were we not, Sissingham?"

"My word! You were able to put the Turkish Empire at our disposal! You and Lingard!" cried Sissy volubly. "Wonderful fellow that, Lingard. Mastodonic! Dynamic! Volcanic! Typifies your titanic country! Blunes said to me, when we were packing to come out here, 'Sissy,' said old Bluenose, 'Sissy, my boy, when you make the States, just run up on dear old Mullet! Tell him for me ——' Oh, I say!" exclaimed Llewellyn, breaking off in the middle of the message he was about to deliver in person for his august brother—"the blamed stuff is leaking out in the drain! Now what's to be done?"

Mullet had quite finished pouring in the gas, unconscious of the fact that it ran out as fast as it ran it. The greedy sand of the lake-shore road had drunk it all up.

"Now we are in for it!" moaned Sissy disconsolately.

They must have a mechanic, or at least a machine shop, before they could stir. It was midnight! It was cold! It was miles from anywhere. He shivered, locked his fur coat about him. It was plainly an impasse. Sissy was just beginning, with ponderous volubility, to thank Mullet for the service which had been so unhappily ineffectual, when a half-smothered sob from the interior of the car brought affairs to a crisis. Mrs. Sissingham, visioning the savages that would probably devour her during a night in

the open, was voicing her anguish. Mullet, who had been drumming nervously on the fender, seemed to be brought to sudden decision.

"You'll find my hospitality a bit thin at this time of year," he said awkwardly, "but such as it is, I proffer it you. Perhaps Mrs. Sissingham would overlook any lacks."

"Present your friend, Sissingham!" cried the lady, putting out her hand. "Mr. Mullet, I am overcome. We should be most happy, most happy, I assure you!"

Mullet made fast a towrope and drew their majestic equipage along behind him, while the triumphant Sissy held the wheel. The swept-and-dusted drive led among stately old trees; they knew they were at last nearing the house when they came upon a phalanx of tall poplars standing at attention against the moon. The palace itself lay fantastic in the mystic lights, its rambling roofs and marble copings gleaming; its windows deep and mysterious; about it was a shaven park, with gardens winter locked and fountains dry. They stood in a vaulted hall, thrilling, while Mullet patiently tugged at a silken bell cord. A sleepy man finally appeared to carry up their boxes. Mullet himself conducted them to their apartment in what was apparently designed as a Tudor wing. He apologized for the slackness of the servants. They had not expected their master and mistress up here so late in the fall.

"Really, they are quite peeved that we should walk into our own house out of season," he said.

"Out of season?" put in the lady. "You have an establishment for each season then?"

Mullet modestly admitted to six establishments.

"That is," he amended, "in this country. There is, besides, the villa at Biarritz; and a chalet at Chamonix." He reckoned mentally. "Eight, isn't it? Seems to me there should be nine. There must be another knocking about somewheres. I have it! There is an island, in the Leewards."

"Imagine!" gasped Mrs. Sissingham. "Having so many establishments, I suppose one does grow forgetful. You keep them open the year around, sir?"

"Oh, yes; one never knows. Now, only yesterday my wife had the whim to come up here to the Box for a nip of mountain air. That accounts for the happy accident of our being here to receive you." And a smile drifted across the chilly countenance of the host.

"Oh! This is your shooting box!" exclaimed Mrs. Sissingham, emerging from her great tweed motor coat as a well-corseted matron of, say, forty kind summers. She patted her hands in raptures, smiling on her pompous husband. With a glance around at the massive funereal apartment in which they stood she gushed, "Oh, you wonderful, wonderful Americans!"

As the mahogany door closed behind Mullet, Mrs. Sissingham watched it for several seconds askance; then she threw her arms about her husband's neck and kissed him.

"You're a clever man, Llewellyn," she whispered. "However did you manage it?" She turned on the door. "How childlike he is! He doesn't seem quite sure of himself. Is he so very recent? Do you imagine it is our distinguished family connections that rather strike him dumb?"

A tray of refreshments arrived from their host, with the word that as Mrs. Mullet had retired she would greet them in the morning.

Sissy, warm within and without, and happily convinced of his diplomacy, explained that the wonder was not so much that these Americans possessed drawing-rooms, as that they knew how to enter them at all, even on all fours. They had come up so recently from nothing.

"He is what is known out here, I believe, as a self-made man," he said; "and a self-made man, my dear, is usually rather proud of his maker. Haw! Clever! What!"

A tardy maid tapped for admittance; she was a pert little thing, with a widow's peak, and a birdlike toss of the head; and she curtsied and said prettily, "M'sieu! M'dame!" She carried madame off to unhook her, and to undo the boxes; as she shook out Mrs. Sissingham's things and hung them in a garderobe as capacious as a box stall, she delivered in bewildering syntax *les compliments* from her meestress, who begged that madame would find herself *chez elle*. The astounded Englishwoman found herself inducted into a peignoir and mules, and submitted her tresses to the deft fingers of an expert; the girl was a marvel! So at least she thought until the maid, in the act of suspending madame's ponderous motor coat on a hanger, let the thing drop, which it did with a startling metallic thump as if it were loaded. Upon which the lady, recovering the coat, curtly dismissed the girl for the night; and throwing it across her arm she went in to her lord and master, who was already sighing contentedly between sheets on his luxurious couch.

"I have been carrying it now, for two months," she said, tucking the tweed coat in beside him as if it were a babe that required warmth. "It is getting heavy," she added with a weary sigh.

"On your conscience?" ironically inquired Sissy.

"My dear, tell me, are there any more customs ordeals to go through with?"

"No; we passed the last at that little place they called Alburg. I must say you behaved beautifully."

"Tomorrow morning I shall rip them out," said Mrs. Sissingham absently. She kicked off her slippers. "I'm going to stay here with you, Sissy!" And she crawled in beside her motor coat. "Box!" she tittered. "Imagine! Calling this monstrosity a box! I'm keen to see the thing by daylight. I counted four different periods in the architecture of the hall."

Dawn was pinking the drawn shades when Sissy said in his habitual subdued tone, "My dear, are you there?"

She was.

"He would pay a thumping price for them."

"Yes," said his wife, with the instant agreement of a parallel thought. "What is his wife like?" she whispered after a moment of cogitating silence.

"I haven't had the honor really," admitted Sissy.

Mrs. Sissingham put her lips to his ear.

"I might contrive to let her catch me in the act ripping the seams—taking them out," she whispered. "Then I could break down—and confess."

"You are the deep one!" Sissy rearranged his pillow under his cherubic cheek. "Now I believe I can fetch a bit of sleep, what?"

It was ten o'clock when a maid—not the one of last midnight—entered and rolled up the shades; she touched off the fire, and departed, leaving the tantalizing aroma of coffee in her wake.

Fortunately—because Mrs. Sissingham craved a little time to strike the Mullets stone blind with her gentility before she opened with her big guns—Sissy had done a more thorough job of rendering his car hors de combat than he had realized in the first flush of achievement. It was one of those cars that are first laid down on the

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A Diminutive Person in Peaked Cap, Jack and Puttees, a Paddock Boy, Evidently Imported in Bond, Had Come Up Beside Him Noiselessly

THE ANTIFLAPPER

By Charles Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

SHE passed from flapperism into motherhood during a single night. Twenty years of life rolled over her in twenty-four hours, like a great inundation from the tides of time which she had persistently defied, and flattened her out into a meeker and more careful woman. The experience turned her hair gray, she stoutly maintained; but that is a matter between her and the coiffeurs. Not long afterward, certainly, a gentle grizzle began to appear in her permanent wave, but perhaps this not unbecoming effect was merely evidence that she had decided to let nature take its course.

The lady so suddenly and curiously transformed was known to every one of us at the Boulevard Shore, where she was in residence that spring and summer. She was the little friend of all our little world. The large, loud, congenial wives with diamonds and dewlaps who eternally warmed the overstuffed davenports in the lounge and the wicker chairs on the esplanade; their hard, unhandsome husbands who returned from daytime commercial exploits to put on white flannel trousers, gorge themselves with dinner, and yawn at the stars through the long twilights; their alert, provocative daughters of nubile ages, sleek and piquant in expensive sports costumes; the young men, probably in the bond business, who had golfed, ridden or swum with these girls in the afternoon, and who would dance with them, here or elsewhere, for half the night; the tropically arrayed strangers who had begun to drift in from the South for urban vacations in the coolness of the Great Lakes; the gentlemanly clerks who passed out keys, mail and conversation about baseball and the weather from behind their counter; the cud-chewing, irascible telephone operator; the quick-witted, flirtatious damsel who sold cigars, periodicals and theater tickets at profiteering prices; the throngs of gay jazzers, steppers and strutters of both sexes who came from the four corners of the city to make a passionate rite of the Saturday-night dance in the Corinthian ballroom; the portentous magnifico who guarded the portals and condescended to call the taxicabs; the casuals of the city who dropped in for dinners—everyone, in fact, who frequented or visited the Boulevard Shore, a caravansary which greatly ornamented Chicago's coast line, was aware of the presence of Mrs. Phœbe Merivale. She was the kind of woman who never permits herself to be overlooked; the kind, also, who blossoms from a passing acquaintance into an intimate friend within ten minutes after you first meet her.

"I Decline to be Cross-Examined. I Used to Think You Were Broad-Minded, But You're Acting Like One of Those Terrible Early-Victorian Prudes"

Mrs. Phœbe—we seldom called her anything else, except darling, perhaps, in effusive moments of comradeship—had a lien upon several names besides Merivale. One had to have the historical sense, however, to remember them. A memory that could reach back over a generation of Chicago's industrial genealogy would now and then recall her under the name of one of the minor tradesmen along State Street or Wabash Avenue—Hobson, in the gents'-furnishing line, it was; and from his estate, it was said, she derived her financially carefree condition. Yes, old Hobson had married her out of his office, a chit of a girl fresh from business college, so the old-timers asserted; and pneumonia had swept him away about the time when The Merry Widow was in vogue as a show and as an ideal of feminine conduct.

Hobson was a cold, hard fact; his business record could be traced, and his tomb could be found in Graceland. But Mrs. Phœbe's other manifestations, before she became Mrs. Merivale, were not so easily identified. She had dabbled in matrimony again, of course. She had traveled so much that the gossips could not keep track of her. And there had been divorces, of the quiet, successful kind which permits the fair plaintiff to go through life untouched by scandal and blessed with the reputation of having suffered.

There were no intimations of old sorrows, however, in Mrs. Phœbe's demeanor as she fluttered about the Boulevard Shore, as bright, animated and twittering as a parrakeet. There was no laughter as shrill and gay as hers in the groups of bantering, gossiping guests in the spacious lobbies after dinner. There was no one upon whom the unattached men pounced with gladder cries for a casual whirl around the open-air dancing rink where the Boulevard Shorers took their crepuscular exercise. There was no nymph of fleeter foot or whiter shoulders in the rhythmic embracings of the Corinthian ballroom on Saturday nights. No jazz boy who had won his prizes as a gentleman dancer at the Auroral Gardens or the Purple Gables could strut too long or wriggle too fast for Mrs. Phœbe. Her line of talk was equally worldly and energetic, and she had great endurance in the consumption of hip liquor. In all our sports and pastimes Mrs. Phœbe was there, as we eloquently declared; and at any kind of party she remained there until the vote for home-going was unanimous.

She was an arresting little creature with a straight boyish figure. Seen across the lobby she looked like an adorable stencil from this season's flapper patterns. A close-up view of her mobile, saucy countenance quickly revealed her, however, as a woman of experience; perhaps an American cousin of Balzac's much-admired *femme de trente ans*. She was not pretty in any conventional way, but she struck the attention by her crispness, her darting manners of speech and gesture, and her roving, moss-agate eyes, too large for their setting. She had the feline type of face, broad across the cheek bones, with a mere button of a nose, and a feeble chin; and when she tossed her bobbed black mane she seemed like an agitated and cynical kitten.

The dancing boys hovered around her, of course, for she had the college-widow style which is an irresistible lure to the callow male, even if he happens to be getting his education around the cabarets. She would play with them briskly, and could talk their inane allusive slang as if she had been born in their generation; but she had a line of her own which baffled them. Once in a while she would turn it loose on these youngsters, to their complete bewilderment. But Mrs. Phœbe was not a Circe of the younger set. The true flapper adored her, which was proof that she was not trying to poach among the cubs. She often announced that she liked her men well aged in the wood, and she proved her good faith by flocking persistently with the matured philanderers. The jaded husbands, the frazzled bachelors, the tough, prosperous old bucks—these formed her particular group; and for that reason Mrs. Phœbe was a rankling poison among the married women.

"Let me have men about me who are bald," was one of Mrs. Phœbe's catch phrases, and when she got a cluster of them she would encourage them to talk freely of their iniquities. On their part they succumbed to her as completely as if she were a chorus girl.

Mrs. Phœbe had few reserves, except on the points where her sex has the privilege of secrecy. She never talked about Hobson or his successors, for example; but she had a free-and-easy way of alluding to her extensive matrimonial record. To illustrate her knowledge of masculine failings she would pluralize her experience by mentioning "my ex-husbands," always contriving to give the impression that they had been accidents which she had almost forgotten. She was silent about all the miscellaneous relatives—parents, brothers, aunts, cousins, and so on—who usually crop out in a woman's intimate chatter. But there was one family tie on which she was voluble—one of importance. That was her daughter, Amy.

Mrs. Phœbe mentioned her child with the proper amount of maternal pride and frequency. Her name, it appeared, was Amy, but more often she was identified as "my infant" or "my offspring," sometimes as "my serpent's tooth," and once in a while as "my precious brat." She was away at school, and she was coming home—which meant a three-room suite in the Boulevard Shore—when her holidays began, which would be soon. Mrs. Phœbe was wrought up into the proper condition of happy flutter over the prospect of this reunion.

If the Boulevard Shore had been canvassed to determine its rather nebulous ideas of the approaching Amy, the composite picture thus evoked would have been that of a

gawky miss not long out of rompers and half hose. Ten years would have been the maximum guess at her age; for except by the few who had definite statistics about the era of Hobson in their memories, Mrs. Phœbe was believed to be not much over thirty years old. Someone with a mania for precise information once asked Mrs. Phœbe how old the heralded Amy might be, and had been answered, with a flashing smile: "You'd be surprised!"

Which remark was taken to be merely a characteristic Phœbeism, of little meaning or relevancy.

One of the hotel mothers, in planning a birthday celebration for her seven-year-old heir apparent, had placed Amy's name upon the list of juveniles to be invited, on the very day before that young person arrived. She struck it off, however, as soon as she caught a glimpse of her little Harold's prospective guest.

For when Mrs. Phœbe began to introduce "My daughter, Miss Hobson," to her lobby and dining-room coterie the Boulevard Shore caught its breath and marveled. Here was a daughter apparently older than her mother! We went into a spasm of chatty excitement over this miracle that had come into our monotonous lives.

Amy Hobson was easily a head taller than her dashing mamma; she towered over her like a Homeric goddess over a mortal. She was grave, calm and poised, where her mother was gay, talkative and fidgety. She had a cool level gaze; a gentle cultivated voice, and an absolute precision of social manner. She was in the full bloom of womanhood, with the graceful charm of youth which has perfected itself.

Amy Hobson was to be accounted for by terms at Eastern boarding schools while Mrs. Phœbe was enjoying hotel life from Manhattan to Miami and points westward; by a season in a French convent while mamma was doing Europe; and by Radcliffe, Smith or Bryn Mawr while her playful parent was settling down for a career as the belle of the Boulevard Shore. These were undeniable advantages. But she could be partly explained, also, by the fact that she had inherited from the remote Hobson a stable temperament and a healthy nervous system, which had helped to protect her from the crazinesses of the age of jazz.

So here she was, a flapper who did not flap, as one of the lobby loungers described her; a quiet and winsome girl who revived the almost forgotten value of the old-fashioned phrase, "young lady." And there was Mrs. Phœbe, now conceded to be at least forty, flapping furiously in hot competition with the newest breeds of blatant youth. The law of nature was reversed—the mother stood for the reckless present, the daughter for the conservative past.

Any expectations that Amy's return would cramp Mrs. Phœbe's style were disappointed. The vivacious little demimother was unchanged by the incident. Her pace was even accelerated by the advent of Amy. She was too good a sport to thrust her daughter into the background as a betrayal of her own middle age. That kind of vanity was not a part of Mrs. Phœbe's blithe, careless spirit. She went to the other extreme, as a matter of fact; she flaunted Amy under our noses, introduced her far and wide, and was laughingly garrulous about the wonderment of her having such a grown-up daughter. Amy must be welcomed home with vehemence, Mrs. Phœbe seemed to think, and must be initiated into all the customs of the country.

It happened that Amy's home-coming synchronized with the development of a more than cordial intimacy between Mrs. Phœbe and one of our best dancing men. The affair had begun a month before and had progressed rapidly through the usual stages of flirtation and gallantry until it became recognizable as a case. Being thoroughly polyandrous Mrs. Phœbe could hardly permit herself to be monopolized, but she was certainly giving this admirer most of her time; and he, quite as certainly, was eager for the rest of it.

He was the kind of fellow whom everybody calls by a nickname, and his was Wally. The hotel and café crowds all over town knew Wally Streeter. He was the type that in the old days, before Volstead, usually became a famous wine agent. He came of a good family, and was reputed to have gone through a fortune within three years after he finished college by request of the faculty. Since then he had been knocking about the city, making a profession of his talent for night-life comradeship, losing and finding jobs with great facility. He was reputed to be almost as good a dancer as Nick the Greek; but the men who lost money to him at poker were not inclined to give such friendly praise to his card playing. By the time he crossed Mrs. Phœbe's trail he was getting a little paunchy, and more than a little bald, but everything considered he had weathered the racking amusements of his way of life exceedingly well. Wally's hearty handshake, his fund of stories, and his gusto of extempore hospitality were still working harmoniously in a perfect technic of Chicagoan good-fellowship.

No guesses were being made by their much interested audience about whither Wally and Mrs. Phœbe were drifting. They were personalities that could not be counted on to fulfill any conventional hopes or suspicions. But in an aimless, unsentimental way their entente had certainly made rapid progress. Having made scientific observations to the effect that they were getting thicker and thicker, the Boulevard Shore cynically declined to speculate upon the outcome of this amusing coagulation. Anything might happen, so let's wait for the returns; this summarized our attitude.

Wally had got into the habit of dining with Mrs. Phœbe almost every night, of running her about the boulevards in his little tin car whenever she wanted to take the air, and of escorting her whenever she wanted to hear the saxophones in places less correct than the Boulevard Shore. So when Miss Hobson came along he naturally continued in his avocation as chairman of the Merivale entertainment committee. Inside of a week he was calling her Amy, and devoting himself to her like an assiduous uncle.

They were an odd-looking trio—the seasoned man of the town with blue pouches under his eyes, whose double-chinned face had somehow retained the weak charm of youthful sensuality; the flapper mother, like a shrill, gaudy insect, showing her trim legs all over the place; and that pellucid, utterly refined young woman, virginal and wise, self-possessed and demure, silently critical—so it seemed—of her elders.

The weekly supper dance of the Corinthians on the Saturday night after Amy arrived was more spirited than usual. The ballroom was crowded with the younger automobile-and-cabaret set; and the ragtime, both of music and of manners, was exceptionally frantic. It was what we called at the Boulevard Shore some peppy party, and Mrs. Phœbe's contribution to it was not to be overlooked. She had a table of six in a conspicuous position; her circle included Wally and Amy, of course; a sly danseuse from one of the summer shows; and a couple of younger and noisier Wallys, named Billy Wells and Freddy Orcutt.

The group was notable for its exhilaration, its turbulence, and its possession of the serene, immaculate Amy, sitting there like the chaste Diana at an orgy of fauns and dryads.

At one o'clock the musicians departed with their bulbous instruments of torture, and the party was over, according to the Boulevard Shore's theory of decorous sociability; but from Mrs. Phœbe's point of view it was only well begun. She spoke for a change of venue to a cabaret for more dancing, and a good-natured wrangle ensued as to whether it should be the Pink Peacock or the Blue Moon. They decided this important matter by tossing a coin, and the Pink Peacock won.

Then Amy said quietly, "Mother, I'm going to bed."

"Nonsense, child!" Mrs. Phœbe exclaimed sharply.

"The party's for you, and you can't break it up! Come along, now, and don't be pruny."

Amy sighed a little and shrugged her shoulders.

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There They Were, Seated or Sprawling in a Vicious Circle, Solemnly Chanting the Occult Phrases of Their Gutter Game

SENTIMENTAL CITIZENS

By Corra Harris

AS A WOMAN, I believe literally in the teachings of the New Testament. Having doctored myself spiritually with these Scriptures for many years, I have discovered that they do work out most confoundingly for the good of the soul, but not much for the safety or material profit of the mortal man in this present world.

It is a fact that the pure in heart do see God, but it is important that he should continue to watch his fellow man at the same time, because as a rule his fellow man has no such sanctified eye for business. The properly "poor in spirit" do eventually come into the Kingdom of Heaven, and the merciful do "obtain mercy" there. But if a man shows off too much along this line here he is certain to find himself protected no better than the shorn lamb to the wind, tempered some, but still too cold for comfort. His treasure will all be on the other side, not available for his material necessities. No one will respect him or fear him, and a good many will persecute him, as it is written, because he will have deliberately sacrificed the horns and forked tail of human heinousness which protect a man when he lives and deals with his fellow men who are not by nature just, much less merciful. They are enterprising, covetous and competitive. In short, such a man will have so lived as to be eminently fit to become the hero of his own funeral, but not for fame or prosperity or any public office.

What I mean is that the Beatitudes, which sum up the teachings of the New Testament, have to do entirely with spiritual values. My experience with them as a woman is that they are a ritual by which we prepare ourselves secretly for another life, and that a reputation for practicing them is fatal, because it lets you in for too many vicissitudes here.

Now, so long as women lived sanctified and protected in their homes and churches they could do very well with these Beatitudes. They were themselves the gentle inside scriptures of mankind. They had a better chance than any man ever has to be pure in heart, and their purity made the hearthstone an altar. Their mercifulness healed the sick, fed their immediate poor and cured the abrasions of domestic life. Their meekness, their peace-making qualities, and even their disposition to mourn now and then strengthened all the ties of love.

This was an admirable arrangement. I do not know why we became so nobly dissatisfied with it, because the home and the church are the only institutions in this world that can be conducted according to these Scriptures. They are both designed to nurture privately and from within the spiritual and personal characters of individuals.

But who can evolve a system of laws based on these Scriptures for the governing of a nation? Or a Monroe Doctrine for dealing effectively with other nations? It cannot be done. Mr. Wilson's famous Fourteen Points contained all the eloquence of a noble idealism, but they failed because they smacked too much of the Golden Rule, not enough of Leviticus and the Book of Judges. Piety is a personal attribute. What we call a Christian nation contains only the sublime yeast of faith in God, one righteous man here and there to save it from the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Caliban Turns Missionary

THEREFORE, as a citizen, I am giving much more prayerful attention to the Old Testament than I did when I was merely a woman with nothing but my own private Christian duties to perform and merely my own neat little soul to save. My belief is that it requires all of the Ten Commandments and all of the judges, juries and jails to make this country safe enough for us to go on exercising our Christian virtues in secret, which is the way we are particularly enjoined to practice them, and not on the street corners or in the market place. I take it that this means we ought not to drag our pieties into a political campaign or allow our emotional nature to get the better of us in the discharge of these duties.

Women as citizens are in grave danger here. They do not yet realize the qualities that made them admirable in the home, which was a private protected place, are not the ones to recommend them as citizens. This is why they are being duped so frequently by the brotherhood creeds of designing men. A red radical with some kind of literary fame and a title after his name can preach his doctrines before a simple-minded woman's club and receive an ovation. This is because the stuff sounds familiar to them.

Women as Citizens are in Grave Danger. They Do Not Yet Realize the Qualities That Made Them Admirable in the Home are Not the Ones to Recommend Them as Citizens

They have heard something like it from the pulpit. But they forget that the preacher is preparing them for immortal life, not to vote the socialist ticket. The doctrines of such a speaker sound well only in a lecture or in a book. In practice they prove mischievous and predatory. The one place where they could probably do no harm is in the Kingdom of Heaven, where there is no flesh, no animal instincts, no property, no greed, and nothing to do in order to live, because we are alive forevermore. But that the political and social idealism of these bolshevistic prophets is the shrewdest sort of hypocrisy is proved by the fact that very few of them have any religious faith. They bait us with our own gospel for their purposes, which is a blasphemous business.

Women may go on with their foreign-mission activities, though it is not clear to me that God would ever damn a conscientious heathen; but it is wrong to lend aid or comfort to the enemy, especially if he is in our very midst and has set up an order and a government alien to the rights of our people. This is exactly what women do when they collect funds for the support of workers and their families who will not work or allow others to exercise their right to work. Such people find it too easy to capitalize the sentimentality of women.

Even the pure in heart ought to recognize Caliban when they see him. For the first time in history Caliban has become a missionary. He is Satan's Saint Paul. He is proving his gospel in Russia and sending his emissaries to the ends of the earth to spread it. Our Government is spending vast sums to relieve the conditions which exist there as the result of this monstrous experiment. Why do we do it? It is like heaping coals of fire on the devil's head. It is bread cast upon the waters, which comes back to us every day in the form of an anarchist bent upon poisoning the minds of our people and destroying our national life.

As women whose compassions are stirred by the stories of hunger and suffering there, we are apt to forget how immortal everybody is, and that it must be more profitable, spiritually speaking, to die of hunger than to live in such degradation of mind and body. Therefore, as a citizen, my prayerful conviction is that we ought to leave Russia to Almighty God and stop meddling with His obvious Old Testament method in dealing with Russia.

Recently on the eve of a gubernatorial election in a certain state the governor received a petition signed by thirteen thousand people, mostly women, praying him to delay the execution of a murderer three times sentenced and condemned to hang by the courts. They had already plentifully petitioned him to commute this sentence. That is to say, in a state where the margins between the candidates for governor were exceedingly narrow so many thousand women voters as that threatened him with defeat because their sympathies were aroused on behalf of a reprobate youth. What was this man's life worth compared with the weakening of that law made to protect them and their children against such a criminal? Meanwhile not one penny was spent or merciful deed done to relieve the poverty of the widow and orphan of this man's victim.

This summer a woman drove to the office of her husband, waited and watched for thirty minutes for him to return. When he came in she shot and killed him, not because he was unfaithful to her or because he was a drunkard and abused her, but because she was a virago in good health who had acquired the habit of abusing her husband until she could no longer control the vicious animus of her nature. The courts very properly sentenced her to hang. But three thousand women and a few feminine-minded men signed a petition to have this sentence commuted solely on the grounds that she was a woman.

Eye for Eye and Tooth for Tooth

NOW as ballot-bearing women with equal rights with men we ought not to shrink from the right to share the same penalties with them for the same crime. If our gender must go on affecting our vote, let us place the emphasis of our merciful and maternal nature where it will strengthen, not enfeeble, the moral life of this nation. We ought to get a primer of morals in every primary school in this country, and grade it upward through the high schools, so that every child would be obliged to stand examinations on this subject with test questions, as problems in mathematics are given.

We ought to visit jails, not criminals, and see that they are sanitary and defended by at least one machine gun, until that primer on morals begins to take effect and mobs are no longer to be feared.

We ought to require quarterly statements of all moneys spent by our local governments. Nothing encourages extravagance and thievery among public officials so much as the privacy with which they are allowed to spend our taxes. Some years ago in one state a man with no bad habits, who held a state office but was a prospective candidate for governor, presented a prominent lawyer in each county with ten per cent of all the inheritance taxes paid. This was a delicate way he had of paying campaign expenses in advance. Everything would have turned out happily if he had not sent one of these bonus checks to an honest old blab-mouth lawyer in a backwoods county where an inheritance tax had been paid on a large estate. Bristling like a bobcat this old man came to town with the check and showed it to too many people.

What we need to cultivate as citizens is an omniscient eye for expenses, and especially for the leaks due to the generosity that office-holders exercise with our funds.

These are only a few of the activities which might engage us as citizens between ballot-casting periods. We shall not gain nearly so much publicity as we do collecting funds for strikers or squatting in groups on the streets about the jail praying for a man about to be hanged. The papers will take no notice of us at all, but we shall have performed real services; and we shall feel much less in need of publicity than we do stirring up emotional enthusiasm on behalf of some prisoner whom we want to have paroled because he is sorry for the crimes he has already committed and is still innocent of those he will commit after he gets this parole.

In conclusion, I insist that the only thing to do is to keep up our private estate of good deeds and mercies and sacrifices as usual; but as citizens, the sooner we cut out sentiment, demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, the more strengthening and elevating our influence will become upon the social and political life of this country.

THE PUBLIC AS PARTNERS

By James H. Collins

SOME years ago a Western electrical corporation needed capital to enlarge its plant. Money was high and the company far from Wall Street. "Why not offer an issue of stock to people right here at home?" the directors asked themselves. The idea seemed worth trying. To their astonishment the whole issue was quickly taken in lots of one to ten shares by everyday people—clerks, teachers, mechanics, small merchants. There was not enough stock to go round.

Other electrical corporations tried it, and everywhere found that home folks, their customers, were ready to help finance growth when the situation was set before them clearly and the investment was on a safe, dividend-paying basis.

In the past few years electric light and power companies throughout the United States have sold more than $500,000,000 worth of their stocks to their customers. Among the 1,600,000 holders of this industry's stocks and bonds, 500,000 are customer stockholders. Telephone and gas companies are now turning to this method of financing themselves, and it is predicted that trolley companies will adopt it, too, when normal times come round again and they are able to earn dividends. Electrical men say that their industry led because it is younger than other utilities, is not handicapped by so much public ill-will and is able to earn dividends for stockholders. Demand for electricity has so far outrun the equipment to supply it the past six or eight years that in many communities there is a waiting list of customers.

For every additional dollar's worth of electricity that is sold, from four to six dollars' worth of new equipment must be bought—dynamos, engines, turbines, power houses, cables, wires, poles, meters, and so on. Healthy growth of the community depends upon healthy growth of its utilities. "You have invested several hundred dollars in wiring your home and buying electrical conveniences—what would they be worth without electric current?" the electrical men ask their customers; and when the latter see that new investment capital is needed they willingly put their money in. For quick money, big money all in a lump, utility corporations still turn to Wall Street, and probably always will. But customer capital, though coming in a slower flow, because shares are usually sold on the installment plan and in smaller volume, is of increasing importance as capital, and of amazing importance in a corporation's relations with the public.

Complaints

INTERESTING things happen when home folks own shares in a local utility corporation. They feel pride in ownership immediately. They become interested in the company's earnings, for their dividends depend on that. They come in to see the plant and get acquainted with the officers. They also feel a sense of responsibility to the public. The company's customers are now their customers, and when neighbors complain of service, shareholders go out of their way to report the complaint and see that things are straightened out.

But the effect of customer ownership upon a corporation's officers is even more interesting. They are brought right up on their toes. To pay dividends now is not an obscure obligation to distant capitalists but a direct obligation to the community; which means the barber who shaves the president of the electric-light company, his waiter, plumber, dentist, his wife's dressmaker, his children's teacher. And the thing goes beyond dividends into more direct human contacts with the public.

Electrical men say that this new customer ownership is the best thing they have found yet in public relations. Most of the friction between utility corporations and the public comes down to lack of acquaintance. Once the utility men, absorbed in the technical phases of their business, paid little attention to the public. State regulation was the public's answer to that, and then the utility men began trying to get acquainted with their customers by opening windows where complaints could be brought, telling people through inspectors and teachers how to use gas or electricity to the best advantage, making statements to the press. But it was always the corporation seeking to get acquainted with the customer—never the customer coming in to get acquainted with the corporation, look over its plant and see what its business was like. With customer ownership, it is the public that seeks acquaintance.

The Securities of Many Corporations With Customer Shareholders are Listed, and Can Readily be Sold

Some months ago a franchise question was being threshed out before city fathers by an electric-light company. From the very first electric corporation that ever sought a franchise, municipal authorities have dickered on the supposition that the corporation would take advantage of the public in every way possible, and that it was their duty to drive the hardest possible bargain with the corporation, getting concessions like a percentage of earnings, free gas or electricity for the city, free rides for city employes.

An Unpaid Plea for Fair Play

THE public has usually gauged their capacity by the amount of hide they could skin off the corporation and nail to the city-hall door. Of course it is not possible to get something for nothing, even from a corporation. The streets may be brilliantly lighted without charge and the policemen and firemen ride free, but the public has to pay indirectly because the cost of such concessions must be added to tax bills.

In this case the company's attorney, looking after its interests, was astonished when one of the town's leading merchants appeared before the aldermen and argued vigorously against certain of their demands. He made so strong a case and was a man of such standing in the community that the company got a materially better franchise.

"Why did you help me fight my battle?" the attorney asked afterwards. "Certainly you weren't paid to do it."

"I'll tell you. Last year I bought some of your company's stock for my baby daughter. Since then I've kept close track of its affairs, and believe that the concession the aldermen want to put into this new franchise would endanger the dividend unless rates could be increased—and they can't. So I was there to see that my little girl's interests were safeguarded."

"Do you mind telling me how much stock you hold?"

"Not at all—I bought one share."

He had fought that fight to protect 6 per cent on a hundred-dollar investment!

California has a $500,000,000 water-power project afoot that would put the state into the electrical business as a competitor of corporations. Opposition to a plan of that sort would have come from bankers and big investors a few years ago. Today the chief opposition comes from 90,000 small shareholders in electric light and power corporations.

Whenever state or municipal ownership and operation of utilities are proposed in territory where corporations have customer shareholders, they oppose it. Superficially they seem to be protecting their investments and dividends, but actually they feel that public ownership and operation would be inefficient and wasteful, and that the public would pay more for service either in rates and fares or in taxes. Census figures show that they are right.

(Continued on Page 65

THE FUGITIVE BUNGALOW

By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

READING his evening paper, Mr. Rodgers broke out with a snort of indignation. His fellow club members looked up with anticipatory grins of inquiry. Marc Rodgers was a lovable, irascible old chap, and most enjoyable when on a rampage. They liked to see the little white patch on his lower lip bristle and behold the storm-king fires scintillate in his viking blue eyes. He was one fine old pepperbox.

"What's bit me now?" He repeated a not unnatural query from one of his cronies. Like himself, these other old gentlemen were ensconced in deep, soft chairs, with their evening papers. "Then will ye hearken to this?" Flourishing his paper, and in a voice that caused men in the far-off billiard room to ground their cues and listen happily, he quoted jerkily from the day's scareheads:

"'Gang bold thieves—driving trucks—down at water front—haul away load after load of structural steel.' Get that, don't you? It's those ten or twenty ton girders that have been waiting for construction of the new docks to begin. . . . Well, these rascals calmly take their trucks down there—in broad daylight, mind you, and people passing back and forth, and all that—and they load on these girders. Gentlemen, I want to tell you, that's some crust! It's nerve for you—basaltic nerve! And they get away with it too! Now what the devil do you reckon crooks these days will carry off next?"

Marc Rodgers had, himself, lost no girders. He administered estates. He was something of a chronic executor. He saw to it that minor heirs got what was coming to them. But he built no docks and he had not lost an ounce of structural steel. Nevertheless, he was as indignant as though he had. In this lay the old gentleman's charm; he did not have to be personally scorched to go off like a pyrotechnic flowerpot.

"The cheek of them! The gall—poisonous green gall!"

He was still embroidering his sentiments when a serious, almost a somber young man in a group of the younger fellows ventured an observation.

"Stealing ten-ton girders—that sounds like a simple little thing to me."

He said it merely as a statement of fact, or as a modest opinion, obviously meant to be soothing; but no one was deceived. They knew that Jimmy Nash was baiting Marc Rodgers. Jimmy's practice as a lawyer did not keep him working evenings as yet, and his quietly bubbling spirits found the vent they required here at the club. It must be admitted that he was something of a trial to the old fellows, who did not care for noise unless they were making it themselves; not that he was ever noisy himself, but the younger bunch was pretty sure to be if he were with them. His dry influence seemed to promote effervescence, like a raisin. He was especially a trial to Marc Rodgers. Mr. Rodgers' cherubic cheeks, when he caught Jimmy's innocent remark, puffed out pink and round, expelling a contemptuous "H-r-r-umph!"

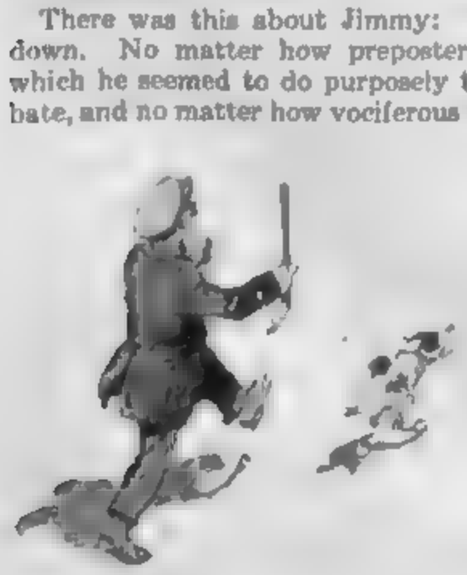
"Why, Mr. Rodgers," said the young lawyer sympathetically, while his features, which were of the plain, wearable kind, wore an expression of rebuffed earnestness, "you could have had those girders yourself if you had only thought of them first. But next time, when you see something that nobody expects to be stolen, go right ahead, and I will guarantee that you will find that that is the article most easily stolen. Even if it's a house—no, that's too easy. I could steal a house myself. At least I could steal one much more handily than a paper of pins off a ten-cent-store counter, and run less risk of getting caught."

The old fellows jeered.

"Yes, you could!" Rodgers growled.

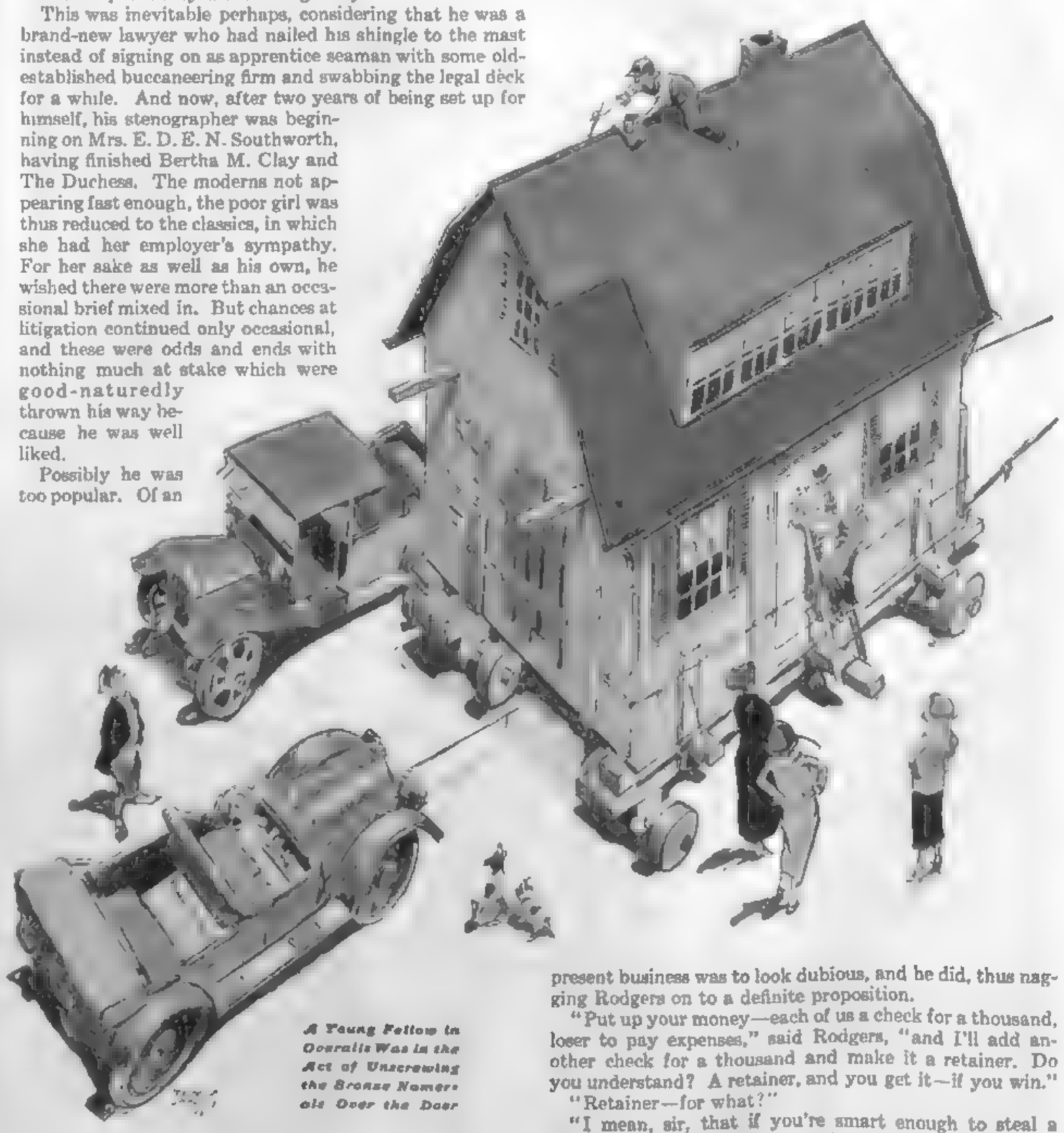
Jimmy seemed distressed at their intolerance. He argued earnestly, as though desirous only of being shown where he was wrong, thus enraging them bit by bit with his sweet reasonableness, and particularly enraging Marc Rodgers, until the vehement old gentleman broke over and dared him to bet on it.

There was this about Jimmy: He would never back down. No matter how preposterous a stand he took, which he seemed to do purposely to incite scorn and debate, and no matter how vociferous the gibes, he continued to argue with his air of gently reproachful deference until his adversaries flung patience and temper to the winds. But what the young man's little world did not know was that this solemn gayety of his was becoming a very fine quality of courage. They knew, of course, that, going to the guillotine, he would have been dryly and gayly argumentative; but there was something worse, which they did not know. They supposed, without thinking much about it, that he was well fixed. But as a matter of fact, he was getting to the end of his string. His little patrimony was melting away.



This was inevitable perhaps, considering that he was a brand-new lawyer who had nailed his shingle to the mast instead of signing on as apprentice seaman with some old-established buccaneering firm and swabbing the legal deck for a while. And now, after two years of being set up for himself, his stenographer was beginning on Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, having finished Bertha M. Clay and The Duchess. The moderns not appearing fast enough, the poor girl was thus reduced to the classics, in which she had her employer's sympathy. For her sake as well as his own, he wished there were more than an occasional brief mixed in. But chances at litigation continued only occasional, and these were odds and ends with nothing much at stake which were good-naturedly thrown his way because he was well liked.

Possibly he was too popular. Of an evening, in the irresponsible atmosphere of the club, his resourceful shrewdness did not get the rating it merited. He was sunny and genial under his solemnity; and his escapades, or those he instigated, were April downpours that delectably varied the crisp warmth of the sunshine, endearing him even to his victims. His gravity in these play hours was so obviously a make-believe that in a serious matter, such as lawsuits usually are, no one thought to take him seriously and go to him. Hence the dwindling patrimony. But he had kept right on having his fun with the serene gallantry of the aristocrat in the tumbrel.



A Young Fellow in Overalls Was in the Act of Unscrewing the Bronze Numerals Over the Door

Nevertheless, there was a speculative light in the young attorney's eye when Mr. Rodgers, with his well-known gesture expressive of overwrought emotion, slapped down his check book like a Jovian thunderbolt and roared, "Bet you a thousand, sir!"

Then, to the surprise of his friends, Jimmy Nash, who never backed down, shook his head.

"That's mighty generous of you, Mr. Rodgers," he said regretfully; "but—well, the fact is grand larceny is liable to take considerable time if done right and conscientiously, and you all know that my time is limited."

There was a general laugh. He himself had often made a light-hearted jest of his vast leisure.

"Pish! Nonsense! Cold feet!" scoffed Marc Rodgers. "But if I've stopped your crowing ——"

"Don't tempt me, sir, please! My daylight hours I owe to my profession. Now, if stealing a house were only professional I'd —— "

"Yes, you would! But I'm blest if you can wiggle out that way! Look here! Suppose suppose I make it worth your while—professionally." Jimmy's heart bobbed up like a cork on the wave. Marc Rodgers, veteran skipper of many a large estate, often needed a Blackstone or an Erskine at the wheel in waters roiled and dangerous. But never mind that now. Jimmy's present business was to look dubious, and he did, thus nagging Rodgers on to a definite proposition.

"Put up your money—each of us a check for a thousand, loser to pay expenses," said Rodgers, "and I'll add another check for a thousand and make it a retainer. Do you understand? A retainer, and you get it—if you win."

"Retainer—for what?"

"I mean, sir, that if you're smart enough to steal a house, then, by cracky, you ought to be smart enough, as one crook against another, to checkmate the sleek shyster who's aiming to break Cyrus Burlingame's will! Show me you're that smart and you're hired, and darned good business for the rightful heirs too. But ——" He choked, remembering his original contention. "Oh, stuff and nonsense! Nobody can steal a house!"

"I can," said Jimmy gently, goading him with his sunny smile, which broke slowly and effulgently through the apparent gloom of his homely countenance.

"Then bet!" roared old Marc. "Done or not? Put up or ——"

Jimmy swiftly calculated. He could manage to pay if he lost. And he might as well stake his bank balance on a single throw as watch it slowly trickle away.

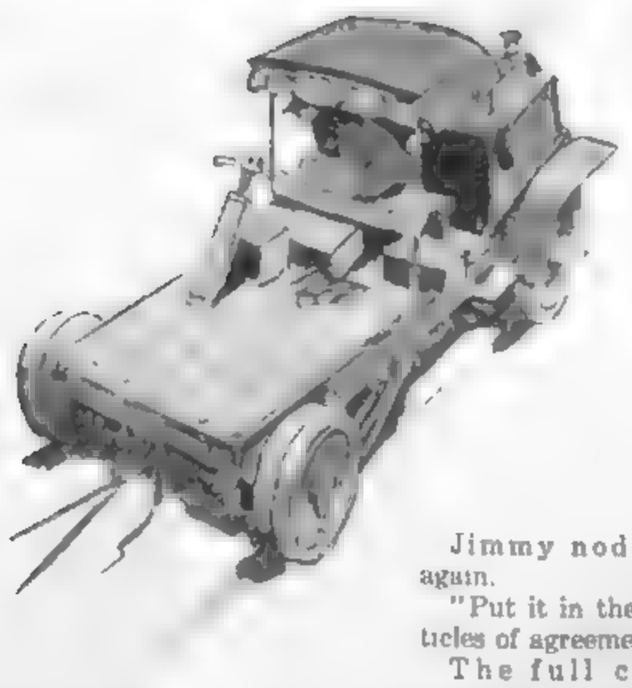
"You've made a bet, Mr. Rodgers," he informed the old gentleman.

Mr. Rodgers whipped off the cap of his fountain pen to indite the checks.

"Mind, though, if you're caught you lose, and you'll have yourself to get out o' jail"

Jimmy, writing his own check, nodded.

Marc Rodgers manifested a certain unacknowledged fondness for Jimmy, for he added, "Or you can stay in hock until I come down and pin the Order of the Raspberry on you. Then we'll bring you up here to attend your own initiation."



Jimmy nodded again.

"Put it in the articles of agreement."

The full club membership present cordially assisted at the drawing up of the articles, which with the three checks were sealed in an envelope and delivered into the keeping of Marc Rodgers' particular crony, Major Hightower, as stakeholder. Everybody agreed to keep the wager secret until it should be decided one way or another, unless—and here several of the old fellows in a sudden start of alarm made the proviso—unless Jimmy picked on one of their own houses for his attempt.

Jimmy accepted the proviso. Should he try to filch one of their houses, thereupon the gentleman thus bereft was privileged to call in the police and recover his property, if he could.

"Anyway," said Marc Rodgers, glaring triumphantly at Jimmy, "you can't steal my house." He arose out of his deep chair, stretched and yawned, but he eyed Jimmy narrowly as he explained. "Because you'd have to steal this club if you do. I eat here, sleep here, have my whole fool being here. Fellow imbeciles, I bid you good night. I'm going to bed." And out to the elevator he toddled.

A friend drew Jimmy aside.

"Here's a tip, Jim," the friend whispered. "The old boy forgets, or doesn't think any of us remember, that he still has his shack out on Rosemary Boulevard. He keeps it closed while Peggy—that's his granddaughter and the only chick he's got left—is away at school. Word to the wise, Ol' Stinging Lizard. I'm only just mentioning this house ——"

"Thanks, Bright Eyes, but I know about it already. Knew it all the time. In fact, that's why ——"

He left the remark unfinished. The two young devils exchanged satanic glances.

The only chick very unexpectedly arrived in town the following afternoon. In mischievous and loving anticipation of the surprise it would be for her grandfather, she had sent ahead no warning of her coming. The occasion of her visit was the football game, scheduled for the next day. She and her chum and a trainload of rollicking rooters accompanied the team. But a considerable fraction of the team seemed to be accompanying Peggy. Having alighted from the train, these nice big varsity bruisers were reluctant to part with her and her chum, who was also a pretty girl. But perhaps it should be explained that Peggy was pretty enough herself to choose her dearest friend regardless. Browned and joyous, in brown homespun and trim wool stockings, Peggy was like the spirit of the heather. She possessed cropped chestnut curls under a boyish hat, and dancing blue eyes that could see through a millstone. There was a nose too, a piquant affair which wrinkled when Peggy was amused, or uptilted when she needed to assert her dignity of a senior.

"No," she addressed the congestion of brawn about her, "I don't know whether you can come this evening or not. Sue and I have to go out and open up the house first. There's a taxi. See who scores a touchdown with these bags. Atta boy! Thanks —— But we have to dust the furniture, and everything. Yes, yes, we'll telephone if you can come. For Pete's sake, good-by!"

Freed at last to their own devices, the two girls departed in the taxicab for Marc Rodgers' club. But the steward there told them that Mr. Rodgers had been called out of the city that morning on business for a day or so.

"Pshaw!" said Peggy.

She was used to having her own way, and she had looked forward to surprising her grandfather. She left word for him that she would be out at the house.

On their way they gathered in Miss Newcomb, the Rodgers' housekeeper, who was Nursie Newcomb to Peggy and who made her home with a married sister during Peggy's absence. Then Peggy gave their driver the address of the Rodgers home, 4902 Rosemary Boulevard. The driver did, approximately, what he was bidden, at last stopping despondently in the stately eucalyptus-shaded boulevard and announcing that this here was the best he could do.

Miss Newcomb said "My land sakes alive!" and Peggy's eyelids fluttered incredulously.

If this were 4902 then the lone ivy-entwined chimney towering solitary over the oleanders was the historic ruin of Jamestown; and if there were room anywhere for so much as a homing cat to crawl into it would be into the cellar, which gaped uncovered within the bare foundations. Neighborhood tots were playing cops-and-robbers down there, the latter taking refuge in the hot-air furnace when too hard pressed by the constabulary. "Somebody must have been here," Peggy's chum suggested hopefully.

"It's hard to notice anything missing," said Peggy. "They left the grass and the driveway and the garage and the tapestry-brick porch. Still, you may be right. I'll ask "

She inquired of the neighbors next door, who told her that the house had been moved off the lot in the morning. They supposed that her grandfather was going to build something grander, now that she was so near through school.

"Nothing of the kind!" said Peggy. "Catch g-pops keeping a secret like that from me!"

She bundled chum and nursie back into the taxi and ordered the driver to "follow that bungalow!" The impression of wide wheels out of the yard gave them the direction, but charting the course after that quickly became guesswork, hard asphalt being poorly adapted to retention of the spoor of errant architecture. However, a house could not have gone far, and by industriously turning corners within a mile's radius they finally turned one corner and beheld the lost domicile absurdly coming up the street to meet them. Towed by a vehement little gasoline tractor, the cumbrous, slowly rolling mass grotesquely resembled a led mastodon on casters. It looked familiar and it didn't look familiar. It had the indefinable queerness of an old acquaintance who has lost his eyebrows. The deep porch across the front was gone; that was one reason. The mellowing adornment of ivy, which once had fairly covered the walls of weather-stained shakes to the chaletlike eaves overhanging the second story, was also gone. Here was nobody's home, but a homeless waif, a caricature of human habitation wandering irresponsibly around, ramshackle, disreputable. Or so Peggy's home looked to the horrified Peggy.

She sprang from the taxicab as though to head off the house as she would a stray cow. She took her stand before the tractor and lifted her arms apparently with an idea of shooing it back. But the grease-smeared face of the driver of the tractor regarded her imperturbably, and the driver's thumb jerking rearward over his shoulder gave her to understand that she would find the skipper of this piratical expedition somewhere aft.

She stepped aside for the tractor, and that brought her to a near view of the bungalow's denatured façade. She was in time to identify the number. A young fellow in jumper and overalls, halfway up a short ladder planted on one of the big timbers jutting out from under the house, was in the act of unscrewing the bronze numerals over the door. This smacked of malpractice in the house-moving business, and Peggy put her hands on her hips and said, "I believe you are stealing this house."

He Caught Her, and He Was a Little More Than Half Awed by Her Tragedy-Queen Dignity

She was certain he gave a start as her clear, accusing voice smote his ears; but she was not so certain when he looked round and perceived the snapping-eyed little beauty gazing up at him.

"Your house, ma'am?" he asked gravely, but so obviously humoring her that she balled her small fists against her ribs to hold them there.

She detected the same mischief in this solemn young man's eye as danced in hers when she did the teasing. Nor was she soothed by her chum, who, with Miss Newcomb, had joined her and who was gurgling cordial approval of the young mechanic's looks, which must have had something about them for all their wearable plainness to interest the feminine eye.

"Are you quite, quite sure," the fellow asked with kindly severity, as to a mistaken and very little girl, "that this is your house?"

"Well, it's g-pops'."

"Gee-popses?"

"G for grand, pops for father, and esses for possessive case. It's my grandfather's house. I am Miss Rodgers, and—and I don't in the least understand."

"I see," replied the young man soberly. "You suspect there's been dirty work at the crossroads?"

"If you are in charge here," cried Peggy, exasperated, "you ——"

Then a policeman strolled benignly upon the scene, while the young man on his ladder finished unscrewing the bronze numerals, and, after a certain variation in their arrangement, began screwing them on again.

"Hi, up there!" said the policeman. "You're on my beat now. Got to look you over."

The young man calmly produced some papers from his jumper pocket and handed them down. They were the routine permits for using the streets, for crossing car tracks, for cutting wires; and glancing over them perfunctorily, the policeman handed them back. He was strolling on again when Peggy's emotions were too much.

"Wait, officer! Isn't he stealing this house?"

The officer did not think at first that he had heard correctly; and then, because the peachy young woman

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"Wouldn't I Know My Own House?" The Captain Appeared Skeptical Even on This Point

THE MAGNETIC WEST

Lode States—By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

Then, With Their Cinchas Loose, the Cowboys Rolled On, Not Over the River Jordan But Beyond the Rio Grande

OF ALL, however, that I had seen, west of the Mississippi, none was the West itself short of Denver. There, definitely, I entered a land, a tradition, different from whatever lay behind. Saint Louis had been a post on the Western Reserve, but Denver was built from the veritable rock and air and spirit of that distant heroic region. At last I was under the ranges of the Rocky Mountains; beside the Rockies, but not quite, as I had thought to be, within sound of the Pacific Ocean. My geographical conception of the continent of America had been just that—a Middle West illimitably extending from the summer resorts of the Atlantic to the winter resorts of the Pacific coast, and against the Western rim the Rocky Mountains, with, here and there, a minor range, sloped pictorially to the sea.

It was, I found in Colorado, amazingly different from that: the Rockies were hardly more than halfway between the Mississippi and the sea: to the east the fertile bottom land of the river rose to the prairie and the prairie swept in great horizons to the benches of the Rockies. Beyond, reaching to the Sierra Nevada and the Blue Mountains of Oregon, lay the high mesas of the Great Basin. The mesas and the deserts—Death Valley, the desert of the Colorado, the forty-mile desert of the Humboldt and the Bitter Water land of the Armagosa! These were not all—it was a country of black basaltic stone, of sulphur and mica, borax and arsenic and manganese, with starved junipers and cacti.

Mountain Color Play

YET through its barrens were true fissures and drifts of gold and silver and copper; across the wastes lay the trails of history; at its heart stood the portentous temple of the Mormons. Denver, at last—its courthouse steps a mile in air—represented, announced, that; it waved me, with a completely justified pride, toward the Rocky Mountains. Pike's Peak, as I had expected, was there, and Long's Peak; but, for me, they were lost in the whole presence of the mountains. West, still, from Denver, they towered beyond the lawns of the city and beyond a plain; and, though in that clear air I could see them in detail, though they seemed to be no more than under my hand, they were as remote as a legend.

It was before noon, and, dark at their base, the Rocky Mountains were flushed along their crown, they held a bright rose against a sky lifted to ashen blue. The atmosphere, space, was sparkling with an effect of myriads of free crystal and silver particles; distant slopes of snow, pure blue in shadow, glittered with an utter whiteness where they faced the sun. The colors of the light, the reflections and clarity, were as brilliant and various as the summer gardens of the East: the blue was like incredibly massed gentians, the snow piled white phlox, the mountain tops were heaped peonies. The golden blaze was so intolerable that, at Boulder, walking through the university grounds, I was obliged literally to feel a way into the relief of a brick corridor. The mountains there rose directly, without any warning, into the sky; for a little I was conscious of their nearness; but, driving out of Denver to Lookout Mountain, approaching them, once more they receded.

The road had not been entirely cleared, opened, after a light fall of snow; and, while it was safe, I was sent over it by favor. In a heavy limousine, turned irrevocably upward on half moons of narrow passage successively rising on the mountain side, I thought how difficult it was to proceed, to live, in the terms of my own choice. The automobile stopped and the driver informed me that we had reached Sensation Point, adding, reflectively, that if she slipped he would have to put chains on. Below there was sheer dizzy space, and, far out on the winter plain, a flat glitter that was Denver. As a view it was, certainly, magnificent, but, for me, its sweep and frozen color were lost in a speculation of how—where—if the wheels did slip, chains could be applied. The truth was that I didn't, for all its proved safety, wholly enjoy that excursion; great valleys falling away below, filled with ultramarine shadow, peaks drenched in the sun, I saw with only a part of my attention; most of it was directed to the uncompromising edges, delicately veiled in snow, at the automobile guards.

We descended, happily, into cañons where flights of pines, green and velvet brown, clung to practically vertical walls, a somber region, an intenser cold, with the rocks deep-mantled in snow and loud streams within flashing banks of ice. The water rushed and poured over the beds it had cut through the mountains; the gayety of its persistent sound was like a mocking laughter. It was irresistible, like laughter; not all the Rocky Mountain Range could restrain it from slipping into glassy levels or falling in a constant erosion veiled by an appearance of the immaculate fragility of a girl in communion white. The road followed the frigid water, the cañon grew deeper and dark; there were houses of unpainted boards under pines wreathed in snow; the sky was but a torn narrow strip and then the plain widened, Denver grew in visible importance.

Its situation, the land of the South Platte, was as barren, almost, as the Great Basin: Denver hadn't been founded on a fertility, a graciousness of soil, but on gold. It had been established by prospectors from Lawrence, in Kansas. They had, in 1858, started a town on Monument Creek, under Pike's Peak; they left that and, crossing the Divide, planned a second, called Montana, on the Platte. Some of these shifted down to Cherry Creek, and laid out Saint Charles; Auraria was just across the bank; but it was the former, hastily reorganized in the absence of its original proprietors, that grew into Denver.

From Hard Living to Soft

IN 1860 mining in Colorado had already declined; the drifts in the streams had been washed bare of perceptible gold, and no one, yet, had traced the deposits to their source. But Denver lived through that period when thousands of faces turned again east; proper mining operations were set up in 1871, the cattle grazing of the Open Range put its vast herds into motion; and Denver was saved from the melancholy oblivion that overtook so many mining towns. West the roads flowed into the Clear Creek Valley, on to Black Hawk and Central City, in the north over the South Branch to Idaho Gulch; the secret of Leadville was, at last, discovered. Denver became the metropolis, the ultimate glory, of the cow country; and when the Open Range—in its swift turn—vanished, it was at once a link and a center of industry. Any informal aspect of a camp had long gone; its urbanity was beyond doubt; but, at the same time, its singular vitality was still superior to museums; it was Denver now.

A great deal that had been floating, without a course, through my mind settled while, actually within its barriers, I left the West for an elaborate hotel at Colorado Springs. The luxuries of modern convenience and decoration established in what, at first, had been a settlement of Pennsylvania Quakers, gave me the impression, distinct and inferior, of a Swiss mountain resort. I didn't, fundamentally, want to sit in tiled courts of glass and inappropriate flowers and patronize, with my gaze, the Rocky Mountains. When, at the approach of dusk, they were veiled in a somber splendor, I went up to prepare for dinner; and that ceremony, as well, added to my annoyance. It was altogether too smooth and heavy and deadening; the velvet-footed waiters with their repressed cupidity mocked the images of the men thronging my imagination; the other diners moved, like myself, with conventional speech in the planed grooves of custom.

When I had finished, left the dining room, the mountains had vanished, there was only a blackness with an

uncertain edge laid against the stars and sky; and I returned to an exaggerated public replica of a drawing-room where an Englishman was minutely describing a slaughter, in sport, of some unwieldy animals. A sinewy raised brown hand with a pointed finger was as steady as any gesture of a James Bridger, it would have answered the last need of desperate lost days; but it—the finger pointed at nothing, the story it assisted was only an account of an organized hunt for animals rare through their impending extermination. There was nothing much, it seemed, for that capable hand to do. A murmur of feminine voices, envious of all escape from monotony, followed his recital. The women, in tulle dinner dresses, fell silent, the smoke from their cigarettes writhing across their painted faces, a subdued light reflected in hard splinters from flexible bracelets.

There was nothing, it followed, in that admirable interior and life, for any of us to do except eat and smoke and sleep. Practically all that was vital, essential, had been done for us. The mountains, carrying with them the further treasure of their metals, had withdrawn into a night like the past, leaving the hotel, the ornamental women, the gilt of the furniture, like an insignificant wash, a surface deposit on a bar, from far hidden lodes. Colorado Springs had been that since its beginning, a place aside from the struggle surrounding it, with the El Paso Club before Cheyenne Peak and a cabin for the sale of Rocky Mountain specimens. A narrow-gauge railroad had run through it, from Denver to Southern Colorado, San Juan, which, at its height, sold reduced miners' tickets to El Moro and Alamosa. Then the mule trains freighting for Fairplay, for Leadville and the Gunnison, had filled Tejon Street; but the miners—the miners and the beaver trappers and the cowboys—had gone.

Substitutes for Reality

EACH had played his part, made a farewell bow, on a magnificent stage, on a continent set with mountains, and vanished, taking with him the opportunities that had, in reality, been the man. Yes, the conditions, the hardness and dangers, of his life had created him, hammered him until he was obdurate, driven him until he was tireless, starved him until he was cunning through spareness. He, of course, would have envied me, sitting in the ease of the Broadmoor Hotel, even more than I envied him; the irony of our relative situations lay in the fact that the luxury which hung so heavily on my shoulders was the spur of his heroic endeavor. He wanted indolence and gilt and perfumed women in gay slippers; and in the pursuit of that human desire he overturned mountains. And seemingly—realizing his hopeless dream, bathed in its radiance, all that I wanted then, all that I valued, was the indomitable spirit inseparable from the hardships of his being.

I didn't—who did?—want the hardships; I would take every means, every train, that carried me beyond them; but I wanted what they gave. The Englishman, now smoking a pipe in a reminiscent silence, had found a substitute for some lost opportunities: it was no longer necessary to kill for subsistence, so he killed for play. The inevitable golf links, covered by winter, made a part of the hotel—substitutes for reality. Everything, nearly, today, was like that—an ingenious set of games for the drugging of emptiness. The alternative to that was poverty, and, in the present, in cities, poverty was worse, more brutally poor, than it had ever been before. The poor no longer cut a way into the wild, prospected for gold; there was no escape from the traps in which they had been caught.

The degradation of the poor, it became clear, had been more fatal than the inescapable decline of the rich. The ideal upon which the United States had been founded was the conception of a strong people, not of powerful and exceptional individuals, but of a balanced vital whole. Once, perhaps, it had been that, but it had gone, as it were, overnight. The powerful individuals had risen, dominated the land—the land, the forests and the mines—but the vitality, the courage, the integrity of the mass had been allowed to droop. The truth was that the opening sentences of the Constitution, ringing with such an initial bravery, in a decade, had been brought to nothing.

Poverty and richness, however, at least on the plane of visible possessions, existed only by contrast, comparison. The strength of great reaches of the Mississippi Valley lay in the fact that it still owned no material extremes, and, in consequence, there was a happy lack of a certain kind of false estimation. There were signs—in the beautiful outlying sections of Kansas City—that this was drawing to an end; and with it a great deal of decent self-esteem, of independence, would disappear. Improvement, nationally, seemed fatal to us

The improvement I referred to was in comfort, in hotels, and not of mind. It was, perhaps, inescapable that—in palace cars—our bodies should have degenerated, but why hadn't we developed a mind? Why were we without the mental freedom, the liberty of ideas, the assumption, the hope, of which had brought us about? Why were we increasingly unsubstantial? Everywhere I was battered with the tables of our prosperity and power; but, where they were not lies, they were founded on a principal regarded as interest, as income. Nothing in experience could justify an expectation of universal wisdom, an Arcadia of intellect; yet a measure of general clarity, a common firm purpose, some talent for distinguishing the true from the false, were the indispensable traits of an ordinary national entity.

Dance Halls of Other Days

IT WAS the hotel at Colorado Springs, places of pleasure and entertainment, that recalled to me the hurdy-gurdy houses of the early mining towns, of, in particular, Bannack. They were single large rooms with a barrier across the center and the bar by the entrance. Champagne was twelve dollars a bottle, in gold dust, and the ticket for a dance was a dollar in addition. The hurdy-gurdy girls, the hurdies, sat on a long bench; and, making his choice among them, the miner deposited with her his ticket. A part of the profit was hers in return for the dance; and one girl, on a gala night, danced fifty sets of quadrilles, two with no charge, and four waltzes. Bannack was like that; its success followed the collapse of Colorado gold mining; its inhabitants had lost the last trace of any connection with the sobriety of the East.

During its great days what became Western Montana belonged to Washington Territory, with Olympia, on Puget Sound, for capital; the eastern part was Dakota; and Yankton, its capital, was two thousand miles distant. The organization of Idaho Territory, in 1863, brought the seat of government nearer Bannack by thirteen hundred miles; but that, until the banding of the Vigilantes, made no impression upon the town.

Bannack, of all the bad mining towns, was the worst; it had the vices, the sudden deaths and disasters, of the others, and a number peculiarly its own. Until a new consciousness had it in charge, until, in short, its vigor had declined, the only violence it condemned was the scalping of his favorite girl by a gambler named Patterson. That was

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I Liked to Think of Him in an Adobe City of New Mexico, Dancing the Fandango With His Spur Chains Ringing Musically on the Beaten Earth Floor

PLEASE REMIT

THERE is nothing so expensive as poverty. Couple this fact with the great American habit of holding our standard of living just over the head of our income, and you have the parents of one of the best-known characters in modern civilization—Old Man Pl. Remit.

My earliest recollection is concerned with him. It involves my mother, too, and I was certainly not over six years old at the time of the incident which follows: The doorbell rang and my mother hastily retired to the back regions of our little frame house.

"It's the collector from the Emporium," she said in a stage whisper. "You go, Alice, and tell him Mommer won't be home this afternoon."

My name is Alice. I obeyed, elated at this sharing of some intangible grown-up mystery with my adored parent. The collector from the Emporium smiled down upon me from incalculable heights of rotund flesh.

"They are starting you in young," said he, and went away. My mother emerged.

"There!" said she. "He will hardly be back again this week. I will get papa to send them ten on account, and that ought to keep them quiet for a while."

I felt an acute sympathy for my mother; also a sense of outrage that was incoherently connected with the collector and his monstrous background, the Emporium. We got our clothing from the Emporium, and the new dining-room furniture had come from there too; also my Teddy bear. And for some mysterious reason they now sent an ogre after us. But I had chased him, and an immense pride filled me.

Running Into Debt for the Frills of Life

I DON'T wish to convey that my mother had the faintest notion of the thoroughly corrupting germ which she had thus implanted in me. My parents were eminently respectable people, with the standards and morals which their community, a thriving suburb of New York, approved. My father held a three-thousand-dollar-a-year job with a well-known banking concern in the city, and my mother divided her time between the care of me, the supervision of an intermittent general servant and the attending of such mild social functions as ladies' card parties and church activities.

I am Free, White and Thirty-One. I am Not Afraid Any More

In short, we were a well-behaved, respected, middle-class family, sustaining a strong belief in our own good behavior, and yet we lived continually in dread of our creditors.

If anyone had suggested to either of my parents that a constant state of indebtedness was an immoral condition they would have been hurt and surprised. Yet when mother bought a new dress to wear to church it was invariably charged against an already overburdened account. You see, the very fact of my parents' respectability was what kept them in debt. They felt obliged to keep up appearances; and, according to their code, the world owed such families as ours a living. If the world failed to provide it in the form of inherited income or the capacity to fill a highly paid business position, why then said living, or its outward and visible signs, must somehow be wrung from the world, and paid for when and if the pressure became great enough.

I wonder how many thousands of children of my generation—I am thirty-one—were unconsciously educated to this point of view about debt. I wonder, too, if perhaps more girls than boys did not accept as a matter of course that their necessary clothes and necessary new furnishings should be wrung out of unsuspecting tradespeople of whom it was so easy to say, "Well, we've got to have this thing: they can wait for their money, that's all!" Women, from their earliest beginnings, have found the frills of life so very necessary to successful living!

My present object is simply to set forth the experience of one American woman in running into debt and then pulling out of it. There is no more gripping vice than debt, and none easier to acquire. Also, it is one of the few vices against which there is no law and can be no law, because under certain circumstances indebtedness becomes a virtue. But the power to discriminate between credit for creative enterprise and credit for personal luxury is one which is only developed through experience.

The idea of owing money came to me naturally as breathing. As I grew up I developed an *aplomb* which soon amounted to callousness at meeting truculent tradespeople at the front door and turning away their wrath. I shared my parents' wrong-headed indignation with the creditors who dared demand their due, and when it became necessary, at the age of seventeen, for me to go to work I shared my mother's belief that the fact entailed a certain degree of disgrace, in view of this hypothetical social position of ours.

My first job was away from home in the employ of a concern which used a large number of young women. They were paid an average of fourteen dollars a week for very light, easy work. On this sum I had to board and dress myself, and competition in dressing among the girls was tremendous. That was natural enough, when one considers how young most of us were. But when I realize what this gay rivalry actually meant in the way of indebtedness I look back at it in horror.

A Fur Coat With a Mortgage

NO YOUNG woman can be blamed for wanting to look well. Our famous national slogan about everybody being as good as everybody else is frequently interpreted in terms of everybody dressing as well as everybody else, especially among working girls. In this respect they will actually try to compete with the wife or daughter of the richest man in town. And almost invariably the type of well-dressed working girl pays through the nose for what she gets, because she buys from the installment houses.

I did. The first year I was on my own I bought a fur coat with a mortgage on it. The price was one hundred dollars, and I was to reduce this at the rate of three dollars weekly. The coat was worn out before I had it paid for.

But I was not the only girl in our concern who was paying for a dead horse. Fur coats were the least of our extravagance, because at worst a fur coat, however shoddy, gave some sort of practical service. Unfortunately the same house which sold furs also sold chiffon blouses, silk dresses and flimsy underwear, all of inferior material, but attractive enough when they were new, and it was astonishing what a dollar down and the promise of a dollar a week would secure. Dozens of our girls fell for the proposition. But very few were sufficiently provident to save out the necessary dollar or two for the weekly payment.

Sometimes it was impossible to do so. A girl would have to go to the dentist, or she would be home, sick. Some emergency or very possibly some perfectly human, girlish bit of extravagance would eat up her tiny salary and when the day came she could not pay up. As a rule, the first failure to meet the installment would be closely followed by a second lapse, and then the girl would become thoroughly frightened and duck the collector altogether. Fear, after all, is the greatest debt-maker in any class. I know for a fact that not a week passed without some concern attempting to attach the salary of one or more of the girls with whom I was employed. After my experience with the fur coat I did not feel a great deal of sympathy for the howls these creditors put up, and my whole interest lay on the side of my fellow employes. I felt, bitterly, that we had been cheated. But the fact that the girls so frequently fell down on their end of the bargain didn't affect me at all. These delinquents seemed to me the abused parties, and if they managed to skin the installment house, why, that was regarded by nearly all the rest of us as rather smart. The manager of one installment house made, within my hearing, the statement that it was necessary for this particular concern to charge an ample percentage over the cash price, because they counted on losing a number of the garments they sold. People simply decamped with them before final payment was made. But this fact awoke no moral reaction in me.

The Girl Would Become Thoroughly Frightened and Duck the Collector Altogether

In short, my moral sense, where indebtedness was concerned, had always been atrophied. And certain it is that none of the tradespeople helped me to develop it. Let me give a specific instance of what I mean.

Temptations of the Charge Account

DURING the term of my employment with one concern I had risen to an executive position where I was receiving close to forty dollars a week. My intention was to live well within this salary, but not unnaturally my standard of living had gone up with the increase in my wage. I needed a new waist to wear to business, and went shopping with the fixed intention of paying five dollars for it. I had the five dollars in cash. No more installment clothes for me by this time! So I went to one of the reputable women's specialty shops in the small city where I worked and asked to be shown a practical silk waist. The clerk displayed one which was exactly suited to my purpose, but the price was eight dollars. It fitted me, and was a thoroughly good garment, but I didn't have the money. However, the proprietor knew me by name, and knew the job I held with one of the most conspicuous firms in town.

"That's all right; we will charge it to you," said he. "Your credit is good with us. What's the difference

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THE SUCKER

I AM a professional man of, I think, fair intelligence. At any rate after a college education I succeeded well enough in the next twenty years to raise a family, pay my bills, carry a decent life insurance, and save enough for a few modest investments.

Mark that word "investment." I was not wholly deficient in sporting blood, but in the matter of salting down my hard-earned ducats I refused to gamble. I was not scared enough to hide my money under the mattress nor meek enough to accept a five-cent savings bank as my only other alternative, but though living in the old home town of Ponzi I was not among those present when his thin bubble burst. If, at first, I was ready to venture a few thousands in new business enterprises where I had an opportunity to get in on the ground floor I was never raked into mushroom oil speculations, mining bonanzas, automobile-company promotions, schemes for getting gold out of sea water or for converting sea water into gasoline. Yet, while standing by, I have seen millions upon millions of dollars taken from a gullible public for these very purposes. Smiling complacently, I marveled at such credulity. With all the wide publicity given, year after year, to the exposure of these barefaced frauds it seemed impossible that they could be so easily put over. Every such experience left me feeling decidedly superior. I was on no sucker list. I was an investor.

I was an investor. Yes, I was a great little investor. I invested over a period of fifteen years—safely, conservatively, intelligently. Above everything else, intelligently. It came to me only a little while ago that over that same period of fifteen years I had also lost consistently—that if I had been a little less intelligent and placed my earnings in a savings bank I would today be in the enviable position of having my capital doubled instead of being forced to the sad realization that it has been cut in two. The process has been slow and subtle and undramatic. That is what fooled me. I did not lose all the time. I made a little on some turnover and lost a little on the next, and never until recently stopped to balance my books. The revelation then reminded me of an impressive and mystifying incident of my boyhood.

Capital Nibbled Away

MY MOTHER had some very choice fruit cake hidden in a box high on the pantry shelf. It was there to ripen like old wine, and was intended to be used only on special occasions. I discovered it in a hungry moment and figured that one slice would never be missed. I took a chance and a slice, and got away with it. Nothing dire resulted. In the course of a couple of weeks another hungry moment came. I reckoned that if a quarter-of-an-inch slice had not been missed before, it was a fair presumption that it would not be missed again. As far as one could judge each time, this modest subtraction did not make any noticeable difference in the size of the cake. With increasing confidence I repeated the process at intervals for several months, until one afternoon the minister came to tea.

Mother took down the box, and then that cake vanished, not slice by slice, but as a whole. Even though I might be said to be on the inside, the disappearance seemed to me almost like a feat of magic. But she, not having followed the gradual process, did not see it so.

Not long ago I opened my safe-deposit box and discovered what the Street, in its hungry moments, had been doing to my own modest cake. The contents were not all gone, but enough was missing to give me a real jolt. It humbled my pride and set me to thinking. And now I believe that if I were to engage in the profitable and entertaining sport of sucker spearing I would not ask for any fairer prospect than my type of man—he who without any more knowledge of business economics than can be gathered from the columns of the daily papers flatters himself that he is not a speculator but an investor. There are a lot of us. I know it from the percentage of such men I can number in my own circle of friends—hard-working and able men in their special lines who though living on a modest basis themselves have chipped in enough to pay most of the bills at Palm Beach for some other fellow. Riding around in flivvers, they have bought and supported at least one limousine for someone else; paddling over their troubled waters in dories, they have serenely watched the private yachts which they helped to build go sailing by on the horizon line. And this does not seem to worry them a little bit, though if they should lose a ten-dollar bill out of their pocket on the way downtown they would fret about it for a week.

My earliest business experience came through a personal friend—a woman. She was an ambitious soul who had been left more or less stranded by the death of her husband, a man who had handled really large business affairs of an international character. His income had been large, but with brilliant prospects ahead he had not hesitated to spend it as he went along. He died at the height of his power, and that instant both his power and his income ceased. His widow, unusually alert and energetic and made desperate by lack of means, saw an opportunity to use his connections and as much of his experience as she had been able to absorb to carry on in the same big way. Poor as she was, she as a matter of habit thought not in terms of dollars but of thousands and honestly believed that it was just as easy to put through a million-dollar deal as to peddle homemade fudge. Her projects were sound enough business propositions in themselves. She was no schemer. It was only a question of floating them.

I knew her well and her whole history. I admired both her courage and her nerve and liked her enthusiasm. Furthermore, her notion that it was just as easy to do big things in a big way as little things in a little way, provided one got into the right atmosphere, squared with a pleasant conviction of my own. Most of us get into ruts wherever we happen to find ourselves, and stay there, accepting as unchangeable the narrow conditions surrounding us. I had often idly dreamed, as most of us do, of breaking through and making some real *tour de force*. Here was a woman ready to help me make the experiment.

Madame X and Her Option

AT THAT, I was not hypnotized. Though she was a ready talker with considerable charm of manner she did not attempt to capitalize this. She believed absolutely in herself, and on every proposition got right down to brass tacks. Indeed that was necessary in dealing with me and those who later became associated with me. I was a practical man when it came to business, and so were all the others practical men. Their composite interests covered a wide field. Among us there was an automobile man, a salesman of wide experience, a manufacturer, several professional men, a chemist, and a stockbroker who came in solely as an investor. Their mental attitude towards the propositions included about every variety of emotion from frank suspicion which made their investment in the nature of a gamble, to generous optimism which for some time kept them feeling like assured millionaires. I myself maintained a cautious and conservative frame of mind. Our first venture was a mine upon which Madame X, as we may as well call her, had secured an option through an old friend

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Though She Was a Ready Talker With Considerable Charm of Manner She Did Not Attempt to Capitalize This. On Every Proposition She Got Right Down to Brass Tacks

THE SECRET PEARLS

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

The Audience Held Silent, the Spell of the Mother Song Still Strong Upon Them

VII

WHETHER one or both the men he had left in the alley were dead Diamond Mike did not know. It would make a considerable difference to him whether they were or not. If either were dead it would mean without doubt another so-called labor war among the labor grafters; which, of course, is not a labor war at all, but a feud of extermination between crooks and their adherents and paid thugs. If neither were dead there would always be a chance of compromise in some way. For the labor grafters are, after all, practical men, not in the business of violence for their health but for what there is in it. And all there was in this deal still remained in the hands of Diamond Mike.

In any case—either way the thing turned—his pearls must be taken off his own person, where they could get them, and put into the best possible hiding place at the earliest possible moment. He must use the short remaining interval of time before all the thousand eyes of the underworld would be on him to put away his doubly stolen loot in the last possible place where these searching eyes would ever think to find it—upon the body of this cabaret girl—and he must hurry if he were going to get it there.

Examining his appearance in show windows as he passed to make sure that his experiences in the alley had left no trace upon him, Diamond Mike, not later than ten minutes after they were finished, walked into the bright lights of the Rose Palace cabaret, as immaculate and undisturbed as he had left it two hours before, and took a seat at one of the tables.

He had preceded, as he had hoped, any rumors of the happenings in the alley, rapidly as news travels through the wireless news channels of a city night. Several of the lesser labor grafters who were in the place glanced up from deep face-to-face confidences with cherry-lipped young girls to catch a glimpse of him as he entered, and resumed their urgent pleadings at once again, no more than noticing him as he passed and sat down and looked forward toward the half stage of the performers, watching for the girl he must find—at once. He was not long there before he saw the brown, bilious face and bald white head of the sophisticated and obsequious proprietor coming toward him.

"When's she coming on?" Diamond Mike asked him without preliminary.

"Let's see; Gladys's next after this, and then she's due."

"Let me see her—before it," directed Flynn.

"All right, Mike," replied the proprietor, combining his great alacrity to please with an exaggerated familiarity of voice. And Diamond Mike sat smoking, looking down and going over in his mind for a final time his plan for hiding the jewels on this girl.

He recalled the scene where the idea started—right here in this same spot. He had been following the girl up quite a little and got in pretty well with her. She was different from most of them—not, as a rule, very friendly with the men. So far as he knew, he was the only one she ever traveled with.

They were sitting there—he and she and this Gladys Gay, as she called herself—that other singer—after both had finished up their acts, and the talk came around to his nickname and diamonds.

"I'm crazy about diamonds—absolutely crazy!" said the Gay girl, making a play at him with her eyes. "Aren't you, Mary?" she asked the other one.

"I'm crazy, all right. But it's something else I'm crazy about," said the big one in that voice she had—that low, quiet way of speaking that made everything she said seem so much more sincere and earnest than the rapid-fire half hysterics of the other.

"What?" asked the yellow-haired one—that Gladys Gay. They played them against each other in their acts—dark and light, grave and gay.

"Pearls."

"Pearls! Ah, there's nothing to them! No expression, no jazz, no life! Is there?" said the blond one, throwing herself at Diamond Mike—as usual.

"Life!" the other one answered her in that slow way of hers. "They're all life, all light, all changes! All beautiful gleams like firelight, like living things! A diamond's just a dead rock beside them. I saw a string this morning, over in a window in that Paillot & Cie, or however you pronounce it."

"Yeah?" said Diamond Mike, watching her.

She was a cold proposition generally, as those tall quiet ones are apt to be. He had never seen anything that really got to her before, that waked up her eyes and parted her lips.

"Not real, you understand; just imitations of some very expensive ones. They had them in there just to show what they could do nowadays."

"What did they cost?" asked Diamond Mike, watching her wake up; interested in her in a new way, with a natural sympathy for a hobby like his own.

"Oh, not so much. Only one hundred and seventy-five dollars, and rather high at that."

"Phony!" said the other girl, laughing at her.

"What's the use of talking about the real things?" said the big girl. "I could never get near enough to one to put my little finger on it. But some day I might get the price of one of those strings I saw."

"Phony! Not for me!" said the other with her cheap, exaggerated elegance.

"Yes, phony! But you can't tell them apart hardly. I can't, anyhow, I'm free to say. This one I saw was just a perfect copy they had of a real one. They had them side by side. One worth I don't know how much—hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars, probably, and the other not much of anything. And you couldn't hardly tell them apart. They were made just alike, every little thing. So what's the use? If I had the imitation I'd get all kinds of pleasure out of it—more than I ever expect to have in this world," she said, raising up her big, blue, moody eyes to Flynn.

"What would you do—if you once had it?" he asked, pulling her along.

"Do you know what I'd do?" she said with the unusual excitement and desire still vibrating in her voice. "If I had one I'd never take it off—never only when I wanted to take a look at it."

"You'd think different after about a week," said the Gay girl.

"I never would," she repeated. "Never! I'd be too afraid I'd lose it. I'd have it strung on wire, or something, so it wouldn't break. For I'd know it would be the only one I'd ever get. If they got it away from me they'd have to chop my head off," she said with an unexpected and unnatural excitement. "Don't you believe me?" she asked Diamond Mike.

"I do, at that," he said, looking at her, knowing just how she felt from his experience with his diamonds.

It struck him then, just vaguely, suppose a man hung his stuff on a girl like that, the way so many thieves and crooks do with their women. Only, of course, in that old game everybody knows what's going on—the women and all the rest. And they're apt to have phony jewels in place of real, but never yet just this way around. That would be a new one.

But, anyhow, he wanted to keep in with that girl—at least one hundred and seventy-five dollars' worth, for Diamond Mike was always a good liberal spender with the women. So after that he went over to Paillot & Cie, and bought her that string of phony pearls—at a big reduction too! They didn't cost him anywhere near the asking price.

"What will you do with them, now you've got them?" he asked her quietly when he handed them to her.

"Keep them on me like I said I would," she told him.

He believed her. They don't think any more of their trinkets, those cheap show girls, than they do of their right eyes. They don't have any to throw away. And this one had never had anything, and was a nut on the subject into the bargain.

"Do you still keep them riveted on you?" he asked her later, several times, to see.

"I sure do," she told him.

And he knew from her whole voice and eyes and way that she was telling the truth.

"She couldn't be any more crazy over them," said the Gay girl, who was always laughing about her fake jewelry, anxious for some herself probably, "if they were real!"

"You can't tell them apart from the real ones yourself," said the big girl, flaring up and defending them, "unless you had somebody beside you to tell you how."

The hunch kept growing on Flynn—suppose some time a man wanted to bank away his stuff for a few days or weeks, would it be the worst idea in the world to hang it on something like that? It would be the last place anybody'd

look for a man to put it, that was sure. And it wouldn't be so hard to keep track of it, at that, as long as you treated her right and kept around with her. And, anyhow, it wasn't such a bad stroke for Diamond Mike, giving her those imitations. She was a cold thing. He had every reason to think she'd never fallen for anybody at all. She'd always stood out stiff enough against him. But this warmed her up to him more than everything else before, all together. And then all at once this thing came up today, and he had chanced it on the spur of the moment as the best bet in sight.

He looked around the cabaret once more as he thought again of the gamble he was taking.

Evidently there was nothing yet, no news over the night wireless from Hocus-Pocus Alley. The various labor grafters, scattered here and there in the crowd, were still dallying and whispering with their red-lipped young companions across their tables.

The act which had been on when he arrived—a poor burlesque on an Egyptian dance by two spider-limbed girls—was getting through. He heard the closing chorus, a travesty on a current mode of hairdressing, illustrated by the dark-faced singers' own heads:

Oh, you Hottentot Twins!
Everyone that sees you grins,
At your wild and woolly hair stuck out behind.
You're the wildest thing that grows,
Wilder than the wild, wild rose,
With your frizzle, frazzle, fruzzle on behind!

The crowd was getting up to dance now before the next act, Gladys Gay's, and amid them he saw the bilious face and paper-white bald head of Rose, the proprietor, coming toward him.

"She'll be out now," he reported, "just for a minute, while Gladys' act is on. You only wanted to see her a minute, you said."

"That's all."

"You can step around inside," Rose told him, "after just a second."

"Look!" he said, stopping and sitting down confidentially at the other man's table. "You know that guy—that dying gladiator that Gladys Gay was spieling about this afternoon to get your goat, over Mary? That one that she said Mary was singing back to life from the grave?"

Mike Flynn gave a grunt.

"Right over there! That's the one!"

"He looks like a snowbird," commented Diamond Mike. He had seen the man before.

"Or some dope fiend, anyhow," assented Rose. "But they say not. They say it's that poisoned gas they got in France that fixes them that way. It gets into their lungs and they spit chocolate all the time."

The face of the man they watched looked at least forty-five. The lean cheeks, the dry skin, the set lips, the deep lines etched beside the nose by days and nights of agonized breathing had aged him terribly.

"He's nothing but a kid, they say," said Rose, commenting on the fact.

"That's the way it leaves them," said Diamond Mike, who had seen them before—on the streets.

"She's singing him back all right," said Rose. "He's in here every night, waiting through for her, watching her as if he was going to eat her up, paying no attention to anything else that goes on."

"He won't be paying attention to anything much longer," stated Diamond Mike Flynn in a matter-of-fact voice.

"He won't if he don't stop living here every night, that's sure," said the cabaret proprietor.

"Is she with him any?" asked Flynn, eying him.

"Naw. That's all bunk," said Rose, always a sympathetic friend to the amours between his patrons and his employes. "Gladys just fixed that up out of nothing to see you jump. She's some little joker."

"I didn't jump far, did I?" asked Flynn.

"I should hope not—for that!"

The man sitting alone at the other table along the wall in front of them paid no attention apparently to anything that was going on—sat slumped down in his chair, staring up with feverish attention now and then; but in the intervals oblivious of his surroundings.

"All I'm afraid of is he'll fall over dead on the floor some night and we'll have to carry him out," said the cabaret owner facetiously. But the attention of his companion he saw had already wavered. "Come on," said the restaurant keeper, quickly noting this. "She'll be ready now—probably."

Taking the lead, he stopped at a table that had been fixed for the performers and their friends behind a lattice-work screen—the side of a mock arbor of roses separating the dining room from the end of the corridor along which the girls went back to their improvised dressing room. The cabaret singer was already there in her elaborately plain dress, sitting waiting for them.

There being no time to waste, Jake Rose turned and left the two together.

The girl showed no particular emotion at seeing Diamond Mike Flynn. She was of an unemotional kind—tall, silent and naturally moody; a sort that does not tend to brighten in the night life of a city, especially when things don't move entirely in their direction.

"Well, how does it go?" asked Diamond Mike, reaching out, trying to get her hand.

"Rotten," she said, drawing it away.

"Who says so?"

"I do. They're getting sick of my act already."

Her voice was broken into before her sentence was done. Gladys Gay was on the low stage, in her scarlet costume, doing her stunt of frantic vivacity, switching back and forth as she shrilled the first verse of the song that had made her popularity, the chorus of which the listeners at the tables were incited to take up:

The boys all say,
On the White Way,
There goes the cutest cutie of them all.
And when she tries
To shun their eyes
They each and every one to her do call ——

"Forget it!" Diamond Mike was saying to the other one across the table about her own act. "It ain't so."

But the thought came to him then, suppose when he got ready he went to Jake Rose and fixed it up with him just to push her out when he wanted to step in and foreclose on her. He would do it all right with any of them. There were always plenty of others to take their places.

"It is so!" she said with dull persistence.

(Continued on Page 145)

"I Won't Give Them Back or Give Them Up—Not for You or Anybody Else!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription, To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Colombia, Cuba, Costa Rica, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Salvador, Spain, Panama and Peru, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

Other Foreign Countries in the Postal Union: Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 11, 1922

Treasures on Earth

READERS of newspapers in America, and no doubt in England and France as well, have enjoyed the long circumstantial accounts of the former Czar's jewels, now the property of the soviets, and viewed by a few favored correspondents. Even more convincing have been the photographs of the jewels, surrounded by their soviet guard in blouses, and by the experts, including a French specialist, brought on to appraise the value of these literally priceless gems. At this writing the papers have not yet informed us whether these former crown jewels are for sale; but whatever their value as objects of art or history, the impression is conveyed plainly enough that in certain eventualities they might have financial bargaining power as well.

Whether the seizure of church treasures in Russia was also for crude and vulgar purposes of providing revenues, or was strictly political and educative, has not been made wholly clear. The lack of sympathy between the Orthodox Church authorities and the soviets is obvious enough, to put it mildly; but the fact remains that if church treasures have been seized they add certain financial increments to the party at present in control of the Russian people.

All this is very picturesque, interesting, and from the standpoint of those who do not see eye to eye with the Bolos, exceedingly horrible. But what a beautiful object lesson as to the real nature of wealth! The soviets have seized the priceless imperial diadems of the former Czar, the oldest and most valuable diamonds in the world, and even the treasures of a vast and ancient church. But what tawdry toys are these, with the agricultural, industrial, transportation and fiduciary institutions of Bolshevism a failure, and the people of Russia as a consequence sunk in poverty, hunger, filth and despair!

No government ever owned as much on paper as the soviets. No other government has gone to such fantastic lengths in nationalization. It has seized everything, but finds it has nothing. The realities of national wealth and welfare have somehow been lost in the process. The attempt to make an empty sack stand on end was sure to fail

It does not follow that all nationalization schemes necessarily must fail. Government ownership of the post office has proved a fairly satisfactory institution. It is foolish to say or expect that any one narrowly defined and limited form of ownership or control of industry is the only possible way. But loose statements that this or that industry should be owned and run by the Government should be challenged. It is said that the coal mines, the oil wells and refineries, the railroads, the steel mills, and so on, should be owned by and operated for the people. To a large extent they are owned now by the people, by employes and subordinate officers, by customers, by people who live near them, by people who sell goods to them, by people who have deposits in banks and insurance companies, by every kind and description of human being.

Surely the industries of the country are manned and managed by practically the same people who would—indeed, by the only people who could man and direct them if title rested in the Government instead of as at present with tens of millions of individuals. There may be industries so badly run, so atrociously exploited, that anything else would be preferable. But to a large extent "anything else" merely means political ownership and operation, and the desire for government ownership is largely based on irritation with a lack of perfection in the present arrangement rather than on any reasoned or substantial belief in the efficacy of other systems. It is a fair question whether the existing system, already greatly modified as compared with that of twenty years ago, and sure to be altered still further, does not more truly approximate public ownership than the inevitable political control which those who use the phrase "public ownership" usually mean.

After all, the chief reason for a critical attitude toward communistic and government-ownership projects lies in an understanding of the real motive behind them. It is not primarily constructive, but is substantially nothing but a desire to pass the buck, a confession of failure. To make any institution, whether highly individualistic or communistic, work properly, not to mention perfectly, is an achievement of extraordinary magnitude and difficulty. Communism and government ownership rest upon a helpless desire to shift the responsibility for this task from the individuals who must under any system carry them, to no one in particular.

Toilers of the Mind

OUTSIDE the mine breaker a grimy figure raised a voice that shook with passion on "the rights of the toilers." At that fraternal challenge a crowd gave back a sounding cheer.

A few hours later the town was wrapped in darkness. The noise of the breaker was still. But up on the high hill above the town one light burned on. There the chief, whom the workmen did not include among "the toilers," wrestled with problems that ran from day shift into night shift, unrelieved by gong or whistle.

Sweat is the basic currency of man. The law of nature is that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good. Our every desire must be paid for with toil. The law of sweat is imperative for all. But there are two ways in which one may fulfill his obligation: by brain sweat and by brawn sweat. Rightly speaking, the mental workers belong just as truly among the laboring classes as the manual workers. Both are producers.

It is a fallacy to speak of those who toil with their hands as if they alone were workers. The orator at the mine breaker committed the common mistake of unduly exalting muscular effort, thereby discrediting the priceless effort of toilers in the realm of thought.

Rare minds have been the cause of every forward movement. If we encourage them we all advance; if we hinder them we all fail. To deny the work of such is to turn our faces backward. This pernicious denial of the leader springs often from ignorance, often from envy and malice. With what sound and fury does one talent pronounce itself the equal of ten talents!

In the cause of human progress the merest drop of brain sweat has often outweighed an ocean of brawn sweat. A few years of mental effort from an Edison or a Bacon has often carried humanity farther ahead than centuries of manual toil.

What caused the vast increase of wealth in America in the past fifty years? A recent workingmen's manifesto declares, "We the toilers have created all the wealth of America." Right. But let it be clearly understood that "we the toilers" includes not merely those that wear overalls. "We the toilers" includes the man who burns the midnight oil long after those who swing the pick have sunk into restful slumber.

This country has had unrivaled industrial advancement because it has always afforded the greatest incentive toward effort. Foreigners have been attracted to these shores because here the mind of the wealth maker has been most active. But no sooner are many of these foreigners here than they are busy striving for a leveling down, forgetting that it is its richness of reward that has made this a land of promise. If America would still go forward she must continue to be a land where the sky is the limit for creative genius.

A dangerous aspect of modern social legislation is that which overlooks the labor of keen minds or seeks to relegate it to a secondary place, as incidental to manual labor. A too common tendency is to put a premium on brawn and a discount on brain. What would be the motive for the enlargers of our wealth if this leveling down continued? We had an example in the railroads. As soon as the roads came under government direction the first step taken was to cut off seventeen millions from the brain end, and add seven hundred millions to the brawn end. At this the unthinking masses shouted with glee. But what happened to the railroads?

Our hope is not in systems but in men; not in governments but in the creative force of individuals. If the frontiers of American business are still to advance we must continue to encourage those toilers of the mind upon whom advancement depends.

Chain Letters

EVERY few years this country is cursed with an intellectual pygmy whose contribution to progress and civilization is a chain letter. The most recent example of this idiotic form of human endeavor is a letter expressing the vital wish that the recipient may have a happy and prosperous year, but threatening him with violent misfortune if he does not, within one week's time, send copies of the letter to nine friends. In other words, the letter only wants him to be happy and prosperous provided he is willing to make himself a nuisance to nine other people.

In the past few months millions of these letters have wasted tons of note paper, caused the expenditure of thousands of dollars on postage stamps, occupied the more or less valuable time of a vast number of citizens who should have been busy on more important matters, and brought untold irritation into countless homes. The threat of bad luck appears to be a powerful factor in the perpetuation of this infantile proceeding, even though the threat obviously originates with a person whose mental age is less than seven years.

The originator of a chain letter is not interested, apparently, in the fact that if his letter goes through ten steps without the chain being broken—if each of the nine persons to whom he sends it sends it in turn to nine more, and so on for ten sendings—it will be sent to nearly three and one-half billion people. He doesn't care that nearly seventy millions of dollars would have to be spent on postage to carry the pitiful product of his wizened intellect. It boots nothing to him that several forests would have to be cut down in order to furnish the paper on which to write the letters. He is obviously not quite right in his head, and the place for him is either the cradle or the psychopathic ward.

Speaking for the timid and thoughtless folk who abet the chain letter originator in his monstrous stupidity by sending copies of the letter to nine friends, their common sense appears to be urgently in need of an injection of either monkey or goat gland.

Concerning the chain letters themselves, there is one fitting destination for them, no matter how pious their purpose or how black the curses which they call down on the heads of those that break the chain. That destination is the wastebasket—unless one prefers the kitchen stove.

SMALL-TOWN HOMES

By Edward Mott Woolley

JOHN DOE and his family live in a city of 40,000 people, 2000 miles from New York -so far from the metropolis, indeed, that no member of the Doe household has realized the cherished ambition to tread its magic pavements.

John Doe himself is not so keen about Manhattan, for his temple locks are faded and his gray little house in this Western town becomes more and more the substance of life. He has heard disquieting stories of the colossus on the Eastern shores, and his semisecurity as a minor executive at the plant has a growing appeal.

Yet Doe feels a hard-dying regret that he has wasted his life so far from the great center of opportunity. If he could go back to his youth and make a fresh start—"Believe me," he says, "it wouldn't be in this burg; nor anywhere round here. It would be where men have a chance." There are times, too, when Doe's hard-working helpmeet still has fading dreams of New York—the luring city.

The children are the ones who really thrill with the far-off mystery and romance exuded by the skyline etching of New York that hangs in the parlor. Jack is twenty-three, and recently was elevated to a teller's window in the First National Bank. Fred, just turned twenty-one, is in the office of the plant where his father has toiled so long. Janice, now studying stenography, has a situation in view, but some day ——

Life in Towns of 35,000

YES, some day all three will get to New York, not to look upon it from the fleeting viewpoint of the rubber-neck wagon, but to be part of it, to claim their share of its incomes and glories. They will shake from their feet the dust of restricted opportunity in the little Western city.

Now in a sense it was Jack, Fred and Janice who suggested this inquiry into conditions in the smaller cities, chiefly from the standpoint of homes and incomes. The inquiry has expanded until it now covers thirty-one states and forty-one of the smaller cities from coast to coast -a number and variety sufficient perhaps to typify fairly well hundreds of similar communities. And as each town recruits its population in some measure from the villages and farms adjacent, we really have an immediate audience of some millions of people.

How do they fare—the people of these forty-one smaller cities? Are they worse off than the people of the great cities, or better? Are Jack, Fred and Janice and their countless prototypes likely to be better situated in New York ten or twenty years hence than they might be in their home cities?

The forty-one towns here reflected have a total population of 1,460,000, or an average of about 35,600; although the largest is 160,000 and the smallest 7500. Most of them range from 12,000 to 40,000. In every case the information comes from authoritative local sources, embracing chambers of commerce and business men. The voluminous correspondence and the results of some personal visits must of necessity be given in composite form, but a list of the cities themselves may form a framework for the men and women who move through this article:

Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Bisbee and Phoenix, Ariz.; Fort Smith and Little Rock, Ark.; Fresno and San Diego, Calif.; Boulder, Colo.; Savannah, Ga.; Bloomington and Rock Island, Ill.; South Bend and Vincennes, Ind.; Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Topeka, Kas.; Bowling Green, Ky.; Baton Rouge, La.; Cumberland, Md.; Augusta and Lewiston, Me.; Battle Creek, Mich.; Red Wing, Minn.; Greenville, Miss.; Joplin, Mo.; Glens Falls, N. Y.; Fargo, N. D.; Concord, N. H.; East Liverpool, Ohio; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Baker and Salem, Ore.; Easton, Pa.; Aberdeen, S. D.; Austin and Dallas, Tex.; Ogden, Utah; Charlottesville, Va.; Bellingham and Spokane, Wash.; Appleton and Fond du Lac, Wis.

For a minute go back to John Doe, who lives in one of these towns. His salary is $190 a month, and in addition he receives perquisites, including the use of an automobile and its maintenance, special prices at the company's store, and a doctor's services for his whole family. In all, his pay is at least $2700 a year. The little gray home is paid for, and he owns a small farm which is leased and brings in a moderate return, besides an abundance of produce for the table.

The Pay of Executives

NOW in this whole group of forty-one cities in thirty-one states the average pay for executives of Doe's general type ranges from $182 to $210 a month, not including extras. The uniformity of the replies to my inquiries is somewhat surprising, and there are few radical variations from these figures.

Inquiry among a large group of factories in and about New York indicates the average range in that locality, for the same class of service, to be from $170 to $220 a month. Of course we must grant a certain degree of elasticity, but the exceptions are unimportant in the general picture.

The average range of pay for higher factory executives in the forty-one cities is given as $324 to $385 a month, not including presidents and other high officers. Some instances of $20,000 are given for these. Altogether it would appear that John Doe still has possible openings ahead in the plant that could scarcely be better in a metropolitan center. In connection with facts shown later in this article it is evident that industrial executive positions in smaller communities are especially attractive as an aim for young men. The investigation revealed one instance, for example, where

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ROOM FOR ONE MORE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Letters From a Self-Made Burglar to His Son

FROM John Hogan, Sr., to his son, in which the old gentleman discusses classical literature.

JUNE 1, 1922

Dear Jack: Things is kinder quiet here now on acct the warm weather setting in & you dont feel like working much. The young kids is out playing on the tennis court which they tried to learn it to me, but I guess the old man is too old a bird to learn them new sissy games.

Last week I'd of win the checker championship of our cell block, but Biff Feinberg books two of my kings when I aint looking, the dirty crook. It serves me right I suppose for hanging out with them there dips. Remember, Jack, you cant be too particular the company you keep & dont bum around with none of them dips.

They went & made me liberian here & its a swell job. Honest, Jack, all I do is sit around & read & hand out books to who wants it. Last week I read a story about a lifer by the name Monty Christo & how he makes his getaway out of the hoosegow in France, & one about a bird by the name Jean Valjean & how he makes his getaway. I always say they aint nothing like a good book to improve your mind & put ideas in your head, but them keepers must of been easier in France than the ones we have here.

I read one by the name the Crime of Sylvester Bonehead only they aint nothing about no crimes in it.

If the old woman can pick up some good books about a guy what breaks out of jail & like that, tell her to send it to me. They always leave books laying out on the tables in front of them book stores.

Yrs. till the Hudson freezes, DAD.

—Newman Levy.

"Didn't You See That Pole?" "Of Course I Did. Didn't You Hear Me Toot My Horn?"

Our New-Book List

THE Hope Chest, by Ida Dora Mann.
Iva Payne, by Etta Greenapple.
The Faithless Wife, by Lida Lott.
The Gentle Dentist, by Herter A. Little
The Fool's Parting, by Lotta Munn.
She and the Sheik, by Rita Lotta Gush.
The Lady and the Osteopath, by Willie Duer Goode.
The Silken Sweater, by Fitzhugh Snugg.
Whiskers, by Y. Barbara Mann.
Why Did He Propose? by Renée Day.
Will He Marry Her? by Betty Cæsar Furst.
When Pa Found Out, by Margot Herz.

—Carolyn Wells.

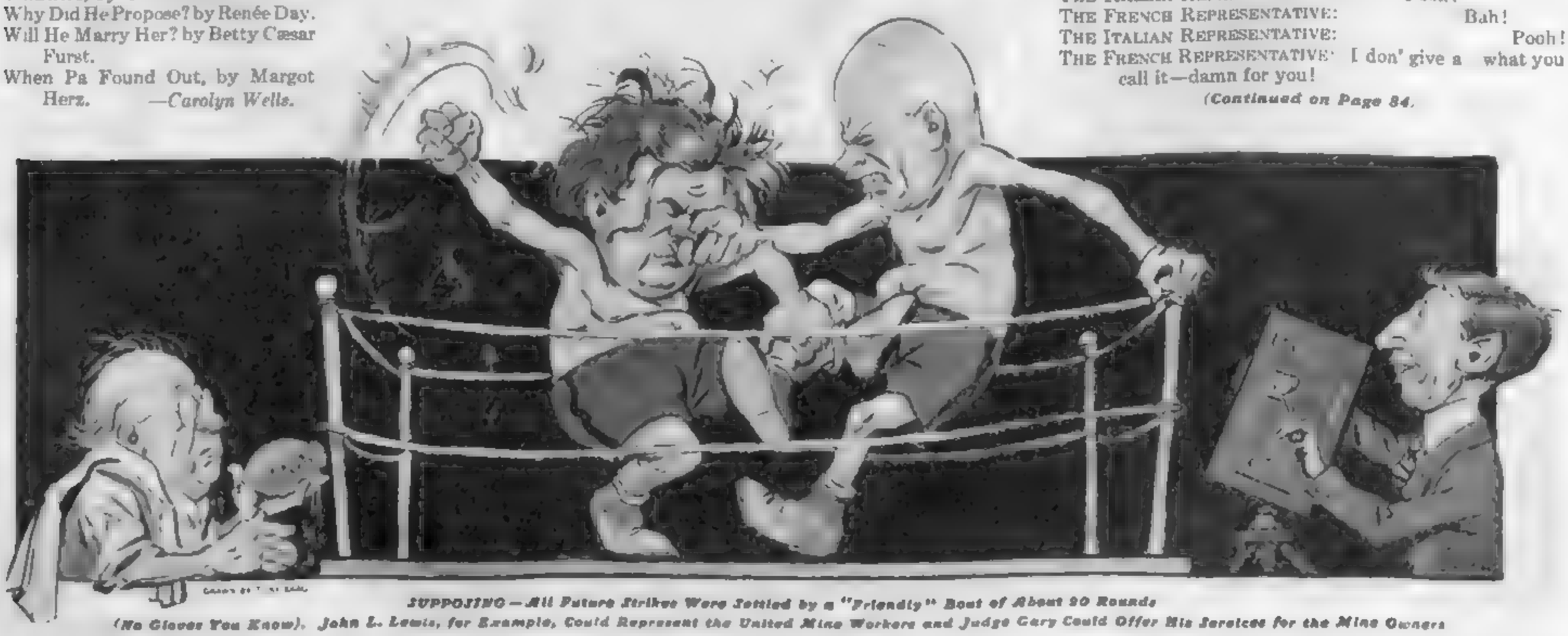
Any Peace Conference

AUTHOR'S NOTE—So many peace, economic and other conferences have been reported in the newspapers recently that the average member of the public may be forgiven if the impression they have left upon his mind is a trifle jumbled.

The following is an attempt to record one such impression. The correctness of the dialect is not vouched for, but as here written it represents what the author has been able to retain from the reading of many novels and articles by the best literati and actors.

THE PRESIDENT: Boys! Boys! Boys! Boys!
Little less noise, please! Little less noise!
Got to play some golf now—can't break the date,
So I guess you better listen to the Sec. of State.
[He picks up his golf bag and goes out. Orchestra picks up the Hesitation Blues
THE SECRETARY OF STATE: We don't need tobacco and we don't need rum.
We don't need cigarettes or chewing gum,
We don't need landlords and we don't need rent,
But we absolutely gotta have disarma-ment!
ALL THE DELEGATES: How lo-ong do we have to wait?
Do we get it now or must we hesitate?
A DELEGATE: Well, whaddye say? Well, whaddye say?
Can't stick around this dump all day!
THE BRITISH REPRESENTATIVES: Ho, I s'y! Ho, I s'y!
Wot's hall the rah abaht, eh? My beye!
Hi s'y raht nah hand I s'y raht 'ere
It's a nell of a country w'ere yer carnt get beer!
THE BRITISH DELEGATES: 'Ear! 'Ear! 'Ear! 'Ear!
It's a nell of a country w'ere yer carnt get beer!
ALL THE DELEGATES: How lo-ong do we have to wait?
Do we get it now or must we hesitate?
THE FRENCH REPRESENTATIVE *(growling)*: Awr! Awr! Awr! Awr!
Zey got to fix ze damage w'at zey do in ze war!
Fix all ze bully-var'! Fix all ze parks!
An' pay ze big indemnity of fifty billion marks!
THE FRENCH DELEGATES: 'Ow lo-ong mus' we 'ave to wait?
Do we get it now or mus' we 'esitate?
THE GERMAN REPRESENTATIVE *(sticking his head through the door)*:
Nein! Nein! Nein! Nein!
You ead us aus from haus und home und ogguby der Rhine!
Eferybody's drying to pud us on der bum,
Und ve simbly got to haf a moratori-um,
How lo-ong do ve haf to vait?
Do ve get id now or must ve hessidate?
[THE GERMAN REPRESENTATIVE disappears in a shower of hurled ink bottles.
THE FRENCH REPRESENTATIVE *(springing up)*: Zey got to pay in demnity'
THE GERMAN REPRESENTATIVE *(reappearing)*: Ve vouldn't bay a cent!
[He disappears.
THE SECRETARY OF STATE: We absolutely gotta have disarma-ment!
THE BELGIAN REPRESENTATIVE: Look what they done to us! They put us on the bum!
THE GERMAN REPRESENTATIVE *(reappearing)*: Ve simbly got to haf a moratori-um.
THE ITALIAN REPRESENTATIVE: Hey, whatsa mat'! Hey, whatsa mat'!
I no t'ink Italia she stanna for dat!
THE FRENCH REPRESENTATIVE: Bah!
THE ITALIAN REPRESENTATIVE: Pooh!
THE FRENCH REPRESENTATIVE: Bah!
THE ITALIAN REPRESENTATIVE: Pooh!
THE FRENCH REPRESENTATIVE: I don' give a what you call it—damn for you!

(Continued on Page 84.



SUPPOSING—All Future Strikes Were Settled by a "Friendly" Bout of About 20 Rounds (No Gloves You Know). John L. Lewis, for Example, Could Represent the United Mine Workers and Judge Gary Could Offer His Services for the Mine Owners

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Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE SELF-MADE WIFE

VII

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

"You are Very Changeable," Tim Said Simply. "If I Knew Very Little About You at First, I Know Even Less Now"

ALMOST sudden and amazing change had come over Dood. On the homeward drive she had talked exuberantly in the slovenly Americanese of her youth; but at the sight of Miss Vincent her tone and manner had completely altered. And Corrie was considerably disconcerted to hear her friend break into a fearful and wonderful English accent.

"Chawmed," Dood murmured as she greeted Miss Vincent. And then "Tim, old boy, it's jolly to see you once more," she drawled as she settled herself in a basket chair with a great wash of draperies and tinkling of bracelets.

The forthright Corrie was indignant instantly. "I'm all beat out," she declared, glorying in the homely phrase.

"I'm so sorry," Miss Vincent said. "Won't you have some tea?"

"Seems silly to eat in the afternoon and spoil your dinner," Corrie replied ungraciously.

"Why, Corrie!" Dood cried in shocked surprise. "Don't you just adaw awft'noon tea?"

"I never had it."

"Oh, deah! I jus' couldn't live without my aft'noon tea," exclaimed Dood, rolling her eyes at Miss Vincent for approval.

Elena smiled, and busied herself with the tea things.

"How much sugar shall I give you, Mrs. Sears?" she asked. "And will you have cream or lemon?"

"Cream—I take it like the English. No sugar, though. I'm reducin'—reducing."

Corrie stared at her incredulously.

"When did you begin?" she asked bluntly.

"Oh, I'm startin' now," Dood replied amiably. "I'm gettin' a bit too large for the present styles, though they do say fat is coming back next year. But Madelon—you know Madelon, Miss Vincent—well, Madelon she said to me, 'Mrs. Sears,' she said, 'I really cawn't design another costume faw you unless you will consent to reduce.' And I couldn't do without Madelon, could you, Miss Vincent?"

"I don't think that I have ever bought anything there," Elena replied, handing Dood a cup of tea.

"You haven't been to Madelon! Oh, but my dear, she has the doggiest things! You must go! I'll give you a card."

"Thank you very much."

Tim, who had been fidgeting uneasily, silent and dismayed since the first appearance of Dood, now felt that he must speak.

"You've changed a great deal, Dorothy," he remarked a trifle grimly.

"Oh! I hope not for the worse!" Dood cried, giving him a coquettish glance.

Looking quite appalled Tim stammered, "Why—why, no—of course not. I didn't mean that."

"I know what you meant, bad man!" cried Dood gayly, giving him a playful slap on the arm.

Corrie rose.

"I'm tired," she said. "I'm going up to my room. Come on up, Dood, when you get ready."

She walked out with great dignity, but feeling more deserted and forlorn than ever. Everyone in her household against her, the children no longer needed her. Dood, her last friend, gone over to the enemies' camp, aping their manners, trying to please them.

The first thing that met Corrie's eyes as she entered her bedroom was the last thing that she wished to think of—the heaps of clothing which had caused her so many painful recollections that morning. She had not yet decided what to do with her sartorial mistakes; so she threw the satin-and-lace cover of the chaise longue over the chairs on which her wardrobe was displayed.

After taking a hot bath Corrie put on a cotton kimono, shrunken from many washings, and lay down on the bed. She had just closed her aching eyes when there was a sharp tap at the door.

"Oh, Mrs. Godwin!" called an imperative voice.

Corrie recognized it as Miss Kelly's, and felt vaguely frightened.

"What is it?" she asked, hurrying over to the door.

It swung open before she could touch the knob, and the belligerent nurse marched in.

"Mrs. Godwin, what did you give my baby to eat?" she demanded accusingly.

"Why—why—I don't know," Corrie stammered. "What's the matter?"

"She's sick, of course. Dragging her around in the heat all day! What could you expect?"

"Well, I—I didn't know it was going to be hot," Corrie defended herself weakly.

"What did you give her to eat?"

"Why, for lunch she had milk and a soft-boiled egg, and—well, a little cake."

"Cake! I knew it. Any candy?"

"Well—a little."

"What else?"

"I—I think I gave her a drink at the soda fountain too."

"Oh, good Lord!" cried the nurse, throwing her hands high in the air. "I'd like to quit this minute, but it would be murder to leave my baby in your hands!"

"Your baby!" Corrie exclaimed indignantly. "I'm her mother—not you. And don't you dare talk to me as if I would hurt my own baby!"

"I'll talk as I please!" retorted Miss Kelly, her eyes blazing. "And don't you tell me again about your mother love and your mother instinct either. Mother instinct! I've seen too much of it. You've got the same kind of mother instinct as a silly hen that lets her chickens run out in the wet. You called me an old maid this morning, Mrs. Godwin. Well, it's a good thing there are enough old maids with good common sense to take care of the children of the foolish married women, I'm telling you. Marriage certificates! There ought to be motherhood certificates! And if I was the judge you'd never get one!"

Corrie had drawn back aghast from this flood of eloquence, and now she sank down on the bed, tired and shaken, her chin trembling and tears starting to her eyes.

"Everybody hates me!" she sobbed like a child.

Swiftly the nurse bent down and put her strong arms around Corrie's quivering shoulders.

"Oh, there now, there now," she soothed, just as she would have soothed little Corrie. "I didn't mean it all, Mrs. Godwin. My tongue is that quick I'm ashamed. Just forgive me now, will you? And lie down, Mrs. Godwin; you're all tired out."

She lifted Corrie's feet and deftly laid her on the bed, adjusting a pillow with quick care.

"Now then," she said, smoothing Corrie's brow with slow, firm movements of her cool hands, "you're to forget all about it and take a nap before dinner, Mrs. Godwin."

"What about the baby?" Corrie murmured, finding it good to be taken care of by those strong, capable hands.

"Oh, I've fixed her up so she'll be all right in the morning," the nurse replied cheerfully. "I'm sorry I lost my temper. But it did seem a shame a poor baby had to suffer all on account of a grown person's foolishness. And what was more, I was put out because it seemed as if you'd done it just because I asked you not to. As if you wanted to make trouble, Mrs. Godwin."

"I—I didn't," Corrie gulped. "I only wanted—I thought—the children didn't act as if they cared much about me any more—and I thought if I gave them a good time ——"

"There's where you make a mistake with any child. Or with any man, for that matter," Miss Kelly replied quickly. "Give them what's bad for them, and they'll soon have enough of you." She rose and pulled down the blind of the nearest window. "It's a curious thing," she said. "We women have the notion that we are the idealists. But I think, maybe, it's only the children and the men that are. They are funny—those two. They actually like what's good for 'em."

Corrie looked up.

"I don't think all of them do," she murmured.

Miss Kelly looked at her intently.

"Yes, they do," she said earnestly. "Children and men want to be good. But we've got to help them." She went to the door, but paused with her hand on the knob. "I'm going to—our baby, now," she said, smiling. "I'll take care of her. Don't worry, Mrs. Godwin. And if you get to thinking about everyone hating you just call on me, for I'm your friend."

(Continued on Page 32)

Foreign Service Proves Hupmobile's Worthiness

Car is Depended Upon Not Only on Europe's Good Roads, But in Wilds Where There Are No Roads

If any kind of service can bring out all there is in a motor car, it is foreign service of the kind that thousands of Hupmobiles are engaged in every day.

Europe, like the United States, has hundreds of miles of good roads. But where her roads are bad, they are even worse than our bad roads.

Her mountain passes are high and steep. They put many a good car to the test.

Our foreign correspondence brings us letter after letter from Hupmobile owners, telling how wonderfully their cars perform on tours across the Alps, how economical and sturdy they are.

But even these severe European trials are mild compared with those which the Hupmobile receives in other sections of the world.

In South Africa, and Australia, for instance, are vast distances where there are no roads as we know the term.

And in these lands the Hupmobile is regarded as a prodigy of endurance and reliability.

There the motor car is even more of a necessity than it is here.

There a still higher value is placed upon those never-say-die qualities which have made the Hupmobile famous everywhere it is known.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Fountain of the Virgin at Nazareth, Palestine

Miles from any but the crudest human habitation, even farther from mechanical ability and spare-parts supply, the Hupmobile is depended upon with all the confidence you put in it on a day's tour.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

A street in Mombasa, Africa, filled with ivory carriers. The huge tusks which they are handling are for shipment to the United States

The Hupmobile merits this confidence. It has given countless examples of its sturdiness, its wonderful ability to keep on going without repairs and expert care and attention.

It is prized by its owners far from these shores for precisely the same abilities which make it prized here at home.

There is hardly a community in the United States but knows the Hupmobile by the good things it has heard of it.

There is hardly a quarter of the world but knows the Hupmobile in the way we know it here, and gives it high regard for the same sound qualities we Americans give it high regard.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 30

She went out, closing the door softly behind her.

Corrie lay still in the semidarkness, comforted. She felt that Miss Kelly really liked her, and that she could return that liking. Elena had offered her friendship, but they were too unlike, too far apart. Elena was too cool, too self-contained.

Corrie could feel close only to a nature like her own one quick to take and to give offense, ready to anger and revengeful outbursts and swift repentance. But Miss Kelly could ask for forgiveness, could express the warmth of her generous, affectionate nature. Corrie could only repent in silence and an outward stubbornness that further repelled her antagonist.

There was a step outside, the door opened slowly, and Dood appeared, wearing a somewhat anxious look.

"Hello, Corrie. Taking a nap?" she asked, hesitating in the doorway.

"No. Come in. Turn on the lights."

Dood obeyed.

"Say, Corrie, you ain't mad with me, are you?" she asked, sitting down on the bed.

"Why, no. What makes you think so?"

"I thought maybe you were sore because I was flirtin' with Tim."

"Were you?" asked Corrie in honest surprise.

"Oh, just kiddin' him along a little. You know how you have to—with men. They expect it. But you know I didn't mean a bit of harm."

She rose and strolled over to the dressing table, looked at herself critically, and adjusted her hat at a different angle.

"Well, I must powder my nose an' run along," she said, extracting a powder puff from her gold vanity case.

She powdered her face energetically, jangling her bracelets; licked her lips, and pinched an eyebrow between thumb and finger.

"Aren't you going to stay to dinner?" Corrie asked.

"Why, no. J. D. will be wonderin' where in time I am."

"Telephone him," said Corrie. "And spend the night. We haven't had a chance to talk."

"Well—say, I didn't bring any clothes."

"Oh, that doesn't matter."

"Don't you dress for dinner?"

"Why, I ——" Corrie stammered. "I—well, Tim does."

"He does, and you don't?"

"Yes."

"Well, if that don't beat all I ever heard! Usually it's the woman who—why, I used to have to drag J. D. into evenin' clothes, like I was a steam derrick. Though Lord knows, now I can't drag him out. Not before three or four o'clock in the mornin' anyhow."

"It's senseless to dress up every night," said Corrie.

"Now, Corrie Godwin, if you ain't just like your ma!"

"I'm not!" Corrie cried, startled.

"Yes, you are. Everything you ain't used to is senseless. Why can't you credit a few other folks with having some sense beside yourself?"

"As long as one's clean ——"

"Bosh! Might's well say clothes were just made to cover the body."

"Well, they are."

"Well, they are—not! You ought to see my new lip-stick pink evenin' dress if you think clothes were made to cover anything." Dood shook with laughter.

"Seems to me you are getting mighty flighty, Dood," said Corrie stiffly.

"Why not? I got a right to. I'm only thirty-four. An' I got to keep up with J. D. He's only forty-six."

She executed a complicated jazz step with cumbersome gravity.

"Only forty-six. Why, Tim's only thirty-one."

"H'm—I didn't think you realized that, Corrie."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh—nothin'. But thirty-one is awful young for a man. There's lots older have made fools of themselves before this."

"Tim isn't making a fool of himself! It's only natural he should want to enjoy his money."

"Why, sure it is. I'm glad you realize it. Lord knows I don't blame him. When you've had to count the pennies it's all the more fun to fling dollars away."

"It isn't flinging money away to—to have a nice home. And everything—pretty. And right."

"Why, certainly not. Who ever said it was?"

Dood looked in the mirror again, and rubbed a little more rouge on her mouth from the lip stick she carried.

"Say, Corrie, where did you meet that Miss Vincent?" she asked.

"Oh—I—where did I meet her?"

"Yes. She's certainly got class. How did you ever get her out here visitin' you?"

"She—well, Tim brought her."

"Tim!"

"Yes. He he knew her."

"What on earth do you mean, Corrie Godwin?"

"Why, just what I say."

Dood came over and sat down on Corrie's bed, gazing at her with round frightened eyes.

"Corrie Godwin, do you mean to tell me that you let Tim bring strange girls out here to your house?"

"I don't know what you mean by strange girls. Miss Vincent is not a strange girl."

"She looks nice. She looks like a lady, I must say," Dood observed meditatively. "But — "

"Of course she's a lady."

"Corrie, I got something to tell you," Dood said excitedly. "I've seen her somewhere before!"

"Where?"

"I can't remember—that's just it. But as soon as I saw that face I knew I'd seen it somewhere before! You couldn't forget a face like that—so good-looking, and so much class, and not lookin' just exactly like everybody else too. But where was it? Now I wonder where it was."

"What difference does it make?" Corrie asked impatiently. "I s'pose there are lots of faces you must have seen on the streets of New York, trottin' around like you do. Are you going to stay or not, Dood?"

"Yes; I think I better stay. What time's dinner?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? What time did you order it?"

"Oh, I—well, I guess Miss Vincent told them."

"Is Miss Vincent your housekeeper?"

"No."

"Well, what is she?"

"Good gracious, Dood! I've told you a hundred times she's our guest."

"Yes, but you tol' me, too, she was your friend. And now it turns out she's Tim's friend, and you don't know anything at all about her. Not even who she is or where she came from."

"Well, I don't want to know anything at all about her."

"Oh, you poor little thing!" cried Dood, trying to put her arms around Corrie. "So that's the way it is!"

Corrie drew back. "For gracious' sakes, Dood!" she exclaimed ungratefully. "What are you driving at?"

"There's a limit to what even a wife can put up with," said Dood darkly.

"I think you're crazy, Dood," the exasperated Corrie said. "I'm not putting up with anything."

"Have it your own way," Dood answered resignedly. "There never was a bit of use arguin' with you, Corrie. It's your nature to take the opposite side of everything, even if it's against your own self."

She sat down at the dressing table and took off her hat, displaying a carefully marcelled coiffure of purplish-red hair.

"I'll do my hair over, even if I can't dress," she said, extracting bronze hairpins and carefully removing a hair net. "You haven't got a maid, Corrie?"

"Yes. You saw her."

"I mean a lady's maid. To dress you."

"I don't want anyone dressing me!"

"I have a French girl. At least she says she's French. But they all do. She may be Irish."

Dood shook her loosened locks of strange plum-colored hair.

"What's your cook?" she asked. "Man or woman?"

"A woman."

"Oh, you ought to have a chef. There's no class to women. Men servants are much doggier. What nationality is she?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"No."

"Who hired her?"

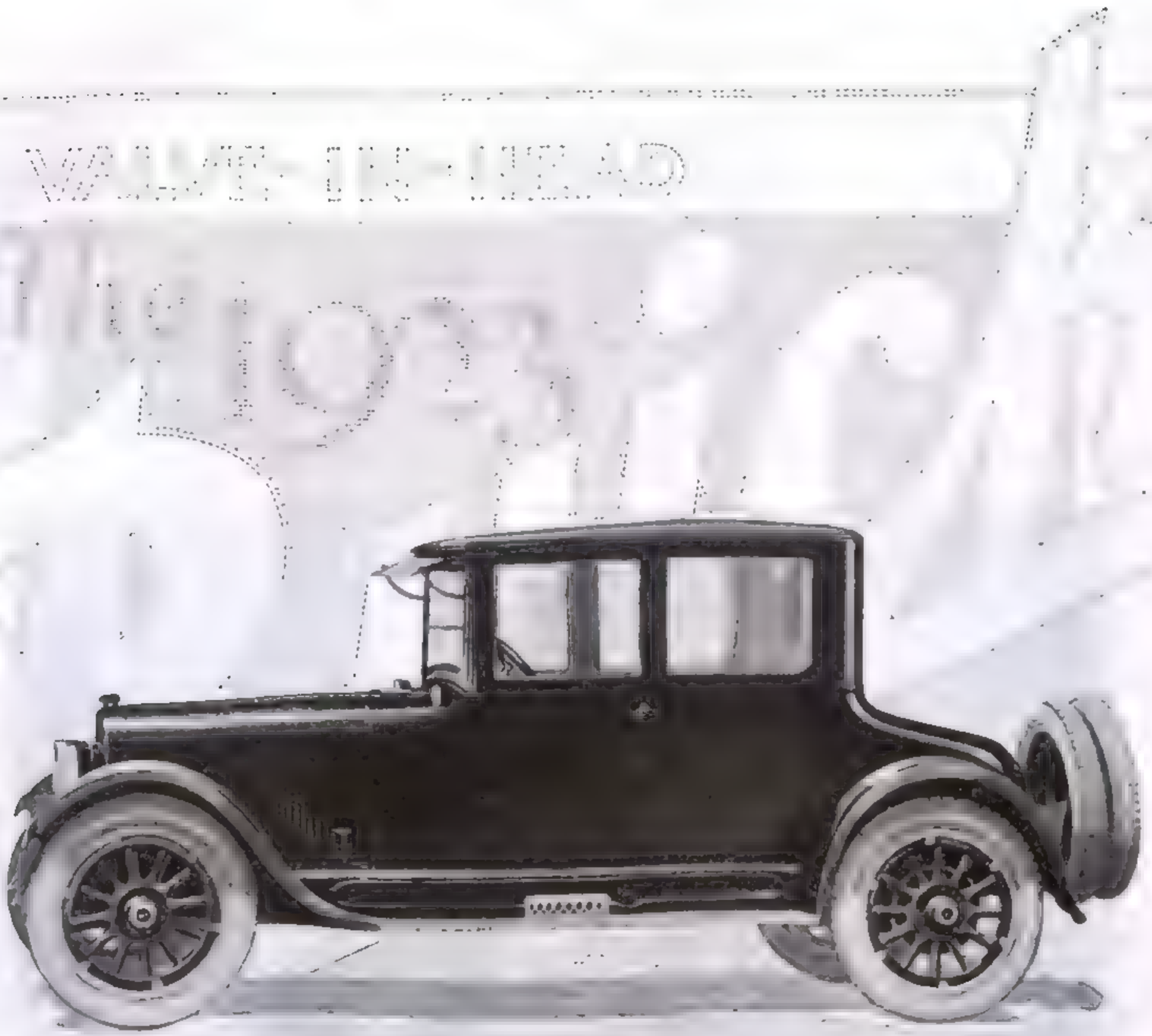
"Miss Vincent."

"Well, of all things! I never heard of a guest hiring the servants."

"Tim thought she knew more about it than I do," Corrie said with some of her old bitterness.

Continued on Page 34

Corrie Fell on Her Knees. "Help Me! Dood's Pearls! Dood's Pearls!" She Babbled



The Car That Has Swept the Country

The 1923 Four Passenger Coupé—$1895

This new model of the four-passenger coupé has more than maintained the new ideal of an intimate closed car which Buick so fully established in its first model of this type.

The interior of the roomy Fisher built body is upholstered and finished in a rich plush with distinctive silvered fittings. The wide seat is set at a new and more restful angle, as is the driver's, and a comfortable fourth seat folds away under the cowl.

Attractive combination dials on a new instrument board include gasoline gauge, clock, speedometer, ammeter, oil pressure gauge, lighting and ignition switches. The gear shift lever has been lengthened to meet the driver's hand and the position of the steering column has been altered to further driving ease.

Marked refinements have been made also in the long-wheel-base chassis and in the famous Buick valve-in-head engine. A new suspension of the rear cantilever springs absorbs road shocks and eliminates need of snubbers. A higher cylinder block, longer connecting rods and pistons are among improvements that further the quiet, flexible and enduring performance so inherent in all Buicks.

In completeness, beauty and performance the most discriminating can find no superior excellence than in this new model of a traditionally luxurious car.

Among the other refinements and improvements in this fine closed car are Covered metal sunshade, rear vision mirror, windshield wiper, spacious rear deck luggage compartment, parcel compartment in body, silk window shades, transmission lock, new type door locks, rotary door handles, cowl ventilator.

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(Continued from Page 32)

"Look here, Corrie; you can trust me. You come right out and tell me now. I'll understand."

"What do you want me to tell you?"

"There's something mighty peculiar about you and this Miss Vincent."

"No, there isn't."

"How long has she been here?"

"A week."

"How long is she going to stay?"

"I don't know."

"All right. Don't tell me if you don't want to. But I know more of the world than you do, Corrie. And I might be able to give you some good advice."

"Everybody in this house wants to give me advice. I wish you wouldn't start it too!" said Corrie fretfully.

"All right," replied Dood, twisting up her redecorated locks. "But if I could only remember where it was I saw her—maybe I could tell you more about her," she added cryptically.

VIII

"I WON'T have Corrie associate with that vulgar woman!" Tim declared to Elena as they waited for Corrie and Dood to come down to dinner.

Tim had come down from his room early and found Elena in the music room, seated at the piano, idly turning the leaves of some music he had brought her.

She smiled up into his angry, horrified face.

"I don't think Mrs. Sears is so bad," she said.

Tim looked at her in utter bewilderment. "You—say that!" he exclaimed.

"You think I am quite a superior being, don't you?" Elena asked with a teasing smile.

"Yes, I do," Tim replied gravely.

"I'm sorry. If you should ever find out that you had been deceived—then you would judge me all the more severely."

"I know what you are."

"You know nothing about me. And—how nice you are! You've never asked."

"Is that nice?"

"It's unusual—to be taken on trust."

"Anyone would trust you."

"Why? Why am I to be trusted? Because I have gray eyes? Because I look what they call—it's an odious word refined?"

She laughed at his perplexed face.

"You call Mrs. Sears vulgar because she is fat. And you think I am to be trusted because you like my appearance. Isn't that man's logic!"

She had risen and was leaning against the piano, the long lovely lines of her figure in an ivory-white dress outlined against the dark wood.

"You are very changeable," Tim said simply. "If I knew very little about you at first, I know even less now."

She put out her hand and touched his lightly.

"I shouldn't be flippant with you. You are such a serious big boy," she said gently. "Everything is so grave, so important to you. But I can't be serious always. And perhaps, too, I am getting a little bit bored."

"Bored?" Tim said, and flushed. "I'm sorry. I know it's dull here."

"No, it's with myself I'm getting bored. With my rôle."

"Your rôle?"

"Of good angel. Yes, I'm getting tired of that."

"Please tell me what you mean."

"I must go away, Mr. Godwin."

"But ——"

"No. Really. I've stayed long enough. Besides, I can't accomplish anything more."

"Has Corrie offended you or ——"

"No. Nothing has happened. It's just a decision of my own."

"I wish you would tell me."

"Oh, there is nothing to tell. Really! I only promised to stay a week, don't you remember?"

Tim searched for words, could not find them adequate to express his dismay, could only stammer helplessly and angrily:

"But you—I think—it is—cruel of you ——"

"Cruel!" she exclaimed sharply. "Cruel, Mr. Godwin!"

A flash ran over his face. He bent over her.

"Yes," he cried thickly. "Yes! You must know ——"

She quickly moved away from him.

"After all, I reserved the right to go whenever I chose," she said coldly.

He stood where she had left him, leaning against the piano, his head bent.

"Of course. Forgive me," he said dully.

"Now you are making me feel that I have treated you very badly," she said with a trace of annoyance in her tone. "That is very unfair of you, Mr. Godwin. For I didn't promise ——"

"I know. You are right. I'm not blaming you," Tim replied in a lifeless tone.

"I always make sudden decisions. You know that. Else I wouldn't be here at all." She smiled. "Come, confess. Weren't you quite shocked when I allowed you to kidnap me last week, as no nicely brought up young woman would?"

"I was surprised. But I was grateful."

"Well—now there are other things that claim me. So ——"

"What will you do—go to Rosedale Manor?" he asked.

She hesitated, then "Yes, oh, yes," she said.

He looked at her for the first time since she had moved away from his too intense gaze. His eyes were wretched.

"When will you go?"

"Oh, I'll give you time to find someone to fill my place," she said, smiling. "I shan't treat you as badly as I did my employer in Rosedale Manor. I'm just giving you notice, as the servants say."

"You know that I can't find anyone to fill your place," Tim said almost angrily.

"Oh, I think you can find someone soon," she replied lightly. And in answer to his questioning look: "Had you thought of Mrs. Godwin?"

"Corrie!"

"Yes, why not? It's really her place, you know. Why shouldn't she fill it again?"

"You know very well."

"Perhaps she may surprise you"

"She's doing that constantly," Tim said grimly, looking toward the hall, from which Dood's voice now resounded as she and Corrie approached.

"Pardon me, Miss Vincent," said the maid, who entered at that moment, "but long distance is calling you again from Rosedale Ma——"

"Very well," Elena interrupted sharply. "I'm coming."

And she hastily left the room.

IX

AT DINNER only Dood's native good nature and her lively interest in the affairs of others kept the conversation from dying a lingering and painful death. Tim was gloomily abstracted; Miss Vincent was absent-minded and, a most unusual thing for her, slightly nervous in manner; and Corrie was, as usual, silent. But Dood chattered on, seemingly oblivious of the general atmosphere of constraint, dropping her English accent in moments of forgetfulness, taking it off and putting it on like a garment.

Tim answered Dood as briefly as courtesy allowed. It irritated him to make a family intimate of this woman, who repelled him both physically and mentally. Even before their marriage he had discouraged Corrie's friendship with Dood. The big, coarse, good-natured country girl had never been a friend of his, and he felt that this cleared him of any charge of snobbishness in repudiating her now.

Even without the aggravating circumstance of Dood's presence Tim would have been silently morose. Elena's unexpected words, combined with her flippant tone, had thrown him into a state of confused depression. Of course he had known that Elena would not stay forever. True, she had agreed to make the experiment for only a week. But why this sudden decision without any apparent reason? He wondered what Corrie would do after Elena had gone. Would she benefit by Elena's example, or sink back into her old indifferent ways? He could not bear the thought of his beautiful well-ordered home relapsing into confusion and disorder. And what would he and Corrie have to say to each other after Elena had gone? The thought of long, silent, empty evenings dismayed him.

"Hey there, Tim! Wake up!" Dood's loud voice interrupted his reverie. "I been talkin' to you for ten minutes—steady monologue. An' I bet—I fancy—you don't know one word I've said."

"Pardon me, Dorothy," he said stiffly. "I am absent-minded tonight."

"Call me Dood."

She pinched his arm. "Well, I don't blame you. I guess you got your mind on bigger things."

In spite of himself Tim glanced at the huge lady beside him. And she, becoming joyously, as he was distastefully, aware of the pun, roared.

"Say, that's a good one," she cried. "Bigger things. I guess there ain't any bigger things than me—except maybe a baby elephant. No, thanks, no dessert," she said to the maid. "Not after that hot shot." She took out a gold cigarette case and holder. "Mind if I smoke?" she asked Corrie.

As They Had Dressed for Dinner She Had Instructed Corrie in the Ways of Her Set

(Continued on Page 106)

What Climate does your fuel pile make?

California—New England or Sahara

WHEN you warm the air in your winter home, you are **making climate.** The "weather"—the condition of the air in your heated home—may be almost exactly like that of August in New England, October in California or any day in the Sahara Desert. A good heating system places climate right under your thumb. **Climate** is simply air and warmth and moisture.

What climate does your heating system make? Does it use air, warmth and moisture properly?

The climate of your winter home should be an actual improvement over that of the world's most famous winter resorts—your living room should be filled with air just as live and vital and healthful as that of Palm Beach, and **you should be able to regulate your winter climate far better than nature does.**

Your fuel should do far more than heat your home. It should give you the **climate** you desire—the healthful atmosphere some people travel hundreds of miles and pay thousands of dollars to enjoy every winter. **It will do it, if you have the correct heating system.**

Nature Makes Her Famous Climates Just as the Convector Does

The air in Palm Beach, Florida, is just like that in your winter home. All nature does to give Palm Beach such a wonderful climate is to:

(1) Warm the air evenly.
(2) Moisten it correctly.
(3) Keep it constantly moving.
(4) Thus, changing it—keeping it fresh and vital.

The Mueller Convector does the same thing in your home—**at less cost than you would pay for ordinary "Heating".** In fact, it is by providing **every known heating comfort** that the Convector is able to cut your fuel bills from ⅓ to ½.

The Convector warms, moistens, moves and changes every ounce of air in your house. Through one simple duplex register, all the air in your rooms comes to the Convector's large heating surface, where it is evenly warmed. It then rises again to your rooms and is distributed by slow, steady **Convection Currents** to every nook and corner.

And now, you ask if this heat and ventilation without pipes, radiators and valves can be even. Yes. These moving **Convection Currents** are simply Nature's own way of maintaining an even temperature in air. No system of pipes or fans could distribute the warmed air so evenly to your rooms as these slow, steady currents.

Saves the Heat Other Systems Waste

When you buy fuel **you are paying for warm air. Yet, how many people think of the warm air waste?** They watch their fuel piles carefully, while millions upon millions of tons of pure, warm air are wasted every winter day.

This waste is caused by heating systems that fail to ventilate. The haphazard opening of windows lets in cold air currents that rob radiators and stoves of their heat. Unoccupied rooms in millions of homes are heated all day or all night, **and the warm air is never used.**

Not so with the Convector. Steady circulation of **all** the air in the home sends fresh air that is warmed throughout every room. It is **used to ventilate.** The air in unoccupied rooms is circulated through occupied rooms every minute. **No matter in what room you may be—you use all the air in your home that you pay to warm.**

This results in better ventilation **with less fuel.** It enables the Convector to give you a **healthful winter climate**—a constant supply of pure, fresh, warmed and moistened air **with ⅓ to ½ less fuel than other heating methods.**

Every Home Owner Can Have Convector Benefits

No matter how your home is heated at present, you can enjoy the better heating and ventilation the Convector brings. It can be quickly installed in your home, without trouble or inconvenience.

The Convector furnishes ample supply of hot water for kitchen and bath, **frees all your living rooms of heating apparatus,** never knocks, pounds, freezes or causes annoyance by dust, dirt, smoke or soot. It requires attention but once or twice daily, never demands expensive repairs, and it lasts a lifetime.

You can secure the correct size for your home from a dealer near you—**on easy terms if you desire**—even though the cost is remarkably low. You will receive a **written guarantee** that the Convector will heat every room in your home comfortably.

Free Offer: "Every Known Heating Comfort At Least Possible Cost"

Send the coupon below for complete information concerning an installation for your home—**no matter what system you now use.**

When you send the coupon, check the first square and get a **Free Copy** of *"Your Thousand Pounds of Air"*—one of the most interesting treatises ever written on heating, health and ventilation. It's worth your while. You will also enjoy reading *"Heat, What It Is and How To Use It"*. Send the coupon, now.

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THE TREAD THAT HOLDS THE ROAD

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THE biggest job ahead of your truck in the next six months is to hold the road. It must buck its way through mud and slush and snow, hang onto icy pavements, and clamber up the sleety hillsides.

The greatest help you can give it on this job is a full set of tires with the Goodyear All-Weather Tread.

Every time the wheels go round, the sharp-edged blocks of that powerful tread bite deep and grip hard. They take hold, hang on, and drive forward full distance, putting an end to the waste of fuel and the racking strain set up by spinning wheels.

At the first sign of sidesway or slip, the massive points of that sure-footed tread jam in a solid wedge-like resistance to skidding.

The 36x10 Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Tire, for example, presses 704 inches of tractive surface against the road with every turn of the wheel, and in similarly positive fashion the Cushion and the Pneumatic likewise share in the All-Weather's gripping power.

Whether your hauling is best done on Solids, Cushions or Cords, this famous tread is now at your command—for traction, for cushioning, and for long, economical wear.

Every type in the complete line of Goodyear Truck Tires now is made with the All-Weather Tread—All-Weather Tread Solids, All-Weather Tread Cushions, All-Weather Tread Cords.

Call on your Goodyear Dealer and get his recommendation as to which one of them, or what combination of them, will serve you longest and best.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

MOUNTAIN MOTORING

By WILL IRWIN

Even a Tin Lizzie Will Go on Strike. The Ladies in This Case Became Strikebreakers. Clear Creek Cañon, Continental Divide

SOME twelve or fifteen years ago a little automobile of a make highly popular then and now scooted down Carbonate Hill into Leadville, Colorado, and drew up before the courthouse amidst the acclaim of the populace. The winner of a transcontinental race could scarcely have attracted more attention. And it had, in fact, performed a feat hitherto never attempted by man or machine. It had gone up on its own power to the Little Johnnie Mine on Johnnie Hill.

Leadville stands two miles up in a cleft of the ranges, just opposite Mount Massive, king peak of the American Rockies. Behind the city rises the bronze sierra of the Mosquito, near whose summit cluster the shaft houses of the Little Johnnie. "Highest" is the most common adjective in the vocabulary of Leadville. After the babies learn to say ma-ma and da-da they are taught to pronounce the sentence "This is the highest incorporated town in North America and the second highest in the world." Similarly, the Little Johnnie once boasted that it was the highest producing mine in the United States. It is two miles in distance from the courthouse to the mine, but thirteen hundred feet in altitude—a long straight pull on a 17 per cent grade across the northern slopes of Carbonate Hill, a turn to the left, a climb along a road blasted from the mountain wall of the Mosquito, at whose edge the precipices fall sheer for hundreds of feet to Big Evans Gulch. One or two daring motorists had tried it before and stuck on the first hill. Now a motor car had made it; man had achieved another victory over Nature.

When Leadville Took to Gasoline

HOWEVER, the old-timers who sit all day before the Leadville Courthouse swapping yarns of the days when the Carbonate camp was the glory of the West regarded this feat with divided sentiments. How, they said, about passing somebody on that stretch above Big Evans? Suppose the blame' machine came round a corner onto an ore team and the mules got to acting up? It oughtn't to be allowed.

Today the foremen and superintendents of the Little Johnnie Mine live all summer long in Leadville, and run back and forth in their own cars. Some of the miners do the same. In the late afternoon when the shift has changed you see them sliding down Carbonate Hill with their lunch pails and their lamps, packed five and six into the tonneau of a flivver. I took this trip last summer with an official of the mine, and as we curved about the aerial road above Big Evans he drove with one hand while with the other he pointed out the geology of dizzy peaks across the gulf. All of which not only proves the march of progress and illustrates the perfecting of the automobile from a rich man's uncertain toy to a poor man's reliable necessity, but it introduces the new national sport of the American Rockies—perpendicular motoring.

Modern Leadville measures the progress of motoring by this conquest of Johnnie Hill. To such of us old Coloradans as passed our childhood among the pioneer days of that great camp the measure is even wider. Pardon my own reminiscences. Some ninety-five miles to the west, just where the mountains fade into the intermountain plains, lies Glenwood Springs.

A rest from great altitudes and a course of mineral waters had been prescribed for my mother. His business kept my father in Leadville. We threw in with another family which was going to Glenwood. So it happened that we found ourselves members of a party consisting of one man, two women, three growing boys, two yearling babies and a team of broncos named Tom and Baldy. They were newly bought, these broncos, from a horse trader in Leadville. Baldy, for all my memory holds against him, may have been a model horse. But Tom—if dumb animals have souls and there be a hell, Tom now burns in the deepest pit. Physically he was a pretty compact specimen of a little horse, with a long mane for a bronco, a dappled white coat, and only one wall-eye to mar his beauty. Morally he was a subtle, intriguing little devil. When you rode him he might lope along all day with the regularity of a rocking-horse until you grew sleepy and careless. Then with only one preliminary backward flirt of his ears he would dig a posthole and laugh at you as you struggled to your feet. Driven, he waited until he had you in a tight place, and then balked. If, then, you dared touch him up with the blacksnake, he backed. On these occasions he infected Baldy, who had the defects of the mild tempered and was easily influenced for good or evil.

Well, one afternoon at about sunset we were threading the edge of a cliff over the Roaring Fork of the Eagle River, when Tom balked. Everyone—even Mr. Stark, who was driving—hit the ground at once, for by now we knew Tom. The women got big stones ready to block the wheels. He behaved according to form—he backed, and only the stones stopped the off hind wheel an inch from the precipice. This had happened before, and we had always waited for an accommodating freighter to stop, unhitch two or three of his mules, and pull Tom along. However, night was falling and freight traffic was in all probability over for the day. A scouting party reported camping ground a half mile farther on. While the rest of us packed the tent and bedding on the amenable Baldy and carried cooking paraphernalia and provisions to camp I was left alone to guard the two sleeping babies. Night fell; the coyotes started up on the mountain above; I let my ten-year-old sense of melodrama loose and imagined strange adventures with ravening wolves. To this day the call of a coyote brings back to me that same thrill of not wholly disagreeable terror, recalls that night of bursting stars, that pure tingling mountain air, that rush of a river unfathomable distances below. I was relieved at last; we hung a warning lantern bound with Mr. Stark's red bandanna on the tailboard of the wagon, made camp, had supper, went to bed.

Uncomfortable Campers

I WAS wakened by a drowning sensation. The heavens had opened in a mountain cloudburst. A wall of water had come down the gorge on whose edge we were encamped. It reached just to the pegs of our tent, else this comedy might have turned out a tragedy. But it did get our provisions, which we had carefully removed from the wagon lest they be stolen by mountain tramps or rifled by coyotes. Man, women, children and babies, we fled to the hills and sat until dawn with rivulets running down our backs. At daylight we noticed that Tom and Baldy were no longer noticeable. They had pulled up their stakes from the wet ground and gone away from that dreadful place. Much as I have against Tom, I cannot blame him for that. In the circumstances, I should have done the same. Mr. Stark remembered that he had left the oats above the tent. The water was receding; he went for a look. Then we saw him rummage in the baggage for his old single-shot, fifty-caliber rifle, ascertain that the cartridges in his pocket were dry, start away. We boys piled after him. He stopped to remark that if any brat followed—that went for the Irwin boys, too—he, Mr. Stark, would skin him alive!

A long time afterward Mr. Stark came back and revealed the reasons for his unaccustomed harshness. He had found, leading from the place where the oats had been, the trail of the sack and the tracks of a very large bear. Maybe it was

New Timber. Lodge-Pole Pine Growing Through the Wreckage of an Old Forest Fire, Mosquito Range

only a brown bear, but Mr. Stark always insisted that it was a grizzly. That is likely enough; in the '80's there were still plenty of grizzlies loose in the Rockies. He had followed the tracks half a mile up the gorge. There the bear had sat down, ripped open the sack of oats, found that they wouldn't chew, and abandoned them.

In the wet earth Tom and Baldy were easily tracked to a meadow, where they were enjoying breakfast in the morning sunshine. The moral Baldy allowed himself to be caught. The despicable Tom eluded arrest. Mr. Stark was forced to get the oats left by the bear and deposit them carelessly beside a big rock in Tom's path. He knew that two of Tom's minor faults were greed and gluttony. Tom approached, took the bait; Mr. Stark stepped out and neatly roped him.

At about that time our wagon arrived. A freighter had found it and, reading the situation, had, with the helpfulness of the old West, unhitched two of his six mules and hauled it to our camp. We let him go before looking into the commissary. Left in the wagon we had only a small sack of flour, a can of baking powder and a bit of bacon rind. By the strange spotted luck of that night, these comestibles matched. We breakfasted on flapjacks.

Tenderfeet Make Trouble

WE WERE getting everything together for a forced march—with the kind consent of Tom—when two strangers blew into camp. They were riding bareback on big American horses, about which flapped the remains of sets of harness. One of them wore a curious cap with two visors. The other carried a shotgun; and from the hames of his horse's collar hung a string of sage hens, as big and fat as spring chickens. They spoke with a queer accent which reminded me somehow of plays I had witnessed at the Tabor Opera House. And in a fashion quite matter-of-fact they related the simple story of an extraordinary adventure.

They were Englishmen, prospecting to locate a ranch. As the English usually do, they had provided themselves with the last word in camping and sporting equipment. Early that morning they had shot an antelope. Being in a hurry they had cut its throat and hung it on the tailboard of the wagon to bleed. And along they went, the carcass making a dotted trail of blood. Behind them, on one of the great main cattle routes between Cheyenne and the Texas Panhandle, were marching three thousand half-wild longhorns.

The urban reader must at this point be instructed in a queer aspect of cow psychology. Blood drives them wild. Kill any beast in a pasture of the most gentle placid dairy herd, and they are likely to become horned-and-hoofed demons. What, then, might be expected of old-time Texas cattle, descendants of Spanish ring bulls, always on hair trigger for a stampede? The Englishmen heard a curious roaring. They looked back and beheld a great cloud of dust coming down upon them. They lashed their horses.

Out of the cloud rode two cow-punchers. As they approached the wagon they discovered the cause of the trouble. They stopped the team, cut the traces, somehow forced the bewildered Englishmen upon the loosened horses. Scarcely had they ridden away before the cloud struck. When, an hour or so later, the cowboys restored order, drove the herd beyond scent of blood and set to skinning the steers killed in the mêlée, the outfit was a total loss. "I give you my word," said one of the Englishmen, "nothing was intact except the iron parts of the wagon." One of them had, by some instinct of self-defense, held to a shotgun and a belt of shells. As they continued their journey he had stopped to shoot a mess of sage hens.

At once we combined commissaries. The women got out the Dutch oven, which had fortunately been left in the wagon, and cooked a most heavenly dish of sage hen and dumplings. I have eaten in my time the best that Paris knows, but this remains in memory as the dinner of my life. As our elders prepared to do the dishes and move on I sneaked round one corner of the wagon and met Brother Wallace sneaking round the other. We said nothing; we understood each other. We took the lid off from the Dutch oven. There remained within two dumplings and two pieces of meat. I got a drumstick.

For a day or so the Englishmen traveled with us, shooting sage hens and rabbits for the commissary. Then, at a trading post which dealt indifferently with prospectors, cattlemen or Utes, we bought provisions, they a wagon. I have often wondered since what became of the two English tenderfeet. Probably, with the real adaptability which underlies the crust of that strange breed, they were within two years throwing a lariat or a diamond hitch to match any native Westerner.

I cannot dismiss Tom in the midst of his criminal career. Near Glenwood Springs, Mr. Stark swapped him with a nester for a bronco of sedate deportment. Being a man of honor, Mr. Stark strained the etiquette of horse trades by hinting broadly that Tom, though sound in wind and limb, maybe wasn't broke just right. Sometimes he kind of stopped, and he had to be rode just so. The nester had lived just long enough in the West to learn that wild horses can be broken and not long enough to learn that some can't. Perhaps Mr. Stark picked just the right man and system; for the nester fancied his horsemanship. As for bucking horses, he said, he kind of liked them. They had ginger. Balking horses? He taught them. He had an infallible system. Two years later a visitor from Glenwood Springs told us how the system worked. One day the nester was riding to town, when Tom stopped. The nester hit him over the head with his quirt. "Git ——" he began. "Up," he concluded two days later, to the nurse. Tom had bucked him off and stepped on him.

I tell this story not merely to indulge the middle-aged passion for anecdote but also by way of further illustration. If my memory serves me right we were eight days in getting from Leadville to Glenwood Springs. Even if Tom had been of upright moral character the trip would have taken four days. Now, during the open season on the mountain roads, Leadville people go regularly to Saturday-night dances in Glenwood Springs. They leave home after luncheon, arrive in time for dinner and a bath at the hotel, and come back at their leisure on Sunday. But when they complain to me of broken fan belts, tire trouble or difficulties in getting over the Battle Mountain grade, I repeat within that old slogan of pioneer Nebraska, "And you talk about hard times in Kansas, you son of a gun!"

Twin Lakes, Colorado, in a Calm That Makes Them Perfect Mirrors for the Mountains

A Lettuce Ranch, at an Elevation of About 9000 Feet, Near Buena Vista

A Truck of Theatrical Scenery Which Couldn't Surmount the Real Scenery

A World of Tangled Peaks

RETURNING to the present: Get out your profile map of the United States and for a moment contemplate Colorado. The line of the Rockies runs like a river from the Canadian border nearly to the southern Wyoming border. There, like a river widening to a lake, the mountain chain widens and multiplies. It is no longer a mere range. It is a world of tangled peaks, so high and wide, so involved and complex that mounts as high as the famous Alpine Jungfrau are still charted as "unnamed." These ranges drop off sheer, with few foothills, to the plateaus at their bases; the rest of Colorado—semiarid in a state of nature, a garden where irrigated—lies about this mountain dome like the brim of a hat about the crown.

Colorado discovered the wealth in the crown before she did that in the brim. In her tangle of mountains lie the old Pike's Peak diggings, California Gulch, Idaho Springs, Leadville, Ouray, Cripple Creek, the Camp Bird, Creede—that succession of great camps which since 1860 have been pouring gold and silver, lead and zinc, tungsten and molybdenum into her treasury.

(Continued on Page 58

FISHER BODIES

The manufacturer knows that the coachwork can make or mar much of the ease and comfort of his car. In view of this fact, he pays the highest possible compliment to Fisher handiwork when he displays the now familiar symbol—Body by Fisher

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IRRESISTIBLE IMPULSE

"You Look Through That Window, Phil. You'll Find Effie There"

By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

WITH a swagger more assumed than real, Phil Lowell approached the salary cashier's window at the Monumental Mutual. The salary cashier was a motherly young woman of Phil's age, who welcomed Phil with a friendly smile, but reproached him with her eyes

"What! You again!" exclaimed the salary cashier.

Young Phil Lowell turned up his coat collar, thus preparing for a drop in temperature thereabouts.

"Br-r-r-r!" shuddered Phil. "I'd like another twenty against next month's wages. You can hand it to me any way you please."

The lady stared at him.

"I gave you twenty not two days ago," she returned. "Honest, sonny, I never get a chance to make out full salary checks for you, not any more. What do you do with all this money?"

Phil hungrily eyed the four fives that she was taking from the till.

"I don't know," grinned Phil. "I haven't got it yet."

"I hope," went on the cashier firmly, "that you put it in the savings bank."

Phil growled in his throat.

"Gr-r-r-r!" cried Phil. "And what's a savings bank?"

Reluctantly the young woman handed him the money. He crammed it into his vest pocket and made his way upstairs to that particular section of the Monumental Building where he spent a mere fraction of his waking hours. Jauntily he entered the presence of Mr. Eli Ackerson.

"Good morning, boss," said Phil.

"Now never mind good morning," returned Mr. Eli Ackerson. "You pay attention to your work."

This utterance on the part of Mr Ackerson had sounded ominous to Phil the first time he heard it, which was many moons gone by He had discovered since then that Mr Ackerson's bark was far worse than his bite Mr Ackerson barked frequently. Up to date he hadn't bitten anybody. He was Phil's immediate superior. He was a gentleman of some importance in the Monumental Mutual. As third assistant auditor he had charge of the commissions-and-salaries account. He had a room all to himself, did Mr. Ackerson, allowing for the fact that Miss Loretta Gibb and young Phil Lowell shared it with him. Miss Gibb was his secretary. She spent all her spare time waging sex warfare with Mr. Eli Ackerson

Mr. Ackerson was thirty-eight. He had successfully side-stepped matrimony and successfully avoided women. This made him an authority on both the institution and the ladies

At the moment of Phil's entrance Mr. Ackerson was engaged in the perusal of the Morning Mail, one of River City's organs.

"I see by the paper," said Mr. Ackerson, shifting his gum to give more room for comment, "that our young friend, Mr. Lowell here, is in society. Phil, I see that you attended this big Souse End dance last night "

Miss Loretta Gibb sniffed audibly.

"Souse End!" she echoed "The lowest form of humor."

Mr. Ackerson smiled benignantly upon her.

"Thanks for the concession," he remarked, "that it is at least some form of humor. Phil," he went on, "I should like to have you describe this dance to Miss Loretta Gibb."

Phil was busy getting out his books.

"You can't describe a dance," said Phil.

"Oh, yes, you can!" said Mr. Ackerson. "Let's try Arms and legs flung recklessly in air. How about it, eh?"

Phil thought it over.

"You're technically right," said Phil

"Paint and powder," persisted Mr. Ackerson—"perfumes."

"Oh, all of that," grinned Phil.

"Smoking and drinking," suggested Mr. Ackerson. "Cheek to cheek and jowl to jowl."

Phil shook his head.

"As to jowl, I'm not just sure," said Phil.

Mr. Eli Ackerson looked at Miss Loretta Gibb, but he talked at Phil.

"Now, young sir," went on Mr. Eli Ackerson, "have you ever stopped to think—ever stopped to ask yourself why young women do these things? Why all women do these things?"

"What things?" queried Miss Gibb, a chip in plain sight upon her shoulder.

"Everything," said Mr. Eli Ackerson; "every reckless, God-forsaken thing they do."

He looked at Phil now and talked at Miss Gibb. Phil silently regarded the matter from various angles, and then shook his head.

"I haven't even got a faint idea," said Phil.

"You don't seem to realize," said Mr. Ackerson, "that every line of conduct they adopt has for its objective one end, and only one."

Miss Gibb's eyes sparkled belligerently.

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CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY

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DETROIT, MICH.

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"I'll be the goat," she said. "You tell me. Why do women do these things?"

Mr Ackerson shifted his glance to Miss Gibb

"They do them to get husbands," he returned

"Everything they do they do to get husbands?" said Miss Gibb

"They do," said Mr Ackerson

"Oh, they do, do they?" remarked Miss Gibb in throaty tones

'And no exceptions," added her immediate superior. "They all want husbands—all of them. They want husbands—young, good-looking ones like Phil and me."

Miss Gibb nodded in assent.

"Like Phil," she conceded

"And me," repeated Mr. Ackerson. "And there's the first proposition: They all want husbands, and they go after 'em hard Now, Phil, here's the joker. Wanting 'em and going after 'em as they do, you'd think they'd get 'em, wouldn't you? Listen, Miss Gibb, do you ever read the wedding notices in the newspapers from day to day?"

"As a matter of custom," returned Miss Gibb, "I do."

"I don't," smiled Mr. Ackerson, "because there aren't any any more People don't get married nowadays. They die—a column of them every night. But there's no more giving in marriage; or, if there is, there are no takers. Phil, you tell me why."

Phil now was following his immediate superior's line of talk with the same close attention as was Miss Gibb. He wondered vaguely why. Usually what Eli had to say went in one of Phil's ears and came out the other.

"Again I'll be the goat," remarked Miss Gibb.

"The proposition is self-evident," said Mr. Ackerson. "The lad—meaning Phil Lowell or myself—can't make the grade. The lady aims, but she overshoots the mark. The methods she adopts to attract the prospect are the very methods that discourage him. It isn't the monkeyshines so much Monkeyshines in themselves are generally effective, and not at all expensive. It's the background for the monkeyshines that is objectionable. Flesh-colored silk stockings and pink silk flapperies——"

"There's no such term as pink silk flapperies!" cried Miss Gibb emphatically.

"There is—now," said Mr. Ackerson; "and please don't interrupt. The modern way to get a husband is to palpitate and to do it in the most expensive way: to palpitate in pink silk flapperies, to wear palpitating flowers, to ride in palpitating motor cars, to eat palpitating midnight suppers and to drink costly gin to help the palpitation. Now take Miss Gibb——"

"I decline to palpitate," said Miss Gibb.

"We'll take Miss Gibb," went on Mr. Ackerson firmly. He chewed gum viciously for a moment. "There are no secrets here," he finally went on, "You all know that my salary is exactly one hundred dollars a week and not a dollar more. Miss Gibb gets fifteen hundred and sixty dollars per annum. Phil Lowell pulls down two thousand and eighty a year.

"There are the figures. Now we'll take Miss Gibb, who is looking for a husband——"

"How well informed you are, Mr. Ackerson!" said Miss Gibb sweetly.

"Now we'll suppose," proceeded Mr. Ackerson, "that Phil Lowell here would like to marry you."

"Yes, yes; go on," interposed Miss Gibb

"Or," went on Mr. Ackerson, choking strangely over his chewing gum, "we'll suppose that I should want to marry you."

"I think," said Miss Gibb haughtily, "that we'd better stick to the first hypothesis."

"All right," nodded Mr. Ackerson, "we'll just stick to Phil. If we don't he may go wrong. Phil here is a marriageable young man, with lots of pep and go. He looks at Miss Gibb here a hundred times or so a day, and finds Miss Gibb is just what he wants."

"That's all that's necessary, I take it," remarked Miss Gibb; "the gentleman looks at the lady and what he says goes."

"Phil, however," continued Mr. Ackerson, "is, as we well know, a mathematician. And after a while he stops looking at Miss Gibb. Instead he glances with calculating eye at Miss Gibb's two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar fur coat."

"Three hundred," snapped Miss Gibb.

They Dropped to the Floor of the Veranda, Hung Their Swinging Legs Over the Edge. Looked Up at the Moon

"At her eighteen-dollar hat," said Mr Ackerson

"Twenty-nine," corrected Miss Gibb.

"And," added Mr. Ackerson, "her forty-dollar permanent wave."

"And," interposed Miss Gibb, her eyes glittering, "if I came here in a thirteen-and-a-half-dollar suit, with three-and-a-half-dollar shoes and stringy hair, how long, may I ask, would I hold my job with you?"

Mr. Ackerson continued on in full career.

"So that in the show-down," he concluded, "Phil Lowell here begins to think. If various essential flapperies cost Miss Gibb fifteen hundred and sixty dollars a year, they will cost him fifteen hundred and sixty dollars a year. And fifteen hundred and sixty subtracted from two thousand and eighty dollars a year is—— Can any little boy around here tell me what is left?"

Phil Lowell was mightily disturbed about it all. He showed it. He stared gloomily at Miss Gibbs' permanent wave.

"Good night!" cried Phil, aghast.

"Now never mind good night," said Mr. Ackerson, who had made his point. "You pay attention to your work."

II

THE Elkins' dinner dance was wringing wet, of course; but wetter than usual this trip; too wet in fact. It was well past midnight before Alice Elkins realized it. Alice was a dull hostess, well aware of her limitations. *Ergo*, wetness was her saving grace; it was the feature, not at all distinctive, but eminently satisfactory, that made her dances popular. Alice stepped on the gas when things began to sag. Tonight, however, too much of it, somehow Either spring was in the air or else the radiators were too hot. Alice opened windows wide, but it did no good. Spring entered from without and mingled with the moisture. The mixture was a bit too thick There were sensational occurrences. Alice didn't like the look of things. She took her husband to one side and whispered warnings. The alcoholic content of the punch bowl underwent a swift revision downward. By half past one the concoction had degenerated into inefficient colored lemonade without the first semblance of authority. There was, of course, a big let-down. No wet crowd can dance under a wet blanket, particularly a dry one There was a mad rush for furs and fuzzy overcoats. Only the drys—a handful—kept dancing gayly on.

In a dressing room there was a conference held behind closed doors. The disaffected parties took swift account of stock. Parker Montgomery, always dependable, was remarkably well heeled. He had with him two two-quart vacuum bottles full of irreproachable cocktails. His name led all the rest. The night was young. Under cover of the hubbub somebody called up Tortoni's. Tortoni's was open. The balmy weather had brought out many people, the orchestra was fine; everything was going strong. All was as it should be. There was an immediate effective exodus in the direction of Tortoni's.

It was a case of every man for himself and lady, and the devil take the hindmost.

The devil, as it happened, took Phil Lowell and Effie Sheridan. Invariably they herded with the wets, because overmuch excitement lay that way. Somehow or other, in this imminent stampede, they found they were bringing up the rear. When they reached the outer air they found that all the cars had gone without them; they had been left ignominiously behind. Phil deserted Effie for a moment and ran back into the house to telephone for a taxi. Returning, he found Effie on the porch where he had left her, singing to herself a little lilting tune. Spring had caught her off her guard. She met Phil halfway. She caught him by the arm and giggled. Phil Lowell giggled too. That was the way they felt.

"Let's sit down," said Effie.

They dropped to the floor of the veranda, hung their swinging legs over the edge, looked up at the moon. They clung tightly to each other. To Phil, Effie in her fur coat seemed somewhat bulky, which she wasn't; and very warm and live and wriggling, which she surely was. Effie's eyes sparkled in the moonlight.

"Sit here forever this way," murmured Phil Lowell

"Let's," said Effie, squirming upward to get another kiss.

"Can't," said Phil regretfully. "Here comes taxi."

"Must take taxi," assented Effie Sheridan. She was intoxicated with night air and moonshine; ready for anything; she was happy; Phil Lowell was a darling; she told him so. The joy of life lay on ahead.

Phil bundled her into the taxi. Inside they leaned against each other, palpitating.

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REPUTATION

The man who builds and the man who buys are both beneficiaries of a good reputation. To the one it is a continuous spur and an incentive—to the other the strongest of all guarantees that what he buys is worthy. ▱ We sometimes speak of winning a reputation as though that were the final goal. The truth is contrary to this. Reputation is a reward, to be sure, but it is really the beginning, not the end of endeavor. It should not be the signal for a let-down, but, rather, a reminder that the standards which won recognition can never again be lowered. From him who gives much—much is forever after expected. ▱ Reputation is never completely earned—it is always *being* earned. It is a reward—but in a much more profound sense it is a *continuing responsibility*. ▱ That which is mediocre may deteriorate and no great harm be done. That which has been accorded a good reputation is forever forbidden to drop below its own best. It must ceaselessly strive for higher standards. If your name means much to your public—you are doubly bound to keep faith. You have formed a habit of high aspiration which you cannot abandon—and out of that habit created a reputation which you dare not disown without drawing down disaster. ▱ There is an iron tyranny which compels men who do good work to go on doing good work. The name of that beneficent tyranny is reputation. There is an inflexible law which binds men who build well to go on building well. The name of that benevolent law is reputation. There is an insurance which infallibly protects those whose reason for buying is that they believe in a thing and its maker. The name of that kindly insurance is reputation. ▱ Choose without fear that which the generality of men join you in approving. There is no higher incentive in human endeavor than the reward of reputation—and no greater responsibility than the responsibility which reputation compels all of us to assume. Out of that reward and out of that responsibility come the very best of which the heart and mind and soul of man are capable.

Alvan Macauley

President, Packard Motor Car Company

Jim Henry's Column

It Doesn't Show

In the old days, before Mennen Shaving Cream took the unpleasantness out of shaving, it required lotions, creams, hot towels and what not to relieve that kiln-dried, smarting sensation caused by old fashioned soap.

But men discovered very quickly that after a Mennen shave their skin felt so smooth and fine that a flick of talcum was all it needed. Talcum protects from wind and sun and removes that peculiar shine which sometimes remains after a close shave.

Also, it gives the skin a satiny feel, which is rather pleasant, and produces that highly groomed appearance which novelists mention.

The only trouble with ordinary talcum is that most men are still a bit sensitive about powder—they shy from the association of beauty requisites. They would rather be uncomfortable than effeminate.

And a white talcum certainly does show.

So in line with the Mennen policy of finding out what people need and giving it to them, we developed a talcum which does not show. We call it Mennen Talcum for Men. It isn't exactly flesh color—rather what you would call neutral in tone. Sort of blends with the color of the skin. You can use all you like and no one will know. Mighty handy at night when you haven't time or the disposition to shave for a party, for it successfully conceals a day's growth. Comes in handy, square tin which fits your traveling toilet kit. The perfume is mild, pleasant and unnoticeable.

I would be glad to throw in a sample of Mennen Talcum for Men if you will send 10 cents for my demonstrator tube of Mennen Shaving Cream.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 42)

"Ride like this forever," exclaimed Phil at length.

"Can't. Here's Tortoni's," returned Effie Sheridan.

At Tortoni's, Parker Montgomery, who was Effie's brother-in-law, descended upon them like a thousand of vacuum bottles. "You're just in time," said Parker.

Then he stopped. There was something strangely reckless in Effie's sparkling eyes; something he had never seen in them before.

"Here, you, what's the matter with you?" queried Parker.

Effie's sister, who was Parker's wife, laid a forbidding hand upon the vacuum bottle. "Not for her, Parker," said this lady. "She ought to be home in bed."

Effie giggled musically. She turned up the tip of her inoffensive little nose.

"Friendly adviser," giggled Effie, "take a friend's advice. You don't know anything, you two," said Effie. "We've been sitting on the edge of the world, hanging our feet over—Phil and I. It's fun."

Effie couldn't keep still. The dance music was setting her on fire. In an excess of action or reaction, Effie flung herself into the nearest pair of arms and whirled away. The arms belonged to Harry Valentine, an old, old friend of Effie's. Harry was a jaunty, knowing, devil-may-care personage who had a way with him. He permitted Effie to dance him down the length of the long room; then he drew her deftly into a dusky corner behind an ample screen. He prepared for sentimental action.

"What have you done with Amy?" queried Effie, attempting to sprinkle cold water upon her venturesome companion.

"That's the idea," nodded Harry Valentine. "You must understand that there are times when a man must get away from Amy. There are times when a man must be alone—with you."

When Phil Lowell reëntered the arena of events from the direction of the cloakroom there was no Effie to be seen. There were others to be seen, however; among them Amy Herndon, a dark, bewildering young woman who up to that moment of his life had invariably treated Phil with supercilious superiority, if not with contumely. Now she caught him by the arm. Her black eyes importuned him. She clung to him with unwarranted persistence.

"Want me to show you somethin' int'restin', Phil dear?" demanded Amy Herndon.

"I'm looking for my girl," said Phil.

Amy Herndon clutched him to herself.

"I'll find her for you," whispered Amy mysteriously. "You come with me." She dragged him outside, into the brilliant, balmy air, and drew him to the far end of a long veranda. "We'll spy and eavesdrop," whispered Amy. "I'm finding Effie for you. You look through that window, Phil. You'll find Effie there."

Phil looked. He could see perfectly. Among other things he noted that Harry Valentine's left hand was clutching Effie Sheridan's left shoulder. Phil drew back. He declined to look further. Something somewhere inside of him made him feel unaccountably sick and faint. Amy Herndon met his woebegone stare with an indignant glance.

"Harry's my man," said Amy Herndon, trembling. She flashed an engagement ring before Phil's eyes. "Eight hundred dollars, Phil," she laughed hysterically, "and it isn't paid for yet. Harry bought it on the installment plan."

She laughed some more. Her hand crept up about Phil's neck. "Harry doesn't own me out and out," she went on; "not yet. On the installment plan, that's all. Phil, Phil," she whispered, "you can kiss me all you please."

Phil, for many reasons that he didn't stop to analyze, kissed her all he pleased—and more.

"Nice hair you've got, Phil," said the lady, rumpling it; "nice hair—hair any girl would love to touch. Harry," she cried, "you look at me and Phil!"

Harry and Effie Sheridan responded. They stepped through the French window. Harry, still with one hand on Effie's shoulder, waved Phil to one side.

"You have no permanent rights—no permanent rights to that lady," he warned Phil airily. "I've got all permanent rights to Amy. You've got none."

"Phil," cried Effie sharply—"Phil, you get away from her!"

For answer Amy mercilessly tousled Phil's hair.

"The kind of hair that any girl would love to touch," mused Amy. She made a little *moue* at Harry Valentine and one at Effie. "We didn't begin it," she advised them. "Man is an imitative animal, and so is woman."

"Phil," cried Effie, quivering, "you behave yourself! You come with me at once! You call a taxi and you take me home!"

Phil called a taxi. Once inside the taxi, they made up to their own personal satisfaction. It was a reckless taxi, this. It lurched about corners on two wheels, terrifying Effie in the most delightful manner. Effie made believe that she was very, very tipsy. Effie's house was one of a brownstone row of houses, all of them alike. Phil discharged the taxi when they got there. They made believe they couldn't find the house. When they found it they made believe they couldn't negotiate the front-porch steps without much mutual help. Unlocking the door was an orgy of giggles. Once inside, Effie made it known that she couldn't, by any range of possibility, make her way upstairs. Snickering, they started to remove their footgear. They heard a noise. They scampered—Effie to her room, Phil to the spring night outside.

III

NEXT day there was a let-down. Spring was still in evidence; spring with a vengeance; a damp, raw, cold, clammy morning. Phil crept, shamefaced, to the cashier's window and groveled, shivering, for another slight advance. The cashier sniffed disdainfully; told him this would have to last him until pay day.

"Now, never mind good morning," said Mr. Eli Ackerson, "you pay attention to your work."

Mr. Ackerson meant it this time. He, too, was cold and raw and clammy. Phil Lowell paid attention to his work until eleven; then he went downstairs to the Monumental Drug Store and bought his morning drink—sweet and thick and cold and satisfying. It cost him twenty cents. At 3 P.M. he had another one—another twenty cents.

He drank these concoctions in gloomy retrospection, introspection. Where was it going to end? What was life anyhow? A dance, a taxi and a dinner. For three years now he'd been doing it—just that and nothing else. For five years, ten years, he would be doing it—just those things, nothing else. He knew, because he knew men five years, ten years, older than himself. They were still doing, at their ages, what he was doing at his age. Where was the stopping point? For the next six months, Phil knew, would be a repetition of the last six months. He'd keep on rushing Effie just so long as Effie'd let him, and Effie'd let him just so long as somebody who meant business didn't come along. There were such men; he knew them. Harry Valentine might be such a man. Harry was making twice Phil's money—maybe. If not Harry, then somebody else; somebody thirty-five, somebody forty, somebody with the price. That was the whole thing. And old Eli Ackerson was right. Price—there was the essential. Nobody was getting married—nobody who didn't have the price.

And the inevitable followed: Those who had the price could have their pick.

All right! If somebody with the price ever laid eyes on Effie, good night! She could have anybody that she wanted, that girl. And she would marry, Phil knew. You couldn't keep a girl like that from marrying somebody. That much was sure. Very well and very good. Where did he, Phil Lowell, get off? He got off just where he'd been getting off and nowhere else. A dinner, a taxi, a dance. He had cash enough for that; that was his limit. Not one step could he get beyond that limit. Next year it would be the same, and next, and next—so on forever. He was stymied, but Effie wasn't. Effie could take her pick. Good night! Right now, this minute, some chap with the price might be looking her over, sizing her up, falling for her. And Phil couldn't help it. He could look on; he could offer a taxi, a dance, a dinner—nothing else. Good night!

That night, early, he made his way to Effie's house, and with queer, ineffectual sounds in his throat he told Effie all about it. Effie listened; listened with wide open eyes; listened with palpitating heart; listened hungrily.

"You poor boy!" cried Effie, quivering with sympathy.

"Poor is right," groaned Phil.

"Phil, Phil," cried Effie, snuggling up to him, "what can be done about it all?"

Phil wagged his head helplessly.

"I don't know," cried Phil forlornly. "There's only one thing in the world I want."

"And that, Phil?" cried Effie Sheridan.

"All that I want," said Phil, "is just you."

Effie caught Phil about the neck and drew his head to her warm lips.

"And all that I want," she whispered in his ear, "is just you."

"You—mean—it?" gasped Phil Lowell.

"Forever!" returned Effie.

"We—we're engaged!" cried Phil.

"Yes," said Effie. "Nice, isn't it? So are lots of people that I know."

A facer, that, and true. Almost everybody that Phil knew was engaged, or just about to be, or just getting over it.

"This," he said, "is going to stick. I'll get the ring tomorrow."

Effie quivered at the idea of a ring. But she thought about it soberly—too soberly in fact.

"Phil," she queried, "how much were you going to pay for my engagement ring?"

"Does it make any difference?" queried Phil.

It seemed to, to Effie.

"I'd like to know," she said.

"I've got three hundred dollars in the savings bank," said Phil.

"Is that all you've got?" cried Effie.

"Ye-es," admitted Phil.

"It isn't much, is it?" smiled Effie.

"It's three hundred dollars," returned Phil.

"And how much," persisted Effie, "were you going to pay for my ring?"

"Three hundred dollars," returned Phil.

Effie shook her head.

"I don't want to wear a three-hundred-dollar ring," she said. "It doesn't really show. Amy Herndon ——"

Here was a jolt. Phil couldn't help remembering what old Eli Ackerson had said. Amy's ring was an eight-hundred-dollar ring. It symbolized the fact that Harry Valentine was paying for it on the installment plan.

"Listen," said Phil, "I'll get you one at any price you want."

"Listen, Phil," said Effie, "you bring me the three hundred. Let me pick out the ring. But you've got to let me take my time."

"Take anything you want I've got," said Phil; "only, sometime, remember, I'm going to have you. You mean it, Effie?"

"With all my heart," said Effie Sheridan.

So far, so good. Effie took a lot of time selecting her engagement ring. Nothing seemed to satisfy her; she kept putting off the fatal day. Meantime she told her family solemnly that she was engaged to Phil. Her fond mother took it lightly; treated it as one of Effie's jokes; declined, in fact, at any time to consider it in any other light. Effie's sister, Mrs. Parker Montgomery, took Effie to one side and gave her the dickens.

"You little idiot!" cried Effie's sister, shaking her.

"But it's real," said Effie.

"Don't let me hear you talk of it," said Effie's sister, "spoiling all your chances."

"What chances?" queried Effie blankly.

"As if you didn't know!" cried Effie's sister. "A girl like you! One would think you never took a good look at yourself in the mirror. Don't you know that you can get a fifteen-thousand-dollar-a-year man if you make a try?"

"An old one," said Effie.

"What's the difference?" snapped her sister. "If you're going to live you'll need fifteen thousand dollars in a town like this, if you need a cent. I married for love and look at me!"

Effie looked at her sister. Her sister had married Parker Montgomery because Parker Montgomery was the only eligible of her acquaintance with a seven-thousand-dollar job. Effie's sister had left no stone unturned to annex Parker Montgomery to herself for what Parker could furnish in the way of material satisfaction.

"For love," said Effie's sister, "and look at me! Don't let me ever hear of this young Phil Lowell again!"

It was Phil who approached Effie's father on the subject. Effie's father was a department head in the Monumental. Phil fortified himself with a marshmallow concoction furnished by the drug store downstairs, and then stole in to see Mr. Sheridan

(Continued on Page 46)

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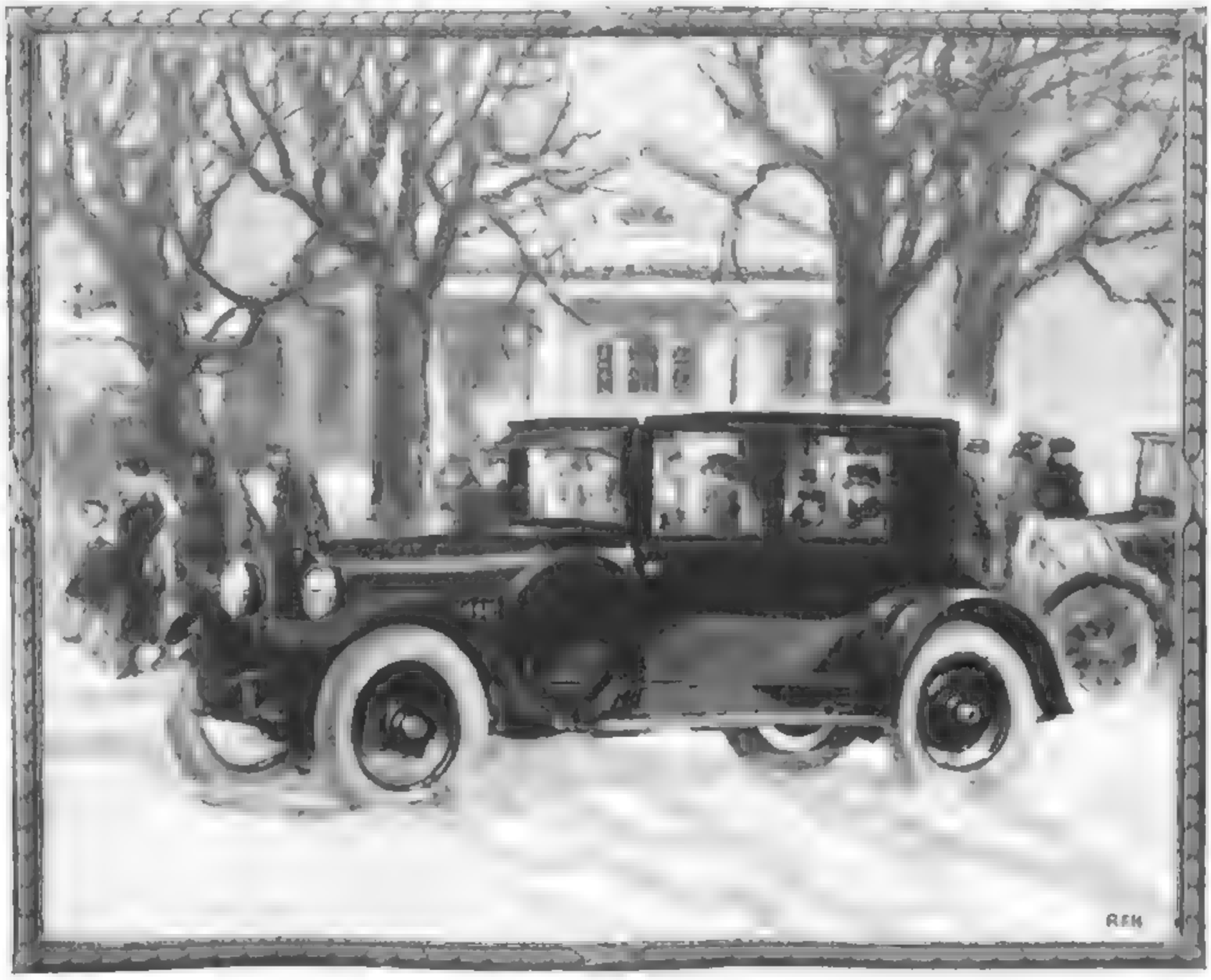

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(Continued from Page 44)

in his private office. As he entered the office Phil saw that Mr. Sheridan was busy with somebody at his desk. He saw that that somebody was Parker Montgomery. He saw Mr. Sheridan tear a check from his check book and hand it reluctantly to Parker. Parker, the glint of triumph in his eye, tucked it into his vest pocket and swung out, hailing Phil Lowell as he went. Phil Lowell sidled up to Mr. Sheridan's desk and laid his case before that gentleman. Mr. Sheridan heard him through. Then Mr. Sheridan held up his hands with the air of one about to become the victim of a highway robbery.

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" cried Mr. Sheridan. "I can support my daughters while they're single, but deliver me from supporting them after they get married! I can control my own family to some extent so long as it's one family. But I've got two families on my hands, and I can't stand a third. Don't ask me anything today. Come around ten years from now. Maybe I'll be feeling better then."

Inside of ten days the verdicts were all in. All relatives, friends, confidants and confidantes had had their say. The thing was settled in the negative. There was no possibility of Phil Lowell marrying Effie Sheridan. It was madness. It was suicide. It was worse than that. It was a monumental joke.

IV

ON THE evening of July twenty-eighth Effie Sheridan left her father's shack in the Adirondacks with the ostensible purpose of spending two weeks with Amy Herndon at the shore.

"Don't expect any letters from me," Effie told her family. "I'll be too busy. I'm going to tie up to the first eligible bachelor I meet."

On the afternoon of the following day Effie appeared at the Sheridan town house, accompanied by escort. The escort was Phil Lowell. They reached there about six o'clock, opened up the house to a comfortable extent, sat on the front porch with their arms about each other in full view of the deserted street, and at ten o'clock or thereabouts they disappeared into the house. Curious-minded neighbors who had not yet left town took note of this. Next morning Phil Lowell, glancing furtively about him, left the house at half past eight. Effie was not visible that day at all. When Phil got back that afternoon Effie took him up to her room.

"Everything in this room," said Effie, "belongs to me."

"It's some room," said Phil soberly.

"You come with me," said Effie.

She took him to the attic. She took him to the cellar. She had corralled a discarded refrigerator, a used-up gas stove, a kitchen table with a broken leg and a multitude of dilapidated chairs.

"What's mine is mine," said Effie; "and as for the rest of this stuff, they won't even know it's gone."

To the amazement of the neighbors, Phil and Effie stayed on in that house until the first of August. On the first of August a disreputable-looking van backed up to the curb, was loaded to the gunwale and ambled down the street, with Phil and Effie seated next the driver, swinging their legs to the tune of the motor's beat.

They landed in St. Mary's Lane. St. Mary's Lane was a muddy, narrow little street; the home of artisans, lined with rows of narrow little five-room houses built of frame, fifteen feet wide and twenty-five feet deep. The battered van drew up before No. 27 in this street. Forty-one children immediately surrounded it. Seven pipe smokers left seven front doorsteps and drew up at a respectful distance. A pretty girl darted out upon the little porch next door. Effie recognized her presence with a flip of the hand and then deftly swung herself from the seat of the van into Phil Lowell's arms below. It took less than an hour to install the furniture inside the house.

The pretty girl next door came in and helped. Her eyes were glistening. Every once in a while she stole a furtive glance at Phil and Effie as they clutched each other in some corner or behind a door. That evening the pretty girl brought her young man in to see them. The young man looked about him critically.

"You ain't moved in," he said.

Effie led the procession to the second floor.

"We've got a bedroom," she assured him.

The young man gasped for breath. That room was a knock-out. He had never hoped to see a bedroom like to that. But he shook his head.

"She'll be wanting one just like it," grumbled he, but with a wistful look at his sweetheart.

"You see," explained the pretty girl to Effie, "he wants that we should start right off, without a thing. And he wants that we should live in a bum neighborhood, with foreigners. I don't see it, after living sort of swell here in St. Mary's Lane for all my life. It's not respectable to go off and live in a bum neighborhood like that."

"She'll be wanting a room just like this," grumbled the young man. He was a likely chap, Effie admitted to herself, with a quick, eager and yet bashful eye that had its way with a girl; tall and broad-shouldered, almost twice the size of Phil; the kind of boy who could take his pick of girls. "But where do I get off to get the coin?" he said, his wistful glance still upon his girl.

Phil Lowell had a two weeks' vacation. He spent it in St. Mary's Lane with Effie. Together they draped some cheesecloth curtains in the front windows—they cost a pretty penny too. They painted walls and trim and floors and ceilings. They patched up such furniture as they had been able to gather together. And when they weren't in the kitchen with their heads together over the doubtful gas stove, they were living life up in Effie's room. At the end of two weeks Effie dropped Amy Herndon a line, explaining now in full why she had not made her advent at the shore. She wrote her mother briefly that she was living with Phil Lowell at 27 St. Mary's Lane. Then she waited for the storm to burst. Amy was the first in line. She dragged Harry Valentine with her. Harry Valentine declined to inspect their quarters. He sat out on the front stoop and flirted desperately with the pretty girl next door. Both Harry and the girl next door were experts at this game.

Inside, Amy looked about her in disdain.

"But you've got nothing—nothing, Effie!" she wailed. "Not even a piano!"

"I've got Phil," said Effie with a queer, knowing little smile that goaded Amy to desperation. Amy had a sudden thought.

"You never even showed me your engagement ring," she cried.

"I haven't got an engagement ring," said Effie.

Amy looked at her eight-hundred-dollar triumph

"Effie!" she cried as though the last trump had blown. "No engagement ring!"

"I tell you," returned Effie, "I've got Phil."

Amy looked out at the muddy street; looked at the swarm of children.

"I wouldn't live here for a thousand Phils," said Amy.

But Effie caught her by the arm. Effie drew aside the cheesecloth curtain.

"Amy," said Effie, "do you see that man across the street, smoking a pipe, upon that porch?"

"What about him?" returned Amy.

"That man," went on Effie, drawing a deep breath of excitement, "has got sixteen children and nine grandchildren, and he never earned over a thousand dollars a year in his life. All his children—born right here in St. Mary's Lane."

"That man!" cried Amy Herndon. She regarded him with interest. "Sixteen children!" she gasped. She stared at the man, wondering. It came to her suddenly that she was gazing out on something like real life. "This is no place for me," said Amy.

Sadly she gathered up Harry Valentine from his point of vantage on the front stoop and went her way. She went back to the shore. Harry Valentine was more friendly. Harry came over evening after evening, and sat out on the porch and flirted with that girl; and when the girl was all alone she flirted back.

The Parker Montgomerys came next. Effie's sister held up her hands in holy horror.

"You can't live here!" she cried.

"We're living here," smiled Effie. And that was that.

Effie's mother came in, hot and nervous and excited, from a morning train. She was scandalized. Some of her curious neighbors had written her.

"Where is Phil?" she demanded.

"Phil," said Effie sweetly, "is downtown, earning my living and his own."

"You'll have to get married and at once," said Effie's mother.

"We're not going to get married, mother," returned Effie. She took her mother to the window. "Do you see that little man going into that little church?" said Effie. "Well, that little man married us in that little church the day I was supposed to go to Sandyside. And a girl next door and her fellow were the witnesses. Our neighbors know that we're all right or they wouldn't have us here."

Her mother sank down into a chair whose bad leg immediately gave way. Effie helped her to a safer resting place. Her mother gasped for breath.

"It is just ruin!" cried her mother.

"It might have been," said Effie. "No," went on Effie as she saw her mother's glance roving about the poverty-stricken rooms, "if you're thinking about buying us furniture you'd best have another think. But ten tons of coal would suit us fine. It won't be long now before winter will be here."

"Winter!" cried her mother. "You don't imagine you're going to spend a winter in this house!"

Effie looked her mother full in the face.

"I may spend twenty winters in this house for all I know," she said.

"But all your friends!" protested Mrs. Sheridan.

"My friends," returned Effie with maddening superciliousness, "have got everything but what they want. My friends are not married, and I am."

At eleven o'clock on the morning of his return to work Phil Lowell stole downstairs to the Monumental Drug Store to get his customary drink. He put his hand in his pocket. He had nothing but a one-dollar bill. He didn't take a drink that morning. He didn't take a drink that afternoon. Across the way from the huge Monumental Building there ranged the city market. After hours that afternoon Phil made his way over to the city market. He bought a pound of meat with forty cents—a pound of meat with the price of two insignificant glasses of goo. He looked about him. For forty cents he could buy fifteen bananas or eight oranges or a fine fresh mackerel or a pound of bacon or a dozen eggs; any one of these. The forty cents a day that he used to throw away would keep life going in himself and Effie. The price of a shine, the cost of trolley fares, the dollar and a half that he spent for a new necktie once a month ——

"By gorry," thought Phil as he realized it all, "Eff and I are living life!"

It was hard to sense. But the glorious truth was there; he couldn't get away from it. He was founding a home; he was beginning a career. There were no taxies, no dances and no dinners. There was just life as they lived it at 27 St. Mary's Lane.

V

A YEAR later there was a hurried ring at Effie's door. Effie answered it. A whimpering man stood on her doorstep. His face was swollen, bleeding.

"Effie," faltered this individual, "you let me in."

Effie let him in, followed him into the little parlor.

"The coward!" cried this man. "He beat me up! Twice as big as me! He beat me up, I tell you!"

He held a bloody handkerchief over one eye, this man. He was Harry Valentine. Effie got some water and dabbed off his face.

"It's not so bad," she said; "but, Harry, I knew that it might come to this. And the man isn't a coward. He's just defending his rights. You know all that."

Harry Valentine forgot his hysterical tears.

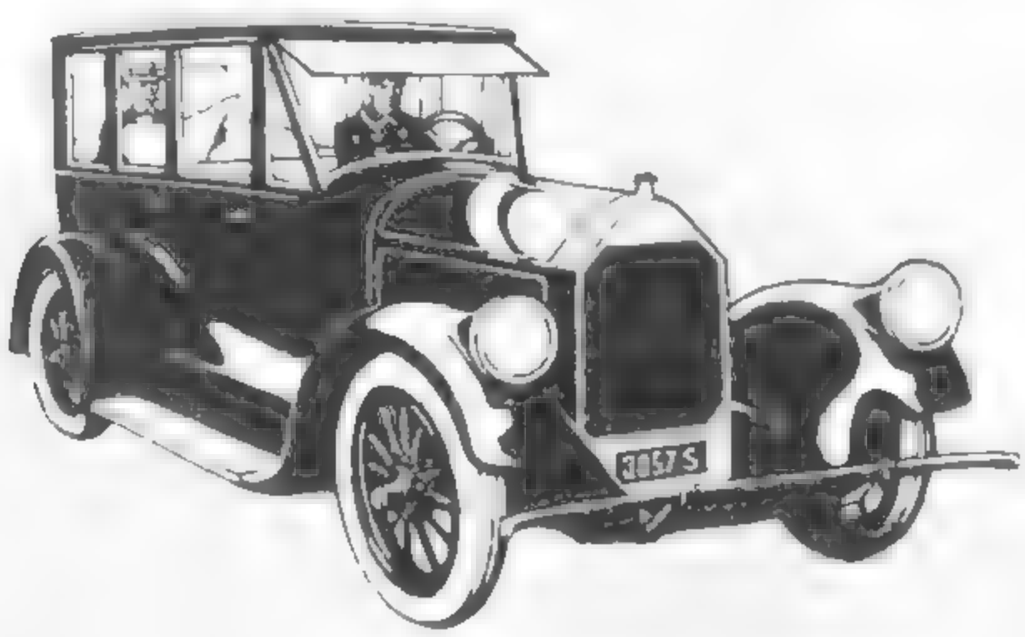
"I know this," cried Harry Valentine, starting up. "I know this—that nothing of the kind would have happened if Amy hadn't held me off, and held me off and held me off. Do you know what this fellow that beat me up is making? He's going to marry that girl next door on next to nothing. The girl, she told me. I'm making four times what that guy pulls down. You see? But he's going to marry her; he's going to marry her tonight. They had the devil of a row just over me, and she's given in. He marries her tonight. You get me? Where is Phil?"

"Out selling insurance," nodded Effie. "He'll be back by ten."

"I'm glad he's out," said Harry. "I've got to unload this on somebody like you. Amy—putting me off, putting me off. What everybody says. Take good advice.

(Continued on Page 48)

PIERCE



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ARROW

Watch This Column

BABY PEGGY in

"Little Red Riding Hood"

THIS is how Johnny Held, Jr., famous artist, sees BABY PEGGY and The Wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood," a Century Special Production which has just been released. Can you imagine this fairy story in motion-pictures with all the strange characters it involves?

Every child will want to see it. And the grown people who knew these fairy-characters thirty, forty and fifty years ago will be just as anxious. It has been put on elaborately, and BABY PEGGY does the most surprising acting of her "stage-career." She is only four years old.

The story of "Little Red Riding Hood" excited me more when I was a child than any other fairy-tale the books contained. It lingered longer in my mind, and when this picture was finished I was just as eager to see it as any child could possibly be. It will affect you grown-ups the same way.

UNIVERSAL CENTURY COMEDIES have become very ambitious. They have gathered some astonishing talent, such as "Queenie," the trick horse; "Brownie," the wonder dog; and Johnny Fox, the freckle-faced boy comedian. It will pay you exhibitors to watch for them and book them.

And bear in mind the unalterable fact that you can't see all the best pictures unless you see UNIVERSAL'S. Remember the great success of "The Storm," "Human Hearts," "Under Two Flags"—all UNIVERSAL'S, and many more of the same high character on the way.

CARL LAEMMLE, *President*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 46)

Do this. Don't do that. Do everything but what you want to do. Do everything but what you started out to do. Just wait!"

"Why don't you have it out with Amy?" queried Effie.

Harry started up again.

"Have you got a telephone?" he queried.

"No," said Effie.

Harry stared at her.

"You haven't got a phone?" he cried.

"Not yet, but soon," said Effie. "We haven't got a telephone, but we've got a baby, Harry."

"I know darn well you have," said Harry.

"Do you want to see him?" demanded Effie.

"I do not!" cried Harry Valentine. "I want to see Amy, that's who I want to see."

But he didn't see Amy; he put it off. A black eye is unconvincing. Effie got Phil to drop Amy a postal card when Phil got back that night, and next afternoon Amy came over. Effie said nothing at all to Amy about Harry Valentine. She seated Amy in the window of her bedroom and got her to hold the baby in her lap. She left her there alone for an appreciable space of time. When she returned Amy was leaning over the baby, sniveling just a bit.

Amy forced back tears and laughed a bit hysterically.

"Eff," she said, "this engagement ring of mine ——"

"What about it?" demanded Effie.

"Harry told me last week," went on Amy, wiping her nose, "that the installments have been all paid up; so the ring is really mine"

"Then you're really engaged, aren't you, dear?" said Effie.

"I don't know," returned Amy, her chin quivering, "whether I am or whether I'm not. Do you?"

Effie put her arm around the girl.

"Amy," she whispered, "I had one baby for the price of my engagement ring. Why don't you sell your ring? You can have two babies for the price of yours."

Amy cast a swift, startled glance at her. She handed Effie her offspring. Amy looked about her eagerly.

"Have you got a telephone?" she cried.

VI

MR. ELI ACKERSON and Miss Gibb left No. 27 St. Mary's Lane after an inspection of Effie's room and of the Lowell son and heir. For a moment they stood together under a low-hanging tree.

"Loretta," faltered Mr. Ackerson, feeling for her in the dark, "if he's doing it on what he's getting, why can't we do it on what I'm getting?"

"Oh," cried Loretta, the softness of the baby clothes still fresh upon her fingers "oh, let's!"

The next morning Mr. Eli Ackerson descended upon Phil Lowell like a thousand of brick. His eye was unnaturally bright.

"Look here!" cried Mr. Ackerson, on the verge of a tremendous disclosure. "You don't say good morning to your superiors any more."

"Can't," cried Phil, grinning "I'm too busy with my work."

THE TIMES THAT WAS

——the times that was! —*Kipling.*

"THE times that was!" What memories that phrase brings forth! I have been importuned many times by friends to set down on paper such incidents as I may remember of my long and I hope useful career. These friendly requests I have dismissed with the contempt they deserve, as I cannot imagine why the vulgar curiosity of the public should be satisfied by me as it has been satisfied by so many other—that is, so many notoriety seekers.

But the public is not my public. My public is made up of the cognoscenti —the intelligentzia, who seek not to gratify idle curiosity but only to stimulate their intellects by studying my life as a, I hope, not insignificant part of their own times.

Such was the argument with which the treasurer of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST overcame my reluctance to write these memoirs. The argument is not wholly his own, and indeed is almost entirely mine, but he deserves the credit for inspiring it in my mind. How remarkable it is that a small pink slip of paper with just a few words on it should accomplish what the arguments of one's friends fail to! Such is the value of clear, simple English.

"Simple!" I have tried to make that word the keynote of my whole life. I was born in simple surroundings, of simple parents, and now that I am, however undeservedly, rich and famous all over the civilized world, I have tried to preserve in my New York mansion, my Newport cottage, my château in Brittany, and my country seat in Kent the same note of simplicity, regardless of expense.

It was in the Brittany château that these reminiscences of my life and times were dictated to my secretaries. In my simple but palatial seventeen-room suite, in the east wing, where so many distinguished personages have been my guests, I have my private office, fitted only with a simple but palatial mahogany desk and an equally simple but palatial mahogany chair inlaid with gold and silver ornaments of simple but palatial design.

At this point I am reminded by my secretaries that I am expected to join a picnic party given by the Duchess of Oof, and that even now my simple but palatial limousine is at the door to take me there, followed by my simple but palatial touring car with the lunch. So, my friends, I must perforce leave you for a little. *A riesderci.*

II

IF I HAD realized what a difficult task it would be to set down a few stray memories on paper I never should have committed myself to it. Now, however, that I have progressed so far I think it unfair to my public to stop.

Really, though, I hardly know where to begin. Shall it be with the account of my great triumph at La Scala, or my election as alderman of the Fifth Ward in Chicago, or the time I was called in by the governor to arbitrate the so-called Fudge Sunday riots, when the striking soda-fountain clerks came within an ace of blowing up the great ice-cream-soda factory in Milwaukee, or my swimming of the English Channel in three hours and some odd minutes at the age of eight, or my reorganization of the Boomstown, Pickettsville and Iceburg Railway whereby the stock of a practically bankrupt road was boosted overnight to 576? Which shall it be?

A solution comes to me. After all, we all begin somewhere, usually by being born. I, too, will begin there.

I was born, then, in the little village of Peapod, Iowa, in much the usual way. Nor was I an unusual baby, although my parents have often said that I was the handsomest child ever born. I was just an ordinary baby, no more no less.

Of my impressions up to the age of one year I cannot recall much. Of my impressions up to the age of two I cannot recall much more. Of my impressions up to the age of five I remember but little. They were, however, of that simple sort I have always tried to have. I do not allow even my impressions to be anything but simple.

III

ELYNOR GARNETTE was my first love. But I cannot speak of her now. I will speak of her later.

IV

IN THE spring of 1885 I was somewhat at a loose end. My term as President —of the Peapod, Iowa, Country Club—had just expired, and though my supporters urged me to run for reëlection I felt it my duty to my family to abandon at least temporarily the honors of public office for the larger emoluments of private enterprise.

Besides, I was a trifle weary of life in the metropolis. Travel always appealed to me, so when I was given the opportunity to connect with Hoolihan, Mulvaney & McGrail, railroad contractors, I accepted. The free, open-air life agreed with me, and the vigorous toil with spade and spike maul hardened muscles that a too sedentary life had threatened to make sadly flabby.

Three weeks put me in perfect physical shape. I had always been fond of boxing, and one of the men in the gang named Angelo proving to be gifted with a like taste, we often used to spar a little for the pleasure of the other men. One evening, however, I lost my temper a trifle at a blow a bit harder than usual—though unintentionally so, as I discovered later with regret—so I put a little more steam into my counter than I intended, and broke five of the poor fellow's ribs.

After this incident tales of my prowess—I fear a trifle exaggerated—spread rapidly. Eventually they came to the ears of another gang who also boasted a champion, and we were matched for a friendly bout. Every nickel that both gangs could raise by pawning, borrowing and stealing was wagered on the result. I warded off his blows without difficulty, however—he was no boxer—until, enraged by his failure to land, he applied a vile epithet to me. Stung out of my calm I said nothing, but struck my first and only blow of the bout, a right uppercut to the jaw that did not travel over three inches.

Several men had heard the vile name passed, and all testified that I had not used my full strength; so after a short hearing I was completely exonerated by the coroner's jury.

The memory of the defeat rankled in the other camp, however, and two months later they sent emissaries to us to the effect that a new man had joined their ranks whose ability to knock me for a gool, as they amusingly put it, they were prepared to back to the uttermost nickel in their pay envelopes. Mindful of the fatal outcome of the preceding set-to, I was reluctant again to enter the ring. On the other hand I was quite as reluctant to disappoint my comrades who had so loyally stood by me at the inquest; so after much persuasion I consented.

I had no sooner seen my opponent in the other corner than I realized that we fellows had been, as they say in the argot of the ring, framed. For if this man had ever wielded a pick for a living it had been long before he became famous in the prize ring. My companions, living in the great open spaces of the West, where news seldom penetrates, failed to recognize him, but I needed no more than a look to identify him as Robert Fitzsimmons. How the champion heavyweight of the world had been persuaded to fight a section hand I could not then imagine, but I later discovered that he had been induced to do so as a joke, as of course I had been described to him as the easiest kind of a set-up, in the argot of the ring, and the prospect of earning the substantial sum he had been paid by our rivals by putting me away, as they say in the argot of the ring, with a few well-directed blows had been very attractive.

However, I was not discouraged. The members of the opposing camp were jubilantly offering six to one that I would be knocked out in a round, and our fellows were as quickly, in the argot of the ring, snapping them up. I, saying nothing of my discovery, took fifty dollars myself at, in the argot of the ring, the ringside odds.

I calculated that my opponent, figuring that my knowledge of fisticuffs was probably limited, would be careless. So when the bell rang I sidles club-footedly toward him, waving my arms like a windmill. Fitzsimmons grinned and contemptuously allowed his hands to dangle at his sides. I came within striking distance. Still he did not raise his hands. There was a crack. Not even the three doctors who were hurriedly called could bring him to in less than a half hour.

Later we became great friends, and often had a hearty laugh over the defeat of the world's heavyweight champion by a section hand. "The bigger they are the harder they fall," I would often say to him. Later this saying, when credited to Fitzsimmons, became well known, although I may say that he made an honest effort to place the credit for originating it where it belonged. But reporters are notoriously careless, so Fitzsimmons is known as the author.

—*Baron Ireland.*

STEINWAY

The Instrument of the Immortals

BEETHOVEN

De Pachmann once said: "If Beethoven could hear his compositions played upon a Steinway he would not know such beauty for his own." What a pity it is that the greatest master could not himself have played upon the greatest instrument! Though the Steinway was born too late for Beethoven, it was here in time for Liszt and Rubinstein, for Wagner, Berlioz and Gounod. And today, a still greater Steinway than these men knew responds to the touch of Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, Hofmann and the other masters of our time.

A Companion of the Years

Somebody has said that we should choose a piano as carefully as we choose a husband or a wife. And for two reasons: first, because it is to be a companion of our inward and intimate life; second, because we want it to be with us for a lifetime. An unwisely chosen piano loses its sweetness with the years—sometimes with the months; a wisely chosen piano endears itself with time. The first we apologize for as years go by, and at the earliest opportunity we rid ourselves of it; the second we contemplate with increasing pride.

The chief reason why one make of piano is better than another is the same reason why one book or one painting is better than another—creative genius and artistic devotion. Behind the excellence of the materials used in a piano, behind the skilled craftsmanship, must shine the light of this genius and this devotion if the piano is to be great.

Henry Steinway called his first piano "a labor of love," because he made it in the odd hours of his time as a present to his bride. And for four generations the making of the Steinway has continued to be, in a different sense, a labor of love. It is remarkable in the annals of family inheritance that in each generation of the Steinway family there has been some inventive genius who has contributed improvements which have carried the standard of piano construction to greater and greater heights.

To the lover of music, seeking expression, the Steinway comes with the responsiveness of the wind harp to the wind, and its action is so free that one does not think of it as a thing of wood and metal, but of the spirit.

The Steinway tradition is to make the finest possible piano and sell it at the lowest possible price and upon the easiest possible terms. For this reason, the Steinway can be purchased for a sum which probably will surprise you by its moderation and upon terms that will relieve the purchase of inconvenience.

USED PIANOS ACCEPTED IN PARTIAL EXCHANGE

Sometimes people postpone the purchase of a Steinway because they do not realize that their old piano will be accepted as partial payment. The nearest Steinway dealer will gladly examine your piano and fix a price upon it to apply on a new Steinway.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway with a cash deposit of 10 per cent and the balance will be extended over a period of two years.

Prices, $875 and up, plus freight

STEINWAY & SONS, *Steinway Hall, 109 E. Fourteenth St.,* New York City

-and he lived to be 103 years old!

It was Metchnikoff, the great scientist, who cited the case of "the weaver of Minsk." He was a hunchback who sat all day at his loom. And as he sat, he dipped alternately into two bowls of sauerkraut on the bench beside him—one of cooked sauerkraut, one of raw. And he lived to be 103 years old.

Metchnikoff, referring to this, pointed out that sauerkraut and sauerkraut juice are rich in lactic acid bacilli—the beneficial germs to which he attached so much importance in his famous book on "The Prolongation of Life."

These lactic acid bacilli are the guardians of health. They attack and destroy the harmful germs which often cause intestinal disease. They are among mankind's best friends. And they literally teem in sauerkraut.

It is the presence of these lactic ferments which makes sauerkraut so valuable a food in cases of diabetes and other ailments. In Ander's "Practice of Medicine" sauerkraut is given first place in the vegetable diet for diabetics. At Augustana Hospital in Chicago, Dr. Edward Ochsner has given it some very interesting tests. In ailments arising from an excess of uric acid in the system, it is of great value.

For centuries, sauerkraut has been a favorite food with millions. But it is only in recent years that science has discovered its remarkable properties as a *preventive* and *corrective* of many ailments.

The story of these remarkable discoveries is interestingly told in our free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food." Mail the coupon for it. It contains also new and tested recipes for preparing this delicious food.

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STINNES THE STABILIZER

(Continued from Page 4)

what he said to me he not only caused a letter of regret to be sent to me, but printed an editorial apology in the Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung. He said that he had confounded my interview with an article by an eminent British journalist who had tried to see him and failed.

The interesting feature of this performance was that Stinnes, after the manner of his kind, had done exactly what the late Theodore Roosevelt had done in similar circumstances. Herr Stinnes has no Ananias Club, but he would have one if he were addicted to interviews. I indulge in this rather personal reminiscence because it sheds some light on the methods of a remarkable man. We can now go on to the sequel.

Since I had gone to Germany again to study the economic situation, I realized that it was important to see the human nerve center of it. It was all the more vital since the French and German press was playing up the Stinnes-Lubursac agreement as marking an epoch in the history of Europe, and particularly in the relations between the two countries.

When I telephoned to the ex-Ludendorff intelligence officer who had arranged the first interview I learned that both he and *Der Principal*—as his subordinates call Stinnes—were out of town. Fortunately for me, another high aide, an ex-cavalry major—all of Stinnes' principal staff lieutenants are old army men—whom I had met during my Stinnes campaign of 1921 was on the job. I asked him to lunch and he told me he would do what he could to bring about a meeting. I had planned to leave Berlin on a Saturday, and on Friday morning Stinnes returned to Berlin. On Friday evening as I sat at dinner at the Adlon Hotel a messenger brought me a note from friend major, saying: "Mr. Stinnes asks if you will be good enough to call on him this evening at half past ten o'clock at the Hotel Esplanade. He will be engaged up to that time."

Mr. Stinnes' Headquarters

It is a curious but not surprising fact that everything relating to Stinnes, even his domicile, is invested with interest. When I met him before he had an apartment at the Adlon Hotel. He tried to buy it—he is the superacquirer of his time—but the Adlons would not sell. He decided to move to the Esplanade. At that time the hotel was controlled by the Hamburg-American Line, in which Stinnes had large interests. When he sought to exploit the line for his own ends a big fight developed. He withdrew and took the big Berlin hotel in exchange for his stock. He already possessed some of the shares. Thus he practically bought a hotel in order to live in it. It is the Stinnes way.

Promptly at half past ten I appeared at the Esplanade and sent up my card. A young secretary whom I had not seen before came down and took me to a suite on the third floor.

"Herr Stinnes is just finishing dinner and will be up shortly," he said.

It developed that Stinnes had been in a series of conferences since two o'clock, not stopping for food until shortly before I arrived. Once he starts something he never lets up until he gains the objective in mind. He is a taskmaster, but he drives himself harder than anyone else.

At the Esplanade Stinnes has a considerable section of the third floor. He uses one suite for offices; another for sleeping purposes; a third for house guests, and a fourth for the secretaries who travel with him. In the simple appointment of his offices you have little suggestion of the immense and ramified interests that radiate from them.

Only the battery of telephones on his plain flat-topped desk gives a hint of the vast domain of finance and production harnessed up to that small Berlin area.

In a few moments Captain Humann, a former naval officer, came in. He was the only one of the important Stinnes aides whom I did not meet last year. Because of the peculiar interest attaching to him at that particular moment I shall speak of it in passing. It was Humann who acted as principal liaison officer between the Germans and the Turks at the outbreak of the World War. Having lived in Turkey for years, he knew the people, the language and the customs. The German Great General Staff sent him to Constantinople, and he conducted the negotiations with Enver Pasha by which the Turks entered the struggle. At the moment I talked with him the Turks had precipitated a new crisis, and it was touch and go then whether there would be war with England over the freedom of the Dardanelles.

But Humann's association with Stinnes has a more permanent significance. It shows that the prize magnate of Germany deals in specialists. Since the world is his field, he enlists the aid of only those who can serve him best in their chosen lines. If Stinnes, for example, wants a concession in Turkey he knows that the heaven-born emissary is Humann, who is still *persona grata* there. Moreover, such experts as Humann provide the chief with the great mass of accurate information on which much of the swift Stinnes initiative is reared. With the Warwick of German business, knowledge is power.

Humann was discussing Anglo-Turkish complications, when the door behind him opened with a jerk and Stinnes stepped into the room with hand outstretched. I had not, of course, seen him for a year and I was a trifle surprised at the transition in him. Those deep, piercing eyes, which had seemed tired almost to sadness when first they gave me the once-over, were bright. The broad, bearded, heavy face was fuller and less swarthy. It even showed a trace of color. But the man's manner had not changed. Again there were the swift, alert gestures and the almost vivid projection of a personality that suggested robust tenacity, iron will and inflexible purpose. If anything, he was much more animate than last year.

Stinnes wore a loose-fitting dark sack suit, low white collar and a ready-made black bow tie. In personal appointment he was as plain and slovenly as ever. That single iron watch chain, so often referred to in the articles about him, still crossed his not expensive waistcoat.

Stinnes greeted me in German. After expressing regret over the lateness of the hour and the fact that I had been compelled to wait a few minutes, he led the way into the adjoining chamber which is his private office. Humann accompanied us. It is an ordinary hotel parlor. In the corner was a small flat-topped desk on which stood three telephones. *Der Principal* seated himself at the desk and beckoned me to take the chair opposite.

I knew that Stinnes was fresh from the deal with De Lubursac and that he regarded it as a real step toward some kind of accord with France. I felt, therefore, that here was the subject with which to start the waves of talk. At once I congratulated him upon his vision and his achievement. The dark and brooding face lighted up with as much of a smile as this man of steel ever permits himself to indulge in.

A Move Toward Harmony

"I believe it is a definite step forward," he replied; "the first move toward economic harmony between France and Germany—this accord is essential to the stabilization of Europe—in the immediate restoration of the devastated region. It is a problem not of money or politics but of work. Once France is restored—and it is Germany's obligation to do so—the troublesome reparation tangle will be nearer solution. This is why I have concluded the negotiations with Senator de Lubursac. It means that business and not politics will rule. I am confident that it is the best possible thing for both countries. It gives Germany a market for her materials, and it provides French labor with occupation. It will take care of what would have been a serious unemployment problem once the partial demobilization of the French Army begins."

"I hear that you are to visit the devastated area," was my next remark.

"Yes," replied Stinnes. "A number of my German industrial colleagues, including Thyssen, Silverberg and the head of Krupps and myself, have been invited to be the guests of a group of French industrialists. Before you arrive in America we will doubtless have made the trip."

Stinnes could not have made a more significant remark. The fact that German and French industrialists are getting together on an official visit to the ravaged region is but the camouflage of a larger union that has been in the making for some time. I believe I am making the statement for the first time when I say that French capital is becoming more and more interested in Stinnes and other German enterprises. It is no secret that French, German and Belgian industries are seeking the one logical way out of the chaos that envelops business. That way lies through the formation of huge international combines which will operate clearing houses for the mobilization of raw materials, orders and a general parceling out of the world markets. Neither Germany nor France places any ban on trusts. In Germany especially the sky is the limit, while for years the word "trust" has been the middle name of French commerce and production. If one phase of these proposed combines materializes, not less than 150,000,000 tons of German coal and 38,000,000 tons of French iron ore will be brought under the control of a single group each year, thus eliminating wasteful competition. Needless to say, Stinnes is the leading spirit in this and kindred ventures.

Longer Working Days

Stinnes had been speaking almost without suggestion on my part. I asked him the questions in English and he almost invariably responded in German. When he spoke too fast and I got beyond my German depth, as it were, he repeated the substance in English, which he speaks with fluency.

Suddenly he turned to one of the subjects dearest to his heart, for he said:

"The greatest problem that the world faces is unemployment. You have only to look at England and America, with their millions of idle men and women, to realize that something fundamental must be done to take out insurance against it.

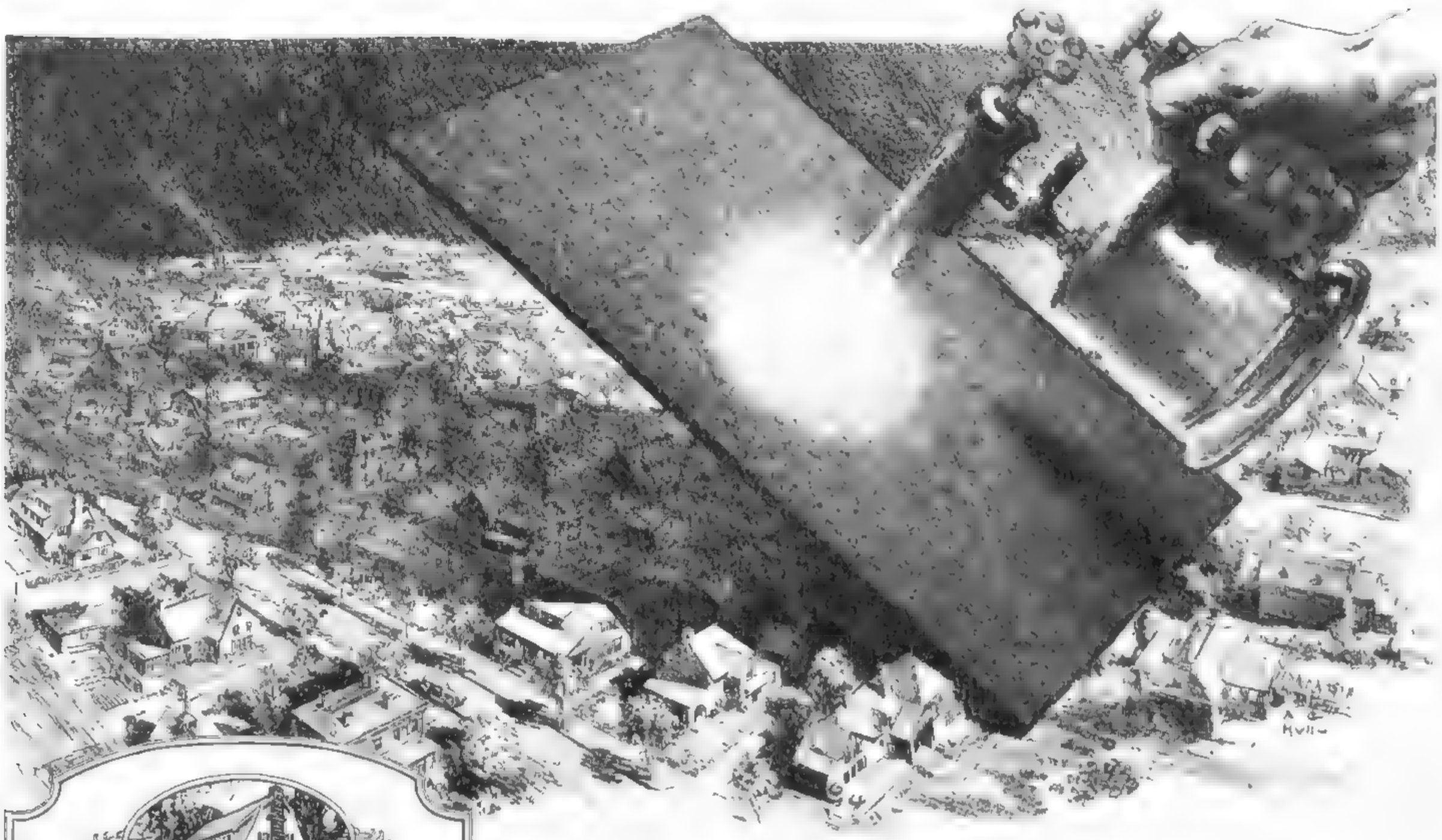
"That insurance can be had only through an international production that will make consumers out of all the nonconsumers of the world. Where are these nonconsumers? In Russia, Siberia, the African colonies and in China. I am in favor of big and constructive enterprises in all the countries, in which the peoples themselves will have a part both in production and in profit. They must be given ample credit. Carry out such a program and in three years' time the demand for goods and materials among the present nonconsumers will eliminate unemployment in Europe and America. The gospel of work is the formula for most of our social and other ills."

This reference to work leads me to one of the many significant present-day Stinnes ventures in Germany. It is well known that in conjunction with other big Teutonic industrialists he is seeking to convince German labor of the folly of the present eight-hour day. When you analyze the collapse of the mark you find one reason in a limited German output. The artisans and German organized labor, including both sexes, reaches a total of nearly 15,000,000 who formerly toiled for twelve and even fourteen hours a day now will not budge beyond eight. The eight-hour day has become a fetish, and workers have pledged themselves not to violate it. Stinnes has been compelled to work cautiously because of fear of antagonizing the powerful socialist bodies, but he has already made progress with his coal miners in the Ruhr. The argument that he made to them was precisely the same he made in discussing the matter with me. He said:

"All the material for reparation, as well as a bigger output for our export trade, can be obtained by adding one hour and a half to the German working day. If the workers do not assent, then ultimately they will be brought to it by economic necessity."

Stinnes' remarks about labor and production naturally led to the question of the future of Germany. Last year I had no difficulty in eliciting a strong statement on this point. Then he vehemently declared that not only was it impossible to pay the reparation demanded but that the amount and the system jeopardized the German future. He ignored a trivial inconsistency—namely, that despite his pessimistic point of view he was gambling on the certainty

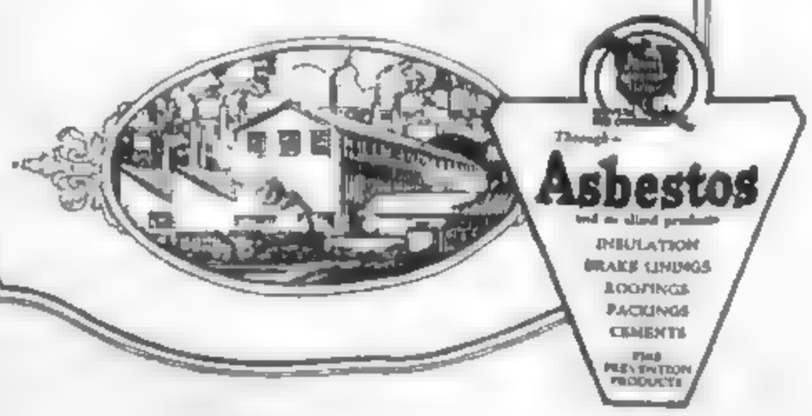
(Continued on Page 52)



What Type of Asbestos Roofing?
This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles	Flexstone—red, green gray or blue-black
Dwellings $5,000–$7,000	Slate surfaced shingles or rigid asbestos shingles	Flexstone—red, green gray or blue-black, rigid—red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000–$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or extra black, red brown, gray or blended
Dwellings $25,000—upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	Colorblende—five tones brown with or without red or gray accents
Factories, shops and mills, Mansards and Sawtooth roofs*	3 or 4 ply ready roofing or Built-up Asbestos Roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.



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for the protection of this Asbestos Shingle

YOUR roof is your shelter. It is the protective armor between your hearth and the elements without: rain, snow, cold, wind—*and fire.* Would you run the risk of a roof-communicated fire to save the few extra dollars that will bring you the security of asbestos?

Johns-Manville Flexstone Asbestos Shingles cost only a fraction of a cent more per shingle than the usual slate-surfaced, composition shingle. On the average house the difference is often less than $25.

See what you get!

Flexstone Shingles are similar in appearance to many other slate-surfaced roofings. But here the similarity ends. Underneath the embellishment of slate surfacing is a dense layer of asbestos rock fibre. This all-mineral base not only keeps the shingles from curling but it renders them immune to weather, dry rot, and the flying spark hazard.

Flexstone comes in single shingles, in four shingle strips or in roll form—in every case inexpensive and permanent. And you can choose from four artistic colors—red, green, light gray, or blue-black.

The famous blow-torch test

Flexstone, as well as all other Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings (see chart at left), stands up under the white hot flame of a plumber's blow-torch—a test that often reduces the average composition shingle to a cinder.

People who have gone through the horrors of a community fire are quick to buy Asbestos Roofing. But the time to act is before the fire, and not after.

Send for our booklet on Flexstone Shingles today, or inquire about them from your local roofing dealer or builder.

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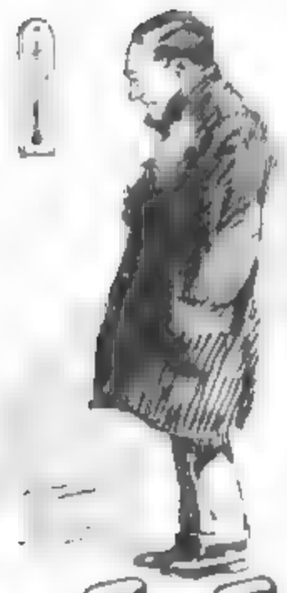

Cold?

in

home
office
store
factory
school
church
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(Continued from Page 50)

of the Teutonic economic future to the extent of the biggest industrial state in the world controlled by one man.

It was not so much what Stinnes said but what he did not say that gave me the impression that he was more cheerful about Germany than when he talked about her in 1921. Perhaps the agreement with De Lubursac, and the fact that it would eventually relieve the cost-payment system, had something to do with his unuttered optimism. On one matter he was not so buoyant as in the previous year. This was Russia and her commercial possibilities. Then he believed that Germany was the inspired regenerator of the immense Slav domain.

His own participation in that reconstruction was planned on a big scale. But Germany has so far failed to realize her ambition in Russia, because she has lacked the capital with which to operate. This deficiency applies less to Stinnes than to any of his colleagues, but there is no doubt that he has not scored there in his usual big way.

There is another reason why the Germans have failed in Russia, and it bears significantly upon the present Teutonic crisis. Before the war the Germans acquired immense quantities of raw material in both Russia and Siberia at low prices. They shipped it to their home factories and converted it into merchandise at a low overhead cost. The goods were then sent to Russia and sold at big profits. Despite a natural affinity between the two nations and the well-known German comprehension of Russian psychology, the Slavs now resent being exploited in the old way. It shows that all is not brotherly love in the soviet economic scheme. The virus of capitalism seems to have poisoned the political Eden.

I now decided to ask Stinnes what could only be construed as a leading question, for it dealt with the vital German issue. I mean, of course, the collapse of the mark. Bracing myself for what I felt certain would be a swift and perhaps unpleasant come-back, I said: "You are widely charged with being the father of the so-called catastrophe policy which has depreciated the mark and enabled you and other big industrialists to profit by it. Is it true?"

German Currency

To my surprise the bearded man before me simply smiled and answered quite dispassionately:

"It is not so. People think I favor inflation, but I do not. Inflation is merely a weapon that Germany has been compelled to employ. In the war we had to fight the whole world. In peace, or so-called peace, we have to do the same thing. Today we are combating prejudice, antidumping laws, every conceivable kind of restriction to our trade and commercial restoration. Lift these barriers and Germany will at once become normal, because imports will balance exports and the mark will be stabilized.

"I am in favor of any legitimate step that will normalize the German currency. I am willing to take the consequences that would follow deflation."

It is well known that Stinnes favored the international loan to Germany to which I have already referred. It meant partial stabilization of the mark, and this in turn means a near-panic. The low mark has been a tremendous asset to him, because it has enabled his many enterprises to produce at a trifling overhead cost, especially labor, as compared with normal values. Personally I believe Stinnes is sincere in his desire for stabilization, since it would enable him to operate to a larger extent in the foreign field. Incidentally he refused to discuss the Allied debt, but said that it was inseparably involved with the reparation scheme.

On one important issue Stinnes expressed himself with fervor. It developed from his discourse on the handicaps placed upon German trade expansion. As he warmed up to the subject he said:

"The economic future, in fact the whole fate of the world, lies in cooperation. So intimately are the currents of trade and the currencies of the different countries interrelated that you cannot deal with one without affecting the other. So long as peoples are in political conflict with each other, so long will trade stagnate and currencies depreciate. We must again arrive at a time when, for example, a man can travel from Paris to Vienna without wasting hours of valuable time being held up and cross-examined in railway stations or at frontiers. The present system is merely an encouragement to lazy officials whose sole idea is to embarrass and delay travelers.

"The same thing, in a larger sense, is true of international trade, for it is subject to aggravating and costly obstructions. Make the world free once more and you will break down the barriers of hate. In the end business is, and should be made, the intermediary between peoples."

While he was in this mood I thought it wise to put another leading query. I said, "Can you give me some message to the American people?"

The suspicion of a smile that had lurked on the swarthy, almost sinister face vanished. Those brooding features hardened as the slow answer came forth.

"Tell the American people," he said, "not to make Germany feel hopeless. When a people are without hope they cannot advance, for they begin to despair.

"Let Germany again have freedom to work out her economic destiny without the bans and restrictions that now hamper her on all sides. Germany wants to work. She is thrifty and persevering. Give her that sense of freedom, and through labor, and labor alone, she will not only work out her emancipation but be a productive and consistent aid to world progress again."

The Man's Personality

With this statement Stinnes ended what might be called the interview proper, although he talked confidentially and interestingly about many things, which unhappily I am not at liberty to disclose. He made one revelation, however, that answered a question often put to me by people who have wondered at his astounding ability to do so much and yet retain his health and vigor. He is constantly on the go, and seldom sleeps in the same place twice in succession. He averages two, sometimes three nights on the train every week.

In the course of the informal conversation that developed I said to him, "What is your formula for life and work?"

Once more the smile came back to his face, for he seemed to be amused at the query. He said:

"I eat sparingly. I do not smoke, and I seldom drink alcohol. When a man follows these rules he can work all the time."

"Do you sleep well?" I asked him.

Again the smile broke. He almost chuckled as he replied:

"The answer to that question may sound rather amusing. When I am in the midst of the most exacting and responsible work I sleep soundly. The reason is that I realize that no matter what develops I am on hand to meet the emergency. When I go away for a holiday, which is not often, my sleep is disturbed because I wonder what is happening in my various enterprises. I feel a certain helplessness at not being on the spot to cope with any crisis that may arise."

I asked Stinnes to sign a photograph, but he declined to do so and I did not pursue the matter. His manner indicated that he thought the business of autographing was a foolish and perhaps frivolous procedure. He followed up the picture idea by saying:

"I have had to promise my wife to sit"—he smiled as he said the word "sit"—"for a real portrait, and I suppose I shall have to do it. What artist do you recommend?"

I hesitated about committing myself, whereupon Stinnes said that Lazlo, the Hungarian painter, who has painted so many British celebrities, including Northcliffe, had been suggested. I remarked that though Lazlo was an admirable craftsman, he had a tendency to idealize his subjects. This struck Stinnes as a serious objection—the man is absolutely without vanity—for he quickly put in: "Then he had better not paint me. I want to be painted as I really am."

Here you have another side light on the human side of the wizard of German industry. I will present another. Although he is a man of iron, and a holy terror when crossed, he has a vulnerable spot. Like many human machines of his stamp, the way to his tender side is through his family. When the superintendent of his mines in the Ruhr asked him last year why he was building up such a vast structure of business his laconic reply was, "For my children."

A member of the Reparations Commission told me this story about him: On one of the many occasions when the coal feature of the indemnity problem was acute Stinnes, who represented the German mine owners, asked for a conference with certain members of the commission. He was told that their private car would pass through Mülheim—where Stinnes makes his home—at half past four on a certain morning, and that he could board the train and discuss the matter on the way to Berlin. He assented to the plan.

The time was midwinter and the morning was dark, cold and gray. As the train stopped two figures appeared through the chill gloom of the platform. One proved to be Stinnes and the other was his only daughter, who had come to see her father off. She clung to him and he to her. Then he mounted the car and again became the human nail.

To return to my evening with him: Once my cross-examination was over—and I must say he did not flinch from a question—he gave many manifestations of a character that I had not been able adequately to appraise in the brief meeting the year before. For example, no sooner did I cease my interrogation than he took the chair, so to speak. Stinnes became the interviewer. I now got a sharp dose of my own medicine. In this respect he did what Lloyd George usually does. Northcliffe was also addicted to it.

Stinnes had heard that I was fresh from Japan and China, and he plied me with questions about the economic situation out there. He did me the honor to say that what I told him about the fiscal plight of Japan and the immense commercial opportunity in China agreed with his own information. Stinnes, as I pointed out in my first article about him, has an intelligence service that covers the world. The information thus gleaned, combined with the coöperation of specialists for every country, enables him to internationalize his scheme of production. When he put me in the witness box he was simply appeasing his insatiable thirst for information.

Although this astounding person is without vanity, he has an immense pride in his accomplishment. When I told him that I had seen the Stinnes impress all through the Far East and had observed the names of his various trading companies—he has a different corporation for every land where he operates—he smiled with pleasure.

I cannot leave Stinnes without recording a piece of hitherto unwritten history in which he had a conspicuous part. It deals with the last night that Walter Rathenau spent on earth. So packed is it with drama and tragic coincidence that it is well worth setting down. I have talked with survivors of this memorable occasion, and I have their consent to make the essential details public.

A Dramatic Interview

On the evening of June twenty-third last the American ambassador to Germany, Mr. Alanson B. Houghton, invited Rathenau, who was then German Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Mr. James A. Logan, one of the American unofficial members of the Reparations Commission, to dine with him at the embassy in Berlin. As usual, the reparations question had become tangled and there was a frank discussion of it. Rathenau, who was the one optimist of the Wirth cabinet, had been the consistent advocate of complete payment by Germany. At the Cannes conference he obligated Germany to a new schedule of monthly cash payments. Stinnes and others of his group bitterly opposed this arrangement, contending that they were beyond the German capacity to pay. Stinnes insisted that Rathenau had acted unwisely and uneconomically. To him he said in substance, "You have signed a paper that cannot be discounted." It was Stinnes the business man speaking.

In reply Rathenau remarked: "My business instincts lead me to accept your criticism. I signed that agreement with the idea that Germany would make every effort to pay. As Minister of Foreign Affairs I had to consider the political aspects." Rathenau the diplomat was exercising his rights.

It is not necessary to enter more fully into the complicated details of the differences between Stinnes and Rathenau. Up to the time of his agreement with De Lubursac, Stinnes fought the complete-payment scheme. There was still an issue between them on the night of the dinner at the American embassy. The minister

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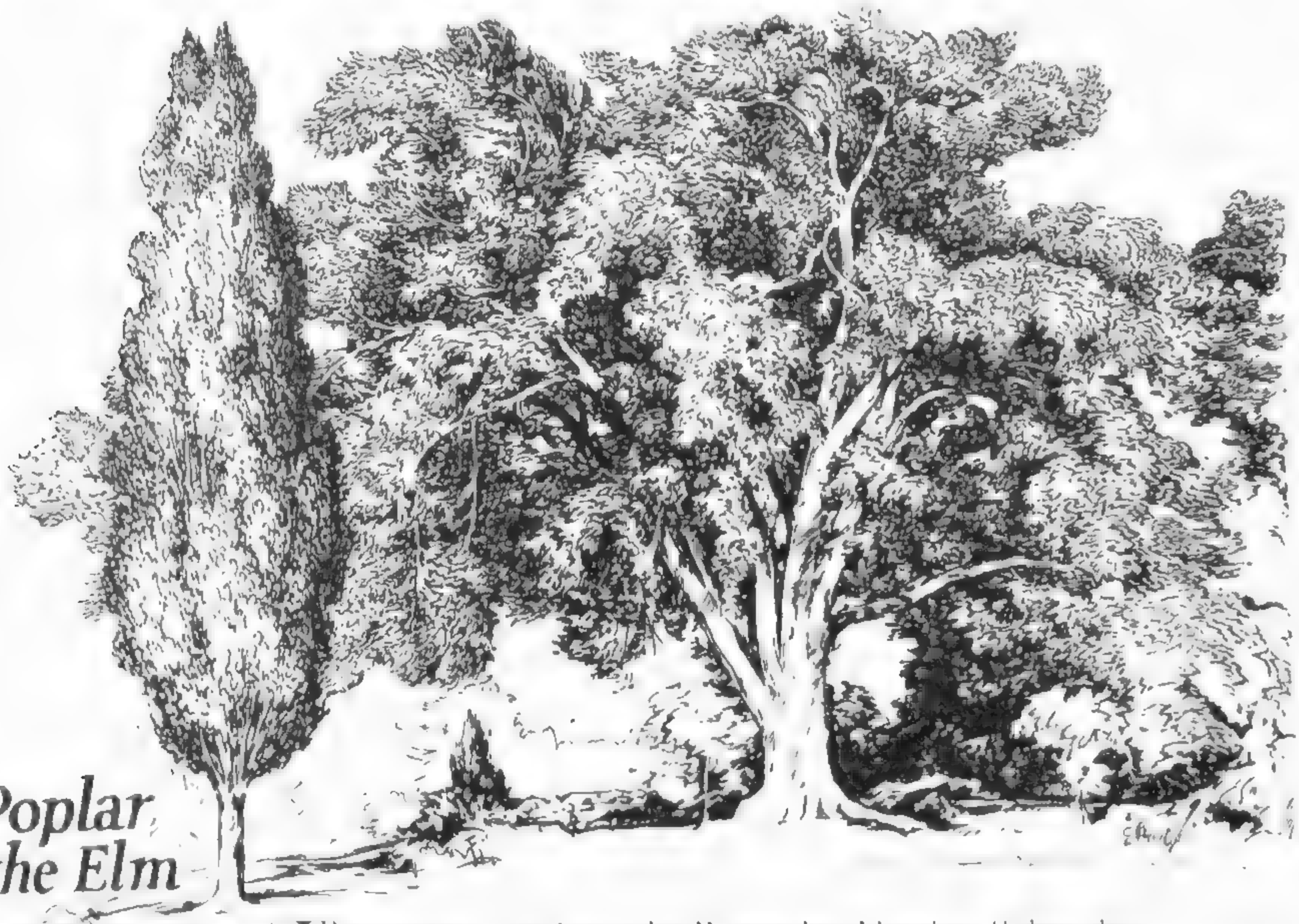

The Poplar and the Elm

"IF you want a tree for to-day," goes the old saying, "plant the poplar; but if you want it to be there to-morrow, plant the elm."

The poplar and the elm are both ambitious, but the poplar lives for the present alone, and the elm has thought for the future. In the eagerness of its ambition, the poplar sends forth branches in the spring without developing the strength to support them in the sluggish days of summer. Its roots are constricted, its spread is narrow, its life brief.

The elm grows roots that are deep and spreading. Expansion is its nature. Its fibres are tough and strong; it weathers wind and storm, it lives and grows for generations.

Business has its poplars—and its elms.

The one provides for the present alone; the other has thought for the future.

The one spends thousands of dollars for orders to-day, but not a cent for the good-will that makes growth for to-morrow. The other, while it spreads its branches now, spreads its roots, too, for new growth to-morrow.

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(Continued from Page 52)

spoke to Houghton and Logan of them regretfully. At half past ten o'clock he suddenly said, "Let me telephone to Stinnes, get him here, and we can talk over the whole matter frankly." He got in communication with Stinnes at the Hotel Esplanade and he agreed to come over at once.

All the evening Rathenau had been under a curious—it was really uncanny—spell of depression. He seemed to want to put his house in order. Quite casually he spoke of the epidemic of political assassinations in Germany and remarked that he would probably be the next victim. He had previously made the same prophecy.

When Stinnes arrived the four men took up the discussion of the reparations question. Stinnes insisted that his sole objection to the Rathenau plan of cash payments was in the best interests of Germany. He said then, what he later said to me, that he did not favor what would amount to the Austriazation of Germany. He could not afford to let the republic drift to bankruptcy.

At half past one o'clock in the morning the dinner party broke up. Rathenau then accompanied Stinnes to his hotel, and in the same room where I had my interview with the magnate the two men, each the leader of a different hope of the German people, talked until four. When they parted Rathenau said, as he shook the hand of his bitterest critic, "Stinnes, you have been right in this cash-reparation matter. It is I who followed the wrong lead." With these words he left.

Now for the final episode. Exactly six hours later Rathenau was assassinated as he was leaving his house in the Grünewald. His hunch had been right. The hand of death was upon him when he made his peace with Stinnes.

I tell this story for two reasons. One is that it affords an intimate revelation of two supreme actors in the present-day drama of Germany. The other is that it enphasizes anew the oft-repeated fact that real romance and tragedy are always lurking just around the corner.

Economic Understanding

I thought of the fateful Rathenau farewell as I looked at Stinnes that September night. Twelve o'clock had struck and I felt that it was time to go. Besides, Stinnes' second son, Otto, had come in with a bundle of papers and I knew that before the head of the German colossus could touch the pillow he would have to put in several more hours of work. In this respect he is like the late E. H. Harriman. His restless ambition comes before everything else. Time is as nought; accomplishment everything.

I rose and bade him farewell. He accompanied me to the door and again shook my hand. Through the rain I walked back to the Adlon with a deeper sense of the power and personality of the man who is perhaps the most remarkable individual of his time.

It only remains to deal concretely with the Stinnes-Lubursac agreement, particularly in its relation to Franco-German economic accord and the rehabilitation of Europe. In making the pact for reparation in kind on a huge scale Stinnes did more than guarantee the restoration of the ravaged region. With a Bismarckian sweep of vision he laid the foundation for industrial coöperation between two nations divided by an abyss of hate. It means that the big industrial groups of each country are working together. When you have economic understanding you beget that content born only of prosperity.

First let us examine the terms of the agreement which lies before me as I write. Under it a Stinnes company, the Aktiengesellschaft für Hoch und Tief Bau, Essen—this long German name, literally translated into English, means the High and Deep Construction Company of Essen—undertakes to furnish the General Confederation of Coöperative Associations, for the restoration of the devastated regions, with materials—principally cement, timber, tiles and lime. It is expressly understood that France cannot demand products such as copper and cotton, which must be imported into Germany. In no case can the price of German materials delivered to the French workshops in the devastated regions exceed the price of similar products furnished by the French market.

To carry out the contract, the French national federation of the building trade, the architects' union of the devastated areas and the reconstruction associations have formed a central office of import agents intrusted with the supervision and verification of all deliveries made by the Germans. These agents will standardize the orders as far as possible, so that manufacture may be carried on in what we would call quantity production. They will also endeavor to have the goods delivered in a completely finished state, wherever possible, in order to utilize German labor to the utmost and thus effect savings both to the war victims and the French treasury.

The Franco-German Agreement

The financing of the deal on the part of the Germans will be done by a consortium of German banks headed by the Dresdener Bank, one of the famous D banks. The fiscal end of the reparation procedure is very simple. The victim in the devastated area who wants his house rebuilt pays the French Government for what he gets and the payment becomes part of the indemnity. The victim then gets a rebate. The German purveyor of the materials looks to his government for compensation. This is the fundamental process, which, when all is said and done, is really a matter of bookkeeping. It is another evidence of the Stinnes system of direct dealing.

For all supplies furnished to France Stinnes and his associates get a flat commission of 6 per cent. Considering the immense sum involved—it is already planned to aggregate 30,000,000,000 francs—you can readily see that this kind of international uplift is not altogether unprofitable. While I was in Germany the capital stock of the Hoch und Tief Bau Company was increased to 100,000,000 marks. Some of the shares will be offered to the public. In this way Stinnes cleverly gets popular good will for his project.

In one aspect of the agreement with De Lubursac, Stinnes emphasized his consummate skill in negotiation. Among Germany's vital problems today is coal. She is caught between two millstones, as it were. On one hand she must deliver many millions of tons each year to France for reparation, and on the other she struggles with a sadly diminished output due to the eight-hour day, loss of territory and a general let-down in the worker. The result is that she is required to import 1,500,000 tons of coal each month, and it must be paid for in gold marks.

With this deficiency in mind, Stinnes drove a good bargain with De Lubursac, for he was able to lighten the German coal burden. The section of the agreement which sets it forth is so illuminating that I reproduce it in full as follows:

> Mr. Stinnes declares that, in order to increase the deliveries of construction material, such as cement, bricks, lime and tiles, it is necessary to place at the disposal of Germany, from coal to be delivered by Germany to France, a certain percentage of the quantities delivered each month, equivalent to the quantities necessary for the manufacture of these materials. The distribution of this coal amongst the different industries will fall on the firm of Hugo Stinnes, in collaboration with the Syndicat Rhenan Westphalien. Mr. Stinnes undertakes, with this syndicate, that the quantities of coal thus liberated will serve only to increase the production of materials for deliveries of kind. A commission will fix the proportion between the materials produced and the coal consumed.

At the time I write this article, which is early in October, the first orders under the Stinnes-Lubursac arrangement had been placed. They involve 10,000,000 francs' worth of tiles, brick, plaster, cement and limestone. These are commodities which the French dealers have found it difficult to obtain.

The moment the Stinnes-Lubursac agreement was announced a considerable opposition developed in certain French quarters, mainly on the ground that it gave Stinnes too great an opportunity for power and profit. As a matter of fact, though it is a good piece of business for Stinnes personally, it is also a check on the general German industrial expansion. If Germany is compelled to pay reparation exclusively in cash she must become the workshop of the world in order to produce enough merchandise for export. By being required to turn out materials for the French devastated area some of her productive energy is diverted to what cannot be construed as a normal market. Thus the effects of the Stinnes-Lubursac deal also touch America, for we, along with the rest of the world, especially England, have suffered in competition with cheap German goods overseas.

There are various fundamental economic objections to the arrangement. If Stinnes, for example, furnishes all the cement for the devastated regions—as he is prepared to do—competition is eliminated and it is only a question of time when the French cement manufacturers will be compelled to go out of business. Furthermore, on the German side there are certain budgetary limitations, for in the end the German people must pay Herr Stinnes for his products out of taxation. The impression, however, both in Germany and France—and I have talked it over with representative men in each country—is that the larger value of immediate and efficient restoration of Northern France and the prospect of getting swift reparation action out of Germany after all the delay and sidestepping are more important than these matters, which can be adjusted in the future.

Through Business to Normalcy

Another constructive feature of the Stinnes-Lubursac pact is that it has become the precedent for other similar undertakings between German construction companies and the French for reparation in kind. The arrangement entered into by the Würtemberg Raw Material Company and the Gallieni group of France not only calls for reconstruction materials but also includes the employment of German labor on French soil for the first time. Although the Germans have repeatedly offered labor, it has been steadily refused by the French. At the outset one reason was a fear that the socialistically inclined Teutons would impregnate their French colleagues with the poison of radicalism. Apparently France is overcoming that scruple.

Perhaps the most remarkable development along this line was the visit, early in October, of a committee from the Union of German Workers and the Union of Social Construction of Berlin to Paris as guests of the General Committee for the Devastated Region to discuss with labor the problems of labor and material for reconstruction. They also visited the war zone, which some of them probably helped to lay waste. Since permanent international accord can be ultimately achieved only by the masses, and not by politicians, this coöperation between the worker elements of France and Germany may have as large a social significance for the future as the coördination of French and German capital holds out for industry.

In production and the distribution of that production lies the hope of Europe. Reparation in kind not only stimulates output but also aids in determining the German capacity to pay, which is one of the keys to the tangle that has strangled initiative and frustrated coöperation since the armistice. It merely confirms the Stinnes theory that by business alone can the universal structure, now so sadly out of gear, be normalized. He is practicing what he preaches.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Germany. The next will be devoted to the economic and political situation.

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MOUNTAIN MOTORING

Continued from Page 38

As the miners skimmed off the cream of the ore, Colorado set herself to developing the resources of the brim. She brought water from her abundant mountain streams to her arid lands. She discovered that even lands that had passed as arid would, under proper methods, bear paying crops, and took to dry farming. She even thrust more or less intensive agriculture up to the crown. The valleys of the mountains, to two miles above sea level, became fertile ranches, often with their unapproachable specialties. For example, it was discovered that the cool nights and sunny days of these heights would bring lettuce to a crispness and firmness unknown to sea-level farms. The valley of the upper Arkansas now furnishes from ranches at an altitude of nine thousand feet the salads for great hotels in New York and even in Havana. In the valleys and plains the days of the open cattle-and-sheep range passed forever. But on the unfarmable folds of the mountains grew the nourishing bunch grass or dwarf sage and clover; the herds were pushed upward and ever upward, even to the perpetual snows. The coal fields of the Pueblo and Trinidad regions opened. After them came the steel mills. Colorado awoke one year to find her agricultural product passing her mineral, and her manufactures crowding both.

Not that the mines were done. From the cream men dipped down into the milk and extracted great values in low grades. Base metals, uncomprehended or scorned by the prospectors of the early days, began to return their millions—as fire clays, kaolin, zinc, lead, iron. The discovery of radium gave value to deposits of carnotite. Old dumps, their ore only partially extracted by the methods of 1880, yielded under the improved methods of 1910 a second harvest. And yet ——

At some time early in this century an Italian set himself to studying the crying need of Italy, which is raw material for steel making. Coal, he knew, was past hope; there are no carboniferous formations in the peninsula. But the Romans conquered their world with the steel short sword, civilized it with steel tools. Where did they get their iron? Doubtless, in those days of difficult transport, from somewhere close at hand. The records called it Alpine iron. The old Roman workings in the Alps were run down, uncovered. Then Italy sent for the one man in the mining world who was usually intrusted with any big job requiring imagination and the romantic spirit—our own Herbert Hoover.

After a summer of exploration Hoover reported in effect, "Worked out. Give the deposits some thousands of years to oxidize and you'll have some more. Until then they won't furnish the needles for Italy." Which recalls that the Alps in prehistoric and even historic times were a good mining proposition. True, they never approached the richness of the Rockies; but then, no other range does. That has passed. A little dealing with aluminum, a little extraction of certain clays, and you have substantially the story of Alpine mining in the twentieth century.

So will it happen with the Rockies—not in our generation certainly, not in our children's probably; but eventually. In spite of intensive prospecting, doubtless there are still other bonanzas down there. A wealth like a German indemnity in low-grade ores lies waiting better methods of extraction, better transportation, better coöperation between the owners, a better attitude on the part of certain smelting interests.

New processes will bring new uses for old ores. For example, that valuable hardener of steel, molybdenum, cannot be much used until the proper furnaces are built. Deposits of oil shale lie in darkness against the time when the flowing wells give out. But the end will come, as it has in the Alps. And aside from agriculture, the ultimate destiny of the Rockies is the same as that of the Swiss Alps. This will be the playground of a continent.

We Americans are the gasoline people, the children of the internal-combustion engine. Wherefore the future of this region as a tourist attraction is allied most intimately with that of the automobile. Those mountain dwellers who began some ten years ago to get thrills from curving on a crude wagon road round the edge of a five-hundred-foot cliff were pioneers. The state seems dimly to have perceived its future, and began to thread real automobile roads over peak and pass, peak and precipice. Her highway engineers worked out their own especial problems, and did a good job. Hard surfaced roads over such distances were an impossibility. But everywhere Colorado has for the shoveling superb finishing materials for dirt roads in the native disintegrated red sandstone and granite. Dirt roads surfaced with this material and properly rolled stand next in my own esteem to cement. They even have an agreeable feeling under the wheels of your car which cement knows not.

Wherever these curved round the sides of the high peaks or over the edges of precipices they were built with an inward slant, so that in case of a skid you would twist inward toward the mountain wall, not outward toward vacancy. The most finished of these highways are naturally in the region of Denver, metropolis of the Rockies. Here, the superb Lookout Mountain boulevard, over which all Denver seems to be motoring of a summer Sunday, has been walled and buttressed with stone along its outer edge, furnished with mirrors on the abrupt curves, rendered nearly fool-proof. Motor enthusiasts of Colorado talk of the time when all the danger points of the main mountain highways will be so protected; but considering that Colorado is nearly as large as New England with New York thrown in, and sparsely populated, that day is still remote. But even this Lookout Mountain road has its thrills and terrors for

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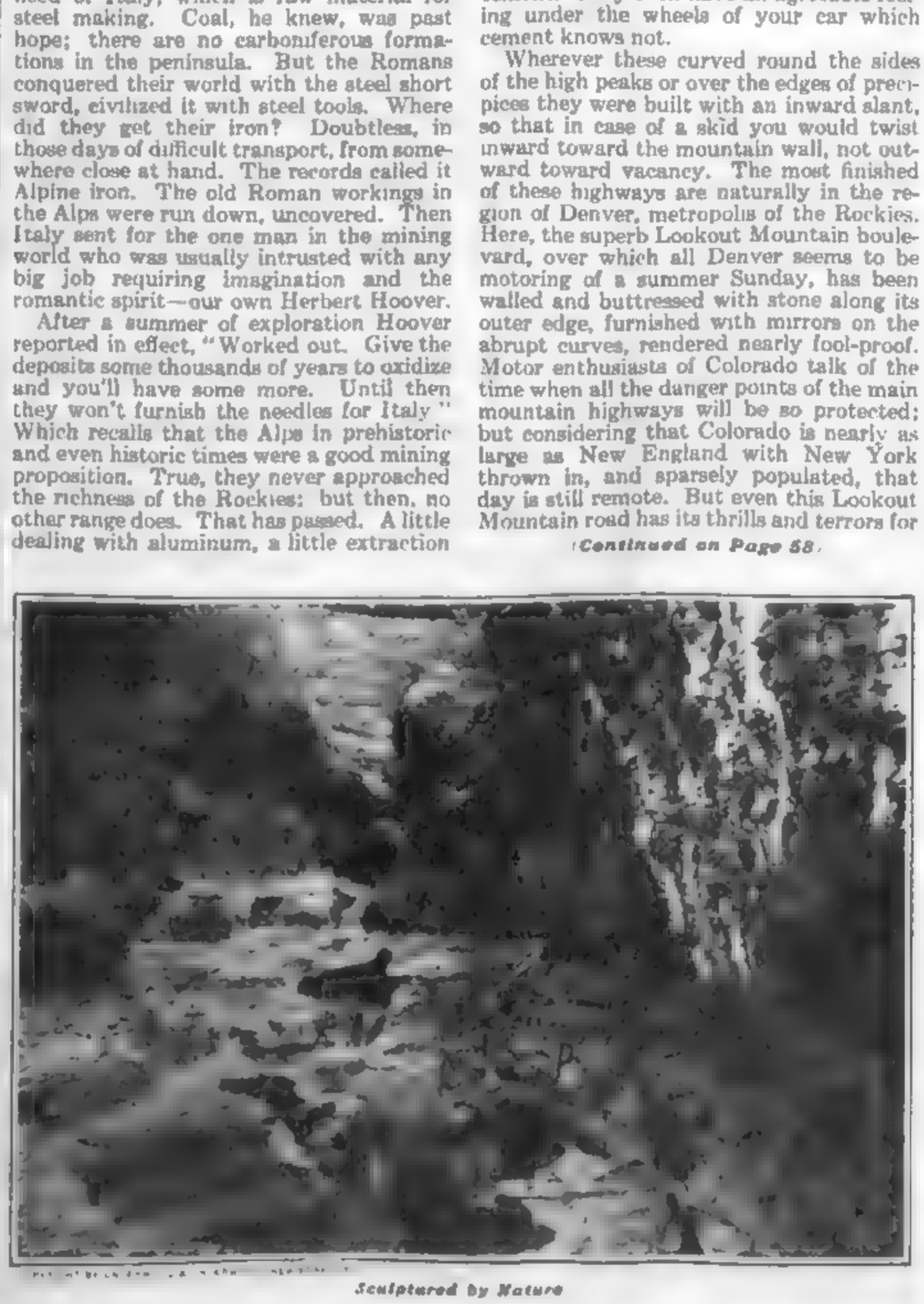

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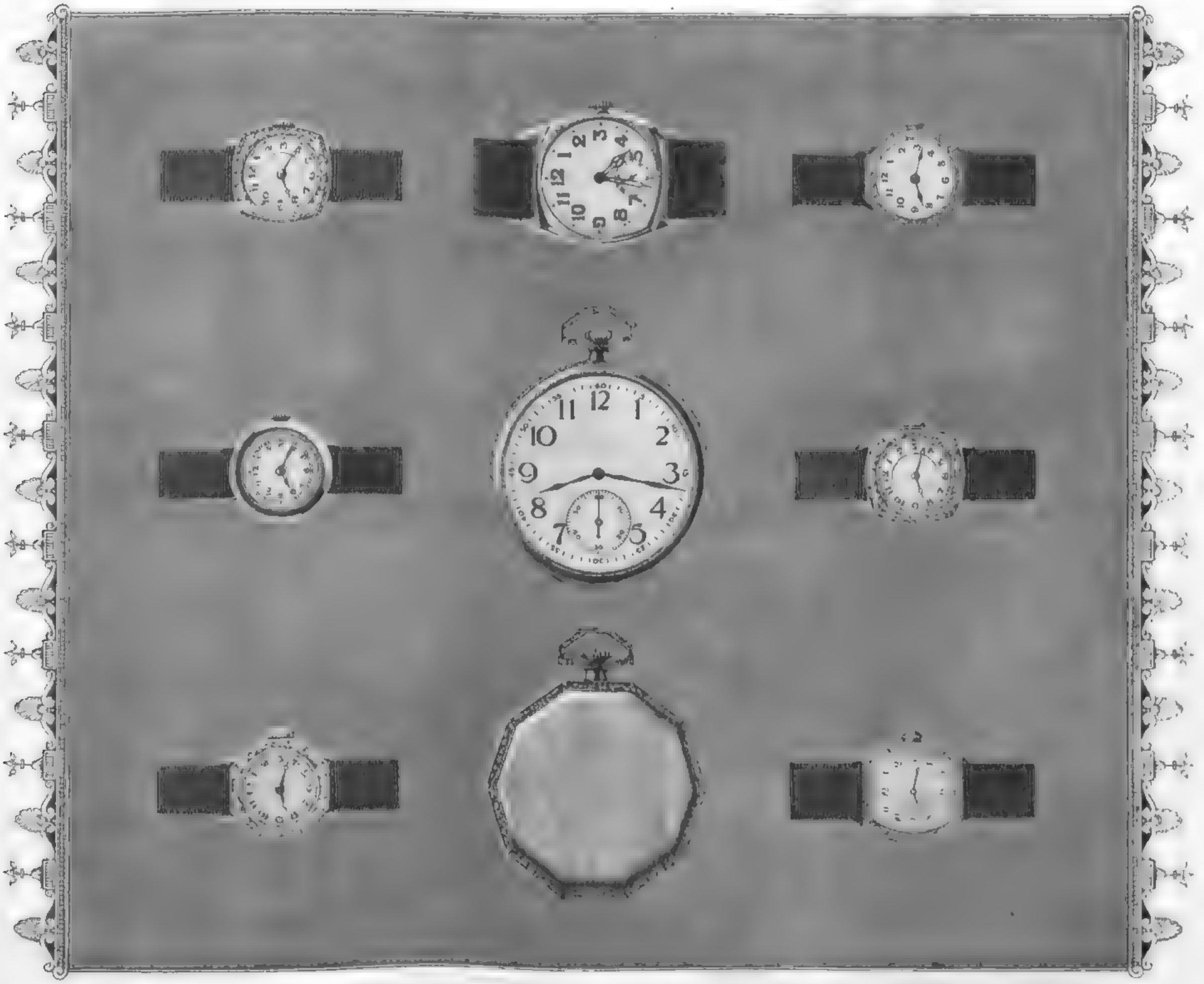

Portraying in precious metals the Wadsworth ideals of symmetry, grace and permanence

WHEN you choose a watch movement in a Wadsworth Case you are giving that movement not only a dress of distinction but the finest protection it can have.

The perfect workmanship in Wadsworth Cases and their exquisite beauty are the work of artists and master workmen who have fashioned cases for the leading watch movements for more than thirty years. Many of the most popular designs with which you are acquainted are Wadsworth creations.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Ky., suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Whole Grains
All Day Long
Serve in plenty to a growing child

A growing child needs 16 elements. All of them are found in whole wheat.

It needs the minerals—iron, lime, phosphates—in which whole wheat abounds.

Then why not make whole grains so tempting that children revel in them? And serve them in abundance all day long?

Joys of Bubble Grains

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains puffed to bubbles. As flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts.

They seem like food confections. They form the finest cereal dainties children ever get.

There are very few children who do not prefer them to anything else you can serve. And there isn't a food you would rather have them want.

The morning dainty

Puffed Wheat in milk at night

Food Cells Exploded—Digestion is Complete

The foods are made by Prof. Anderson's process. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete.

Thus they do not tax digestion. Thus they can be served at any hour, and those who eat them get whole-grain nutrition.

What Else Compares?

Consider those facts—the delights of Puffed Grains, plus their hygienic values. What else do you know that compares?

Then why not serve them all day long, in every way you can?

Keep both kinds on hand, and in plenty.

Puffed Rice Puffed Wheat

Ways of Serving

With cream and sugar — in bowls of milk — with melted butter — mixed with fruits — on ice cream — in home-made fudge — in your soups.

(Continued from Page 56)

the untrained imagination of the tenderfoot. I took it one evening in a company which included an Eastern lady, only that morning arrived. As we curved and climbed, the natives in the party kept showing her the points of interest, like the roofs of Golden City or the silver thread of the river, hundreds of sheer feet below. "Beautiful!" she raved. "Superb!" I was in the other seat of the car from her, and on the same side. So I alone was in a position to see that her hand was grasping a rod of the cover until her knuckles were white, and that whenever she looked over the edge her eyes were tight shut. By chance, three months later I took the same trip with the same woman.

In the interval she had been motoring steadily among the mountains. This time she kept her hands in her lap and chatted breezily with the driver. It's all a matter of getting used to it.

Praise these Colorado roads to a native and he will tell you how much better they ought to be. Criticize them and he will show you what he really feels. But the pride of Colorado is about to suffer a severe jolt. Wyoming, to the north, is now the nouveau riche of the states. Much of the recently discovered oil territory lies on the public lands of the commonwealth. If report be true Wyoming intends, with the break of the next spring, to show proud Colorado by transforming her mountain highways into manicured, sandpapered boulevards.

Adventures of Two Lizzies

However, this system of trunk roads can of necessity merely scratch the surface of mountain beauties. Branching from the main lines there run up the gorges and gulches and over the dizzy passes between the peaks thousands of miners' and ranchers' roads, many of them abandoned in the period between the great prospecting craze of the '80's and the appearance of the automobile. The native motorist installs a mountain gear on the back axle of his car, and tackles these old roads for the joy of the adventure if he be a town dweller, and for pure business if he be a mining man, a prospector or a sheep rancher. He stops at nothing. When he strikes a 20 per cent hump, over which the ore drivers used to force their wagons by dint of six-mule power and profanity, he puts her into low far ahead of the emergency, gathers power, and zigzags until she coughs and quits. Then he routs out all his passengers, male and female alike, attaches them to the spokes, makes them shove while he bucks 'er. If it is too narrow for passing and he encounters another car, he thinks nothing of backing for a quarter of a mile, even though his wheels scrape the edge of a precipice all the way. Always, he seems to make it somehow. I have heard of only one car that was permanently stranded, and that belonged to a mere tourist. A friend of mine encountered him tinkering with a small overloaded flivver runabout on a rough four-mile up grade somewhere back of Mount Massive.

"Anything I can do?" inquired my friend.

"Sure thing!" responded the tourist. "You can take me and these traps to town."

"What are you going to do about your car?" inquired my friend.

"Leave her," replied the tourist. "Leave her to the coyotes, God help them."

At that moment he seemed to lose all control of himself. He picked up a bowlder with which he deliberately and viciously smashed the windshield of his innocent tin lizzie. And although my friend was broken into Western ways as a mule-skinner, he does say that the language uncorked by this mere tenderfoot both shocked and educated him.

A rich man in a high-powered, expensive car tried the mountain back roads for the first time. The rule of the road in the mountain states is that when cars meet on a one-track road the climbing car must back to a point where they can pass. He had a run of hard luck. All day he was meeting cars in such circumstances, and always just where he must do the backing. Toward evening he encountered a native in a simple and battered flivver. This time he must back a quarter of a mile round a curve, with a sheer cliff at the left.

"Say," he hailed the flivver driver, "what'll you take for your boat?"

"Three hundred dollars," said the native.

"She's mine," said the rich man. "Here's your money."

"Now that you've got it, what do you intend to do with it?" inquired the native.

"Get out anything you value in her," replied the rich man, "and take the brakes off. I'm going to shove her over the edge."

Which he did.

The novice at Rocky Mountain motoring, as he curves for the first time about the edge of a cliff and realizes the hideous penalty of running off the road, is either a very brave man or a very unimaginative one if he does not quake within. Yet it is mostly imagination. Accidents are comparatively rare; fatal ones almost as uncommon as death by lightning. Take, for example, that maze of roads, old and new, which branch out from Leadville through the commanding Continental Divide and the precipitous Mosquito. Diligent inquiry last summer brought me record of only two accidents caused by going off the road. In one case the driver was drunk; and a drinking motorist deserves all he gets. He simply failed to take a turn and went on into the bright air. Fortunately there was at this point a bank, not a cliff; he got off with a month in the hospital. In the other case it was a party of men and women; I did not learn the circumstances, but at any rate they, too, encountered only a slope, and the worst injury was a broken collarbone.

In my experience with cars I have noticed that most accidents spring from carelessness. No matter how experienced you grow in mountain motoring, those dizzy gulfs below you are a constant memorandum of the penalty for a moment of inattention. Nor do you, in these regions, meet certain stock perils of the crowded Eastern roads such as the speed maniac, the newly rich possessor of a big car who runs at small cars and tries to force them from the road, the truck driver who shoots out at you from a blind cross alley, the fool who fancies his driving and tries to display it by worming through congested traffic, and—most dreaded object in nature—the boy learning to ride a bicycle. If it were possible to compute the proportion of accidents to the total mileage, I would be willing to bet that the accident rate in this crown of Colorado is lower than that of certain standard Eastern highways, such as the Boston Post Road. And still, it is no job for the S.-and-S. driver who learns on Saturday and takes her out on Sunday.

A Battle Mountain Thriller

However, the accidents and narrow escapes, when they occur, always savor of the picturesque. For example, a Denver man, driving by night up to one of the passes, came round a corner upon a cow. As everyone should know, a cow in the road is the terror of night driving. Alone of all animals, Bossie stands her ground against an automobile. He struck her squarely, and killed both her and his engine. This happened in a piece of forest reserve, miles away from human habitation. The coyotes smelled the blood, and gathered from miles around. The driver was an experienced Westerner. He knew the cowardice of coyotes; but he knew also that sometimes, when hungry enough, they will form a pack, get up their nerve, and attack. All night he heard them howling nearer and nearer, in greater and greater numbers; and for a weapon he had nothing better than a monkey wrench. Toward dawn they began to make quick dashes in squads, and to tear at the carcass. When daylight drove them away the cow was half eaten.

Nearly every mountain motorist has stories to tell of Battle Mountain. Running on the direct ocean-to-ocean route between Leadville and Glenwood Springs, you have just seen and passed the miracle of the Mount of the Holy Cross when you encounter this major difficulty. Over the precipitous mountain the road winds and doubles upward for four miles. Until 1922 the grade was in places 17 per cent. This year the state has revised the Battle Mountain road, greatly reducing the grade. However, it has not filled the dizzy gulfs that everywhere make precipices beside your wheels. Halfway up, a town clings to the edge of the cliffs, with railings built to keep the children from falling off. Even back in old times when we took that journey to Glenwood Springs with the contemptible Tom, Battle Mountain was famous as a difficult stretch of road. Those were the days of the great cattle drives between Texas and Wyoming, and this lay on the main route. Cattle were allowed to pass only by night; at sunset the tollgate keepers

(Continued on Page 60)

Ford Owners acclaim Veedol Fordol

The Ford owners of America were first told the story of Veedol Fordol on August 26th. On September 16th—three weeks later—161 carloads containing over 10,000 barrels of this new economy oil for the Ford automobile had been shipped to every section of the country to supply the tremendous demand. And this initial demand has been increasing daily.

Veedol Fordol was certain of immediate success because four years of exhaustive laboratory and road tests *proved conclusively that it mastered the unique and complex lubrication problems of the Ford engine and transmission.* With the use of Veedol Fordol, the Ford further enhances its reputation for economical operation.

Give Veedol Fordol a trial. That's what one corporation operating a fleet of 900 Ford cars did—and adopted Veedol Fordol. That's what big city and government departments did—and adopted Veedol Fordol. They discovered for themselves the economies of Veedol Fordol established by Tide Water engineers.

Read the "Eight Economies of Veedol Fordol" listed at the right.

A trial will convince you, as it has already convinced thousands, that Veedol Fordol in your Ford Car means a new motoring satisfaction *plus many new economies.*

Veedol Fordol is on sale at all dealers' who display the orange and black Veedol sign

TIDE WATER OIL SALES CORPORATION
11 Broadway, New York
Veedol oils and greases are sold throughout the world

The 8 Economies of Veedol Fordol

1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests have demonstrated that Veedol Fordol conservatively saves 10% on gasoline consumption. 25% to 33% savings have been developed repeatedly.

2—Eliminates costly "chatter"—Veedol Fordol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. "Chatter," a result of faulty lubricants, is *entirely eliminated*

3—10 to 25% saving in oil—The savings in oil consumption run from 10% to 25%. The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

4—10 to 25% less carbon—Veedol Fordol forms on an average from 10% to 25% less carbon in the Ford engine cylinders. The exact savings depend on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used. Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs.

5—Resists heat and friction—Veedol Fordol possesses to a super-degree the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction.

6—Increased ability to coast—With average lubrication a Ford will only coast down steep hills. With Veedol Fordol, coasting is possible down the slightest grades.

7—Resists fuel dilution—Even with poor fuel Veedol Fordol maintains its power-seal and lubricating value longer than other oils. Result—more miles per gallon of gas and per quart of Fordol.

8—Fewer repairs—Because Veedol Fordol masters the lubricating problems of the Ford power plant the result is a hitherto unknown freedom from engine vibration and repair bills.

Send for Veedol Fordol booklet

VEEDOL FORDOL

The new economy oil for Fords

The Luxury of Meals Well Cooked The Easiest Way

Don't let a weary mind and body ruin your appetite—and digestion. Come to the table fresh, rosy—to a meal cooked the easiest way—by *Receding Temperatures*, in a Toledo Fireless Cookstove.

Note the menu above. This entire meal may be cooked in a Toledo with comparative ease and with a fuel saving as high as 80%.

Just put in one compartment the raw chicken and vegetables with the heated radiators, close down the cover and with all further attention let the food cook to completion. In the other compartment put your cream and freezing mixture. The cream freezes while the chicken fries.

No basting or regulating of heat or watching or waiting. And such deliciously juicy, brown, tender roasts with tempting vegetables, such biscuits, pies and cakes!

Nearly half a million Toledo users are enthusiastic over the luxury of meals cooked with a Toledo the easiest way. Join them. Write for the Secret Book NOW. Address Dept. 15K

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The Toledo Cooker Company, Toledo, Ohio

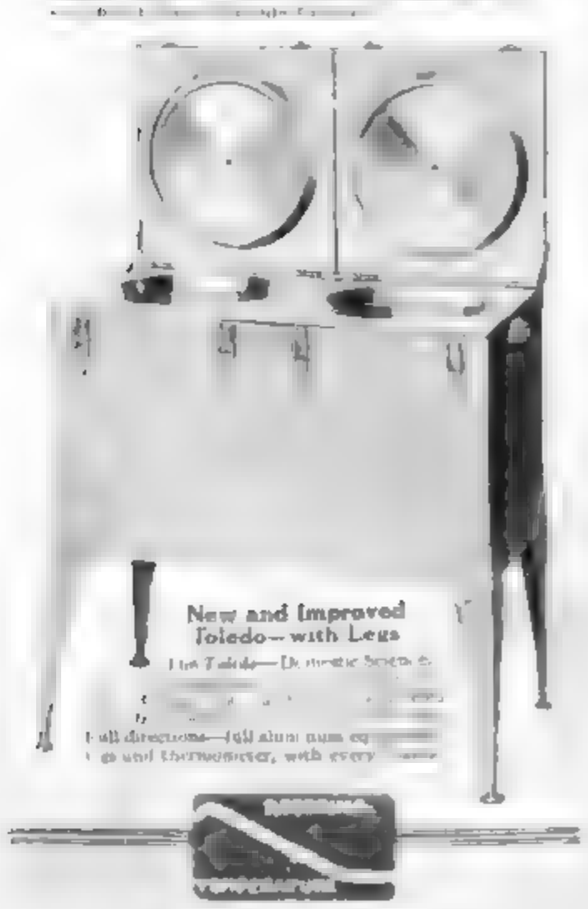
Manufacturers of Ideal Aluminum Ware and the Ideal Food Conveyor

TOLEDO

Fireless Cookstove

With the "Water-Seal" Top

Roasts, Bakes, Boils and Browns



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stopped all wheeled traffic and turned loose the herds of savage, panicky longhorns. From your camp below you could hear all night the voices of the cowboys singing Sam Boss Was Born in Ioway, Gabber Goober, The Red River Valley or The Dying Cowboy by way of soothing their charges during this ticklish passage. I remember, too, a more sinister sound out of the clear mountain air—a scream as of a woman being tortured at the stake—the cry of a horse shoved off the road in an incipient stampede, and falling three hundred sheer feet. His rider threw himself out of the saddle, hung to a bush and escaped, as he said afterward, by the grace of God and his bootstraps. Seldom did a driver get across Battle Mountain without losing a few steers over the edge

A man with an old flivver descending Battle Mountain last year went into low and held her back on compression by way of saving his brakes. Suddenly his worn ring bolts gave way and the car shot forward. He applied his footbrake. What with his speed, the lining burned out like tissue paper. He reversed; again the lining went. He jammed in his emergency brake; and that broke. Now he was shooting down that long, steep grade, full of sharp turns and bordered with airy death, and every ounce of braking power gone. Somehow he made it. From the town at the foot of the mountain the grade rises sharply upward again. He shot through town, yelling and tooting, at sixty miles an hour, ran up the grade, came to a stop, slid backward part way and up the Battle Mountain grade, slid down again, and so on like a roulette ball before it comes to rest in its slot, until the flivver stopped at last before a drug store.

A Leadville couple whom we will call Mr. and Mrs. Adams were crossing Battle Mountain, as they had crossed many times before. Near the top something happened to their big powerful car. Mr. Adams set the hand brake and got out. He was tinkering about the wheels when suddenly she slipped and started to roll backward. He was on the side of the car opposite from the controls. He ran round, leaped to the running board. At that moment a man leading a cow came along on that quarter. The cow snorted, jumped, struck Mr. Adams and knocked him to the road. He got up, eluded the cow and started for the car. By now it was running backward too fast for him to catch it. He yelled to Mrs. Adams, who knew positively nothing about driving, giving her frantic directions about how to put on the foot brake. She tried, and got it all wrong. He implored her to jump. She did not hear him. And now the rear wheels were running straight toward the curve, at whose edge is a three-hundred-foot cliff. Mrs. Adams knew this; she closed her eyes and awaited the shock. But the curve was banked; the unguided car sheered off, took it quite properly and, gathering speed, backed on.

The Side-Trip to Redcliff

Up the road came a pedestrian. As appeared later, he had never driven this type of automobile, and knew nothing about the controls. But he did know how to steer. He jumped to the running board, grabbed the wheel, and backed the car into the edge of the mountain, where it crashed—and stopped.

I repeat that I am writing of the Battle Mountain that was. The grades have now been scientifically reduced. Further, the transcontinental tourist will within a year or so find this highway no longer necessary. The old Leadville-Aspen freighting route, disused in recent years, is now under reconstruction. Already the graders on the Leadville side have long passed Twin Lakes, beauty spot of these mountains, and are blasting on the summit of Independence Pass. When Aspen throws her own road up to the summit the distance by car between Twin Lakes and Glenwood Springs will be shortened by twenty miles or so. However, the informed tourist who is traveling not for records but for pleasure and the nouriture of his sense of beauty will always make at this point a side trip of a day or so, across Tennessee Pass, to Redcliff—just short of Battle Mountain—and return. If he does not he will miss one of the most sublime, beautiful and romantic spots in our national domain. On that road lies Leadville, perhaps the greatest of the old mining camps—a town soaked in history, vibrant still with the memory of men who daily enacted epics before breakfast. A turn of fate has preserved many of the cabins in California Gulch, where the first gold discovery was made in 1860, and whole streets of the mushroom metropolis which sprang up in 1878 and 1879, after the great strike in silver carbonates. Here, as nowhere else I know, one may see what an early day mining camp looked like. By neglecting this detour the tourist will miss, too, the profile view of great, comely, maternal Mount Massive, highest peak in our Rockies,* whose smallest merit, in my opinion, is this merely statistical matter of height. He will miss the soft, sweet, sun-washed upper valley of the Arkansas. Finally, he will miss that miraculous instant when, watching a great mountain ridge far up to his left hand, he sees the ragged tip of a peak emerge, seem to rise higher, and suddenly reveal the symbol of the Holy Cross, carved in purest snow.

However, when the Twin Lakes-Aspen-Glenwood Springs route opens, I venture that the native motorist will use Battle Mountain just the same. His summer-evening spin appeals to him as flat and tame if it does not include a thrill or so. Last year a young New York woman, just off the train at Leadville, was whisked over this road. As her host turned at the summit and prepared to descend she leaned over and asked in a small voice, "Would it disturb your driving if I should lie down on the floor of the car?"

Wild Life in the Mountains

Much of the most beautiful and alluring territory in these upper reaches of the Rockies is now forest reserve, kept in its virgin state by the Government for the perpetual delight of generations unborn. The state awoke, a little tardily, to the realization that the big game was near extinction, and passed protective laws. Antelope, bighorn and elk cannot be killed at any time; and the open season for deer is only three days. Protected, wild animals grow in a few years most indifferent to man. He is an unlucky or unobservant motorist who does not at some time during his passage of these mountains perceive a herd of deer making gray flashes up a trail, a bighorn buck sniffing the morning from a pinnacle of rock or a coyote slipping away like a shadow in the brush. Up toward the passes a mountain grouse as big and as fat as a Plymouth Rock hen will sit in unmoving contemplation on a bowlder beside your road, or a snowshoe rabbit, built like a cottontail but three times as large, will lope leisurely across the way on ridiculously big feet. Now and then Brother Bear blunders into the road, takes one look at the strange swift animal you are riding, and runs like a frightened puppy. Antelope and elk you will not see, at least in the season when one tours the mountains. The antelope seems to remember how near his breed has come to extinction at the hands of ours. He frequents the remote places, far from roads. The elk, in summer, keep to the high spaces, cropping by night the dwarf grasses above timber line, retiring by day to the brush. Not until the first snows do they venture down toward the habitations of man, where, if you have any hay you are not using, they will consent to be fed.

These half-time wild animals sometimes bring motoring adventures. A few years ago a mountain-bred friend of mine had an agency for adding machines. He used to cover the remote towns in the region of the dizzy San Juan Range in a little old runabout. When the weather was favorable he took along his wife and his little boy. One afternoon he enthused a grocer's wife at Silverton. She wanted the machine; but, after all, her husband was the boss. He was at Ouray on business and was going on next day to Pueblo. Whereupon the agent for adding machines determined to proceed by night to Ouray in order to cinch that sale.

In the course of last summer I took most of the spectacular main roads of Colorado, either in my own flivver or in the high-powered cars of my friends; and I regard this passage between Silverton and Ouray as the sportiest of all. In this corner of the state the mountains most resemble the Alps—precipitous in their slopes, peaked and lacy in their pinnacles. This road borders precipices through half of its course. As you leave Ouray at first you are level with the trees in the valley of the tumbling Uncompahgre; then you are looking down on the tree tops; then they are lost to view unless you peer over the edge, when tall pines and firs look like garden shrubbery. Presently you notice that the Uncompahgre runs under a sort of natural bridge. You look again and see that it is perpetual snow, far below your course.

At one point you can see two miles of your road curving before you. The approaching cars look like black beetles crawling across a wall.

We drove this stretch last summer in rather unusual circumstances. The county is constructing a new road with easier grades, which runs most of the way a hundred feet or so below the old. So steep are the mountain slopes that in notching out for the new and wider highway the constructors must include in many places the roadbed of the old. The preliminary work had reached the stage where this road must be closed for the season; and we took it on the very day before that closing. The mountains echoed with blasting; far below you could see the gangs busy with shovels and scrapers. We found that they had already cut into our road until it had become a one-track highway. In places we would have had to back half a mile or so in order to find a place where another car could pass. However, at intervals workmen stood balanced dizzily on the edge of the gulf, regulating traffic and signaling to one another with flags. We were in a three-ton, twelve-cylindered car with a two-hundred-and-twenty-pound, twelve-cylindered man at the wheel. A superb amateur driver, he takes no unnecessary chances. He made his leviathan creep like a weasel. At intervals he stopped unaccountably. It appeared afterward that he was watching not only the road but the blasting below. Whenever he saw the red flag go up he ran under the protection of a pinnacle, lest the reverberation start a rock slide

Ticklish Going

One approaches the summit of this pass round a double curve, bordered by the eternal cliff and a rock culvert. Here we found ourselves in a line of stationary cars. A truck, stuck all over with gaudy signs, had failed to make the grade. On its seat a driver in a two-gallon hat toiled with the levers; pushing at its hind wheels were two young men who for all their efforts struck graceful poses. From a small car just behind looked out the pretty and expressive face of a young woman, her head bound gypsy fashion in a blue silk handkerchief. It did not need the posters on the truck to advertise this as a theatrical troupe—the property man at the wheel, the leading man and the comedian helping out, the leading lady much concerned lest they miss the date at Ouray. A set of Oklahoma tourists, a sheep outfit and a traveling salesman piled out from the line of cars, put man power to the wheels. To the acclaim of the leading lady and the joyous barking of Toby—he appears in vaudeville specialty between acts—the chariot of the drama moved on with a rush.

This was the road that the agent for adding machines elected to take by night in quest of a sale. That disintegrated native stone which surfaces the best Colorado roads is the most effective antiskid finish I know. But in those days the Ouray-Silverton highway was not yet properly surfaced, as it has been since. And just after he reached the most ticklish part of the road the heavens opened in a mountain storm. The car began to skid. He stopped and put on the chains. Still it skidded. There was no turning back. It was a case of go on or stay all night. He got his wife and boy out of the car; they plodded behind through the mud while he crept on low at a snail's pace, the doors open so that if worse came to worst he might jump in time. He was nearly all night making some fifteen miles.

He was over the worst of it and had taken the family back into the car, when

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*That is, if you believe Leadville. The controversy over the relative height of Massive and Elbert, her next-door neighbor on the Continental Divide, has alienated friends and divided families. One authority rates Massive at fourteen thousand four hundred and twenty-four feet and Elbert at fourteen thousand four hundred and sixteen feet. Another gives Massive only fourteen thousand four hundred and eighteen feet and Elbert fourteen thousand four hundred and twenty one feet. The Geological Survey, the Geodetic Survey and the Department of Forestry all tell different stories. With ingenious tact the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad in its summary of mountains and passes in Colorado announces a dead heat at fourteen thousand four hundred and two feet. I come from Leadville and hope to be allowed to return to Leadville. Therefore I announce Mount Massive as the highest mountain in our Rockies.

Plenty of Light
under perfect control

AT CROSS-ROADS at night, good lights are both your warning and protection. And the courtesy of the road requires that they be always under perfect control. So put EDISON MAZDA AUTO Lamps on your car and carry a kit of spare lamps. Then you'll be safe any night anywhere. They're Dependable!

EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS
EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Making Your Hair *Improve* Your Looks

© THE R.L.W. CO.

How to have beautiful hair —and make yourself more attractive.

Dress Your Hair To Emphasize Your Best Lines Only

BEGIN by studying your profile. If you have a short nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, full face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very long and thin, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear, warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

What a Child's Hair Needs

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair, and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

MULSIFIED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

(Continued from Page 60

above the chug of the engine something was heard crashing through the bushes on the slope above. It struck the car with a crash, bending the rods of the cover, it rolled down the hill accompanied by a growling, squeaking noise which registered disgust and extreme terror. It was a brown bear. Confused by the lights he had run straight into the source of trouble.

"Nevertheless," said the ex-agent for adding machines, "that wasn't my most perilous adventure with wild life in the Rockies. Once I saw just ahead of me a skunk about to cross the road. Like a fool I stopped and stalled. He ran under the car. Well—you know. If I irritated him by starting the engine just over his head the consequences would be frightful. There was nothing to do but wait him out. Occasionally I'd look over the edge of the car and find him peeking out with his little black eye on me. After an hour or so he consented to move. I lay down in the bottom of the car until I heard him going through the bushes. And I never started up so fast in my life."

Polecat Perils

"That animal seems to have an affinity for me," continued the ex-agent for adding machines, introducing a digression that I may be pardoned for quoting. "Once when I was in the mining game I wintered on a claim up in Wyoming. I had a tent, but when the weather dropped below zero I moved into an abandoned cabin and made things shipshape for winter. Next morning I found that some small critter—probably a rat—had been in my provisions during the night. I got ready for him. I put a candle and a twenty-two repeater beside my bunk. I'm a light sleeper. Along toward morning I was awakened by a rustling in the kitchen. I got a light and cocked the twenty-two. I could see something moving on the shelf. I fired and only wounded him. Immediately afterward I knew what I'd hit. My dog woke and started for the scene of trouble. I realized that if he got into the fight he would be unfit for human companionship. There I stood in my night clothes, pumping away at the skunk with my hands and kicking the dog back with my feet. I killed the beast at last, dropped the dog through the window out of the danger zone, and moved my things to the tent—that is, some of my things. The thermometer that winter went down to ten below for weeks at a time. But never mind. I preferred the tent. That was twelve years ago. Last summer I was in that country again, and went to look at the old dump. The scent of the roses hung round it still."

I have dwelt on the thrills and imagined perils of Rocky Mountain motoring; I have touched but lightly on what makes it all worthwhile. There, language reaches its despairing limit. I have seen much, in my time, of the Alps. In 1912 I crossed some of their great passes with that prince of pioneer motorists, the late Walter Hale. During the war I ranged the easterly approaches to Mont Blanc with the Italian Alpine troops. Once again I took in Switzerland a wartime vacation; and I seemed to have the Jungfrau all to myself. When I mentioned this to Colorado people they would ask, "And how do the Alps compare with the Rockies?" Their expression as they waited my answer, showed they expected me to say, "Those ant hills!" When I replied, "There is one beauty of the sun and another of the moon," they looked faintly disappointed. In only one spot I know do the Rockies resemble the Alps. The needles of the remote San Juan Range and their surrounding slopes present the same serrated pinnacles, the same avalanche runways with the packed snow hanging ready to slide, the same thousand-foot walls. But in the main, the Rockies are benevolently themselves. The Alps do not know such grandeurs of massed colorful rock, such long, maternal, gray-green slopes, such graciousness of contour, such astonishing range of colors, such varieties of crystal lakes and brooks and torrents, such lavishness of vegetation. Even in a state of primeval Nature the Alps must have been the more barren range. Now that man has terraced them as high as cultivation may go, has ordered their forest lands into geometrical rows, there is no comparison.

Once, the great woods ran up the gorges of the Rockies to timber line at ten thousand or eleven thousand feet elevation. The lumberman and the careless builder of camp fires spoiled much of that before the Federal Government took hold. Yet in the higher reaches of the range there remain enough forests and to spare for the delight of the tourists—straight, bristling lodgepole pine; enormous yellow pine; tall, graciously contoured Engelmann spruce; whimsical Japanesque piñon and Alpine fir; pale, virgin quaking aspen; blue spruce, whose cones seem more like gigantic red blossoms than like fruits. One minute you are climbing through this wealth of forest; another and you are above the tree tops—you have reached timber line. Nowhere is the earth so graciously gardened, I think, as in that strip of mountain where the trees have ceased to grow and the perpetual snows have not yet begun. To lovers of gentler beauties let me commend further the thousand green upland valleys. No range I know has along with its grandeurs so many aspects of an engaging softness as these, our Rockies.

The native of Colorado, Wyoming or Montana positively will not let you forget the wild flowers of the Rockies. Like the Californian on his climate, the Yankee on his past, he will talk if permitted until he chokes. In all these cases the claim is justified, though in moments of irritation you like to believe that it is not. In summer the slopes of the ranges break into bloom. So varied are even the largest and most spectacular of the flowers that many species still lack popular names. I have come out into the open spots near timber line where as far as the eye could follow they made a mosaic of yellow and pink and blue. Queen of all is the great white and blue columbine, as famous in these mountains as the edelweiss in the Alps—and more worthy of fame.

The shooting star carpets the upland meadows with a rich mauve. The gilia sprinkles the sagebrush with its scarlet trumpets. The mountain aster, the giant harebell, the fringed gentian—but if I keep on I shall behave like the rest.

I shall dally with scenery no longer, but beseech you, if you have the leisure and the car, to load the family aboard and go. You need not stick to those ranges that I have touched upon here. Estes Park, under beautiful Long's Peak, is fulfilling the ultimate destiny of the Rockies, is becoming sprinkled with resorts. Colorado Springs, at the base of Pike's Peak, made the transition long ago. There, in the height of the season, you see all sorts of the West, from the tramp tourist who parks with his fellows in big camps and the blanket Oklahoma Indian newly rich through oil who has arrived with a six-thousand-dollar car and a white chauffeur, to the golf and polo people of two great luxurious hotels. Wyoming and Montana, to the north, have their just claims. I but write of the land I love and know.

On Mountain Gear

Before you go, listen to a little advice to beginners in mountain motoring. True, I am far from an automobile expert. Only yesterday, learning to drive a universal-control car, I wrecked the new, red gasoline pump before Mr. Webster's garage at Scituate, Massachusetts. But perhaps I am all the more fitted to advise because, being no expert, I have, nevertheless, driven the Rockies. I have learned from a fool's mistakes.

If you drive a low-powered car, just before you go into the mountains stop at a garage and have installed what is called a mountain gear. Don't ask me how it works. I know only the effect. It reduces your speed on level ground some five or ten miles an hour, but it gives greater climbing power whether at high, intermediate or low. It doesn't cost much. For my flivver the price, installed, was six dollars. It would have been only one or two had I not been using shock absorbers. This device will carry you without trouble up to the summit of any of the great main highways. If you try the side roads, and see a difficult grade humping before you, don't wait until the car begins to slow down, but go into low at once and gather power to meet the obstacle. If you do get stuck, pile out the passengers and make them shove. Everyone gets stuck now and then. It's part of the adventure. Last summer, in running up to the abandoned camp of Vicksburg behind Twin Lakes, I was stopped completely six separate times. I should be there yet but for the efforts of my four lady passengers.

Inform yourself on the rules of the road. The garage man, if no one else, will tell you. They sometimes strike you as peculiar, but they are based on common sense. For example, in passing horses on a road bordered by a precipice or high bank, the team must always be given right of way on the inside. That is because horses sometimes shy at the roar or pop of an automobile, while an automobile was never known to shy at the neigh of a horse.

Don't begin to worry as soon as your radiator boils. At sea level, water boils at 212 degrees, and at ten thousand feet at 194 degrees—or something like that. In Leadville you have to put on the potatoes soon after luncheon if you expect to have them done for dinner. Wait until it sounds as though a nest of rattlesnakes were lashing round within before you get worried and stop to cool off or to look for trouble.

This is very important: Remember and follow all the expert advice you have ever received about brakes, brake linings and the proper use thereof. If you are at all uncertain of your transmission, have your brakes relined with first-class material at the time when your mountain gear is installed. After which, use them properly.

I speak from experience. My first real mountain trip by automobile was between Colorado Springs at six thousand feet and Leadville at ten thousand two hundred feet. The surface of this road is perfect, nor is there any spectacular running on the edge of precipices. But you must negotiate Trout Creek Pass, which winds like a snake over the ridges and ends with a wiggling five-mile down grade. Halfway over the summit my foot brake ceased utterly to function. I slid gingerly down to Buena Vista on compression and the hand brake.

The garage man opened the casing, looked at the cindery mess within, and announced: "Putting in brake lining is a nasty job. Why don't you go on to Leadville? There's little enough down grade between here and there, Lord knows. And what there is you can handle on reverse."

In Case of Cloudbursts

The mechanic who was assigned to me at Leadville took in my quandary and lectured me as follows:

"You're just like all the rest of the tenderfeet," he said—to me, who inhabited his town in 1879, before he was born or thought of—"you think you can use your brakes as you do on those little nubbins in the East. You can't. On a long down grade shut the throttle to the lowest notch, put her into low, and brake on compression. That will do for most of the grades. Vary it by braking on reverse or using the hand brake. The foot brake is your reserve, for an emergency or for when you want to stop. I'll bet I put in three hundred sets of linings a year for tourists who have burned out their linings coming over the passes into this town. But they never learn until they've had their lesson like you."

The words of the garage man I pass on and indorse.

Learn how to act in a cloudburst. This phenomenon with the startling name is nothing but a brief, violent rainstorm, which usually runs to its abrupt end in less than half an hour. The fall is probably no more heavy to the minute than in the worst storms of the East or Middle West. But in this upended country the rain from the crevasses of the peaks runs instantly into the major creases, mounting up suddenly born torrents. If conditions are favorable the accumulation may all roll suddenly, as a cliff of water, down any dry stream bed or arroyo. The thing to do in a cloudburst is to drive to a rise in the road, where you will be perfectly safe, and wait until it is over. The chances are that within a few minutes the sun will be out and that within two hours the roads will be nearly dry. But it is just as well to put on your chains.

And I repeat—don't let the heights frighten you off. Their terror is mainly that of the imagination. When you are driving on a perfectly built road with a precipice at its edge the sole danger is that of running off the road. In your daily careless motoring on the flat lands how often have you made that mistake? During four years of incompetent driving I myself have violated every canon of technic but that. Why do you expect that you will do it now, with such a reminder always beside your wheel? In a day or so of mountain motoring the imagination grows tired of picturing these possibilities, and a benevolent indifference supervenes.

Fine Tailoring in Patrick Greatcoats

Patrick greatcoats and overcoats are fit companions for any occasion. By their commanding style and unusual texture they reflect the unobtrusive elegance that goes with leadership.

In design, tailoring and workmanship Patrick coats are on a par with the admittedly superior qualities of Patrick cloth. Men like them for their roomy comfort, their smart, rugged lines and their warmth.

There is no other cloth like Patrick cloth. Made from the highest grade, pure, virgin wool "from sheep that thrive in the snow." Patrick cloth has set a standard that has never been excelled for weave, texture, warmth and wear.

In the overcoat factory of Patrick you can see the craftsmanship, the painstaking care in cutting, tailoring and finishing that means style and satisfaction. There are no better coats made anywhere because Patrick controls all the manufacturing processes from wool to wearer.

Sold by the best dealers. Send for the new catalog. It describes the entire Patrick line of woolen and knit goods.

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Pure Northern Wool

from sheep that thrive in the snow

PATTON'S

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Save the surface and you save all

The Oil Flat Wall Paint

PORE PROOF

You can wash those soft artistic walls

SOAP and water take the place of redecorating when your walls are painted with Patton's Velumina. This famous oil flat wall paint is pore-proof and durable beyond words. Dirt, dust and grime cannot penetrate its hardy film. They can only adhere to the surface and are easily washed away.

Architects and decorators recommend Velumina highly. For it gives walls the rich, soft-toned simplicity that is coming so much into vogue. It also enhances lighting effects by proper diffusion of light. Those who live in the atmosphere it creates find its quiet beauty a continuous source of satisfaction.

This artistic, economical, long-service wall paint comes in white and sixteen attractive tones. It is one of the numerous products manufactured by the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company.

No matter what you need in the way of glass, paint or varnish products, the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company manufactures something that will meet your requirements exactly. Handled by quality dealers everywhere.

A good brush is as necessary as good paint.

Write for "Proof" Booklet

PATTON'S SUN-PROOF PAINT *resists action of sun and weather. Very durable and economical.*

OUR PAINT AND VARNISH ADVISORY BOARD *will gladly consult with any manufacturer facing a paint or finishing problem and render recommendations without obligation. Booklet on request.*

PITCAIRN WATERSPAR VARNISH *puts a rich, waterproof finish on floors, furniture and woodwork. Never turns white.*

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

GLASS - Manufacturers - PAINT

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THE PUBLIC AS PARTNERS

Continued from Page 17

"I am a stockholder in this company, and I want to make a suggestion," said a stranger, walking into the office of a utility manager. "People seem to be grumbling a good deal about our service. I don't know whether they complain to you, but I hear them, and thought I'd come in and tell you something I learned in politics. If you make it easy for folks to kick they stop grumbling. Open a window right down there near the door where people can see it from the street. Put the word 'Complaints' over it in big letters, and put a pretty girl behind it to listen to grievances."

His suggestion was adopted, except that the word "Information" appeared over the window; some corporation men like the word "Criticisms." His tip was a good one. The real complaints were quickly brought out and adjusted, and the subterranean rumblings stopped.

In the bad old days before corporations learned that it pays to be friendly with the public and usually got what they wanted by lobbying, three angry women came to the manager of a gas-electric company right on one another's heels. They were hopping mad.

"Somebody here is a liar!" burst out the first. "I telephoned last week that our lights were dim, and a young man said, 'Why, ma'am, maybe your globes need cleaning—send them to the laundry.' And I did, and the laundryman laughed at me!"

"And I telephoned last week," exclaimed the second lady, "that the gas was so weak it spoiled our dinner, and a young man said that was too bad, and to go right down to the Briggs House and order a good dinner, and the company would pay for it—and now the hotel sends me this bill!"

The third lady flourished a bill. "Last month I complained that our electric-light bill was too high, and a young man told me the company had all the customers it wanted in our neighborhood, and hereafter they wouldn't charge me anything for light."

The ladies were victims of a practical joker. A drug store had a telephone number so nearly like that of the gas company that the druggist was often called up by mistake. One of his clerks, getting tired of explanations, had undertaken to smooth out the grievances of these ladies in his own way. Despite investigation and explanation they were still so angry at the company that they organized a woman's movement to fight it, and actually did it serious harm.

Local Utility Owners

Today that particular company has several thousand customer shareholders. It is more than likely that the drug clerk would speak for the company, but with authority as a stockholder, and the aggrieved ladies, as stockholders, would know enough about the company's business to understand that gas and electricity cannot be given away free, and probably know the manager personally.

A housewife who had paid her first five-dollar installment on a share of utility stock telephoned the company manager: "There's a gang of our linemen out in front of my house, and they're loafing, and I wish you'd see that they get busy and earn their wages."

She was right, and half an hour later these linemen were hustling to save their jobs.

Our company! Our service! Our customers! That is the way people begin to talk after they become shareholders, not only to the officers when they come in to ask questions or make suggestions, but to neighbors who criticize the company. They defend the business in which they feel themselves to be partners, and promptly report the complaint to the company for investigation and adjustment.

"I want to know why the woman next door is getting her electric light so much cheaper than I am, though I'm a stockholder in the company," a housewife demanded.

Investigation showed that her neighbor was getting current on a flat rate that had been displaced by meter rates some years before. She had been overlooked when the change was made.

An Eastern utility company has a list of several thousand small shareholders with unpronounceable names. They are miners from countries in Eastern Europe, and until the company began selling shares to customers on the installment plan had hoarded their savings or sent them home. The manager says that this investment is their first real participation in the affairs of the community, and is having a very definite effect in making them real Americans.

Another thing—every small shareholder in a local utility enterprise is one customer less for Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford.

The best stock salesman an Eastern utility company has is one of its construction foremen, a Pennsylvania Dutchman. He got his neighbors together to explain how the community's growth depended upon the company's growth.

"I bet you've all been suckers sometime or other," he said, "and got no-good stocks at home, printed on nice stiff paper in red, blue and gold, that you paid your money for, and never got anything back, and never will. You bring them stocks here tomorrow night and I'll show you how much better our stock is."

The neighbors got things twisted—rumors spread that their worthless stocks could be exchanged for shares in the electric-light company! There was twice as large a gathering the following night, and everybody had gaudy certificates representing money gone glimmering. The foreman handled the situation without difficulty.

Investments One Can Watch

"Think how you worked for your money, and then see what you've got to look at," he moralized. "Nothing but a piece of paper! Who is going to give you anything for that? Nobody, because it ain't worth nothing to nobody. Now suppose you had put your money into the electric-light company. Whenever you wanted to see where your money was you could go down and look at the company's big power house. There it is, going night and day, and nobody can carry it away. Suppose you wake up in the middle of the night and wonder if your money is still there. You don't have to go and look at the power house even. All you got to do is press the electric-light button. If she shines she's safe!"

One of the first utility companies that sold stock to customers sends out its semi-annual dividend checks in red envelopes, and dividend day is known locally as Red Letter Day. A mail carrier came to one of the officers. "I've been in the postal service twenty-five years," he said, "and have saved a thousand dollars. I guess you know what that means on a post-office salary and realize how I'd hate to lose my money. Now I've delivered your company's red letters since you began mailing them, and I've noticed that they are always mailed on the exact day—not an hour's delay. So I want to put my money where it will be safe."

In practically every case it is the electrical company's employes who sell these customer shares. They are paid commissions ranging from fifty cents to two dollars a share, the shares ranging in value from fifty to one hundred dollars. This makes it possible for the small investor to buy even one share as cheaply as the large investor buying a good-size block of stock from an investment house. An investment salesman would probably starve to death trying to serve such customers, but employes make sales in spare time, and even while engaged in their regular work of reading meters, installing appliances and the like, and so their commissions are welcome extra money. Besides commissions, prizes are given to those who sell the greatest amount of stock each day, or week, or reach a certain aggregate.

And there is something more than money in it for the employe who turns salesman. Before he can talk intelligently to a prospective investor about the company's shares he must learn how the company transacts its business, and take a course in salesmanship. He begins by taking a dose of the medicine he is going to prescribe for others—investing in company shares on the installment plan and practicing thrift himself. Knowledge of finance and management gained in selling shares often leads to promotion, because it is schooling in the executive side of the company's business.

About one customer in three buys on the installment plan, paying anywhere from one to ten dollars monthly. A Southern corporation sells investment savings stamps

He blew out his lamp for good

This cold-weather experience with a Ford will interest you

A GENTLEMAN in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., writes us: "Prior to my being converted to Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E' I had been using a light oil in my Ford. During the colder months I had to keep a lamp burning in the garage and jack the car up in the morning before I could turn it over.

"One of your dealers prevailed upon me to try Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E.' Since that time we burn no lamp, we use no jack, but just turn her over and get going."

* * *

Winter is coming. Icicles will soon hang from the garages. How easily do *you* start *your* Ford in cold weather?

The difficulty of starting in winter is always aggravated by low-quality or wrong-bodied oil. Many of the Ford owners who are so enthusiastic about Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" point to its cold-weather superiority as a leading reason.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" flows freely even on zero days. This means: minimum difficulty in starting, minimum strain on the battery, full protection for all frictional surfaces.

While your engine is warm, draw off your old oil and refill with the proper amount of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

Send today to our nearest branch—or ask your dealer—for the booklet, "Your Ford—Four Economies in its Operation."

For the differential of Ford cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container*

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

How many letters do you owe?

You may have a dozen or more family letters waiting to be answered. But you put it off day by day—possibly because you have no personal stationery in the house. People who answer letters promptly keep plenty of social stationery on hand.

HAMMERMILL BOND

Social Stationery

Made in three finishes—linen, bond, and ripple—with eight styles and sizes of envelopes. From this selection you can choose just the kind of distinctive personal stationery you like best. Sold by druggists, stationers, and department stores. It is strong, smooth, and pleasant to write upon, and costs but 35c to 75c a box.

You may find it more agreeable to use the writing tablet, also supplied in this fine stationery. It can be bought in all of the popular sizes with ruled or unruled sheets, as desired, convenient for travel, home, school. Envelopes to match are also furnished.

Send for Attractive Samples

We will send you seven smart styles and finishes of Hammermill Bond Social Stationery if you will send us ten cents (stamps or coin). With this attractive stationery on hand you can answer a number of letters you owe.

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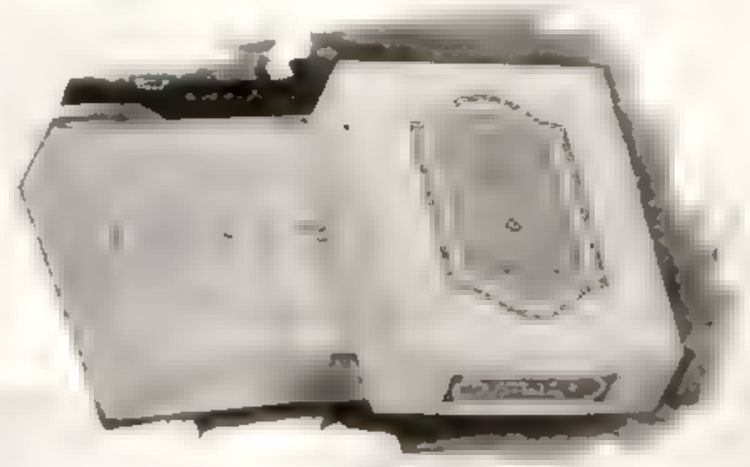


for five dollars each, advising the purchase of one a month, though this is not compulsory, and when seventeen of the stamps have been pasted on a card, one share of stock is given in exchange for the latter. Some companies add the monthly installment to the electric-light bill, a plan popular with women, for one of the most forceful arguments in selling is, "Pay your electric-light bills with your dividends," and three to five shares of stock paying 6 per cent will usually do that. The housewife, with a fixed amount of money to run her home, likes the idea of these self-paying bills.

Farmers are excellent customers for utility shares, partly because their investment in a local corporation can be seen and also because they understand that new capital is needed to extend service into farming districts. The utility corporations are rapidly reaching out into the country, in many cases linking their wires into systems over which current can be exchanged in emergencies, or to level the peaks of demand at certain times of the day or year. Electric light and power companies now reach more than 2,600,000 farms, and for every farmer brought in range of electrical service there seem to be a half dozen more just beyond the border line who want it too. So the farmer is an excellent prospect, and utility employes whose work takes them out into the country get acquainted with him, ask about crops, find out when he will be marketing stuff, and look him up when he is likely to have surplus funds for investment.

When a utility corporation sells shares to a multitude of small holders on installments it virtually becomes a thrift institution, and ought to see that money invested in its securities is safe and that small shareholders can get their money back in an emergency. Safety is assured by the business standing of certain types of utility corporations, their regulation by state commissions, and the enormous potential demand for their services. In the electrical field, for example, the production of current has grown from less than 6,000,000,000 kilowatt-hours in 1907 to an estimated 45,000,000,000 kilowatt-hours this year. And still half the homes in America are yet to be wired for electricity, a large percentage of our industries run on other kinds of power, and the electrification of the steam railroads has scarcely begun. Investors uncertain about safety are advised to consult local bankers about the standing of the company. The securities of many corporations with customer shareholders are listed and can readily be sold. Where shares are unlisted corporations sometimes make a repurchase arrangement, or wide ownership of shares in the community creates a market for them. As a matter of practice it has been found that very few small holders traffic in shares or are disturbed by fluctuations in market quotations. So long as dividends come regularly they feel secure. In many communities there have not been so many shares as people wanted to buy, and applicants unable to get shares have asked that their names be put down at the top of the waiting list for the next issue.

The Benefits of Wide Distribution

A recent investigation of eighty-odd electrical companies throughout the country showed that out of 230,000 stockholders, 182,000 were customers, or 80 per cent, holding 1,320,000 shares, or about a third of the total shares of these companies. The holdings of customers averaged about seven shares apiece.

"We do not want any big stockholders," says the president of a large city electrical corporation. "One of our directors told me that during the depression he had been obliged to sell 1000 shares of his personal holdings of our stock. He was very sorry that necessity compelled him to do this, and proposed buying it back. I advised him not to buy it back, and explained that I had personally bought the stock when he sold it, and distributed it among a couple of hundred small holders. 'Sell another 1000 shares instead,' I told him. What we are after is to have as many citizens as possible directly interested in this company."

Slightly less than five shares each was the average taken by some 11,000 purchasers of stock in a Middle-Western telephone company a few months ago. The largest single group of purchasers were housewives, more than 2000 of them. Next came 1000 clerks, and after that stenographers, teachers, bookkeepers, barbers, chauffeurs, brass workers, boiler makers, carpenters, motormen, firemen, dressmakers, milliners, shoe shiners, waiters.

A $25,000,000 issue of stock by an Eastern telephone company was lately sold by its 46,000 employes in eight hours to more than 100,000 shareholders. The issue was subscribed three times over, so purchasers got only one-third to one-fifth the number of shares they wanted. More than 60 per cent of the applications were for five shares or less. The stock was sold on monthly payments of five dollars a share and was attractive because it is the first preferred stock issued by that company, and its earnings are large. Employes were paid 1 per cent commission.

A utility corporation's customers might own all its stock. Indeed, the president of one big Middle-Western electric company with nearly 25,000 stockholders is proud that 92 per cent of them live in the territory served by the company and 86 per cent hold 90 per cent of the stock. One out of every three persons working for this company owns some of its stock.

This doesn't mean that utility companies can be financed by their customers alone. Many corporations raise capital by bond as well as stock issues, and the former bring capital quickly, because the bonds are usually sold in a lump to underwriters or investment bankers, while an installment stock issue may not yield the full amount for a year or more.

"But bonds are a loan, while stocks are ownership," say the utility men. Distant bondholders have no voice in management so long as their interest is paid regularly, but people in a community owning 60 to 90 per cent of the voting stock in one of its utilities could play a very important part in its management and control.

Interesting Changes

Customer ownership is turning utility executives *right-about face*. Once they regarded the plants and organizations they had built up almost as their own personal property, and were jealous of their personal power in matters of management. Now they feel their customers' presence as partners. There is a new feeling toward dividends too. To let them lapse would obviously be more disastrous than where stocks were held by large investors, and the fact that such a lapse would reflect directly upon management is one of the best assurances that dividends will be maintained if possible. Steady growth in demand for electrical, telephone and other utility services, and the adjustment of their rates to fair costs by state regulation, make it possible to earn dividends where management is good.

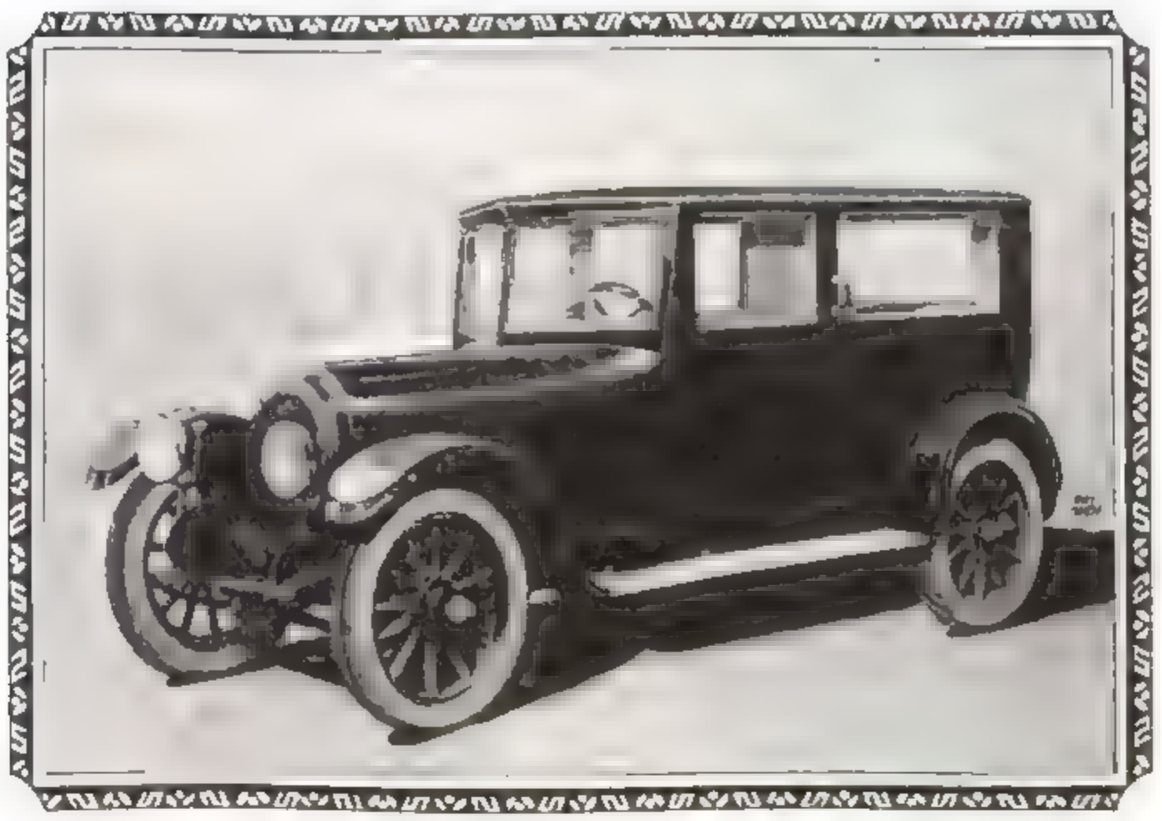
This new viewpoint of partnership with the public is bringing about interesting changes. For example, some utility companies with customer stockholders are paying dividends monthly instead of semi-annually. The customary annual report, which discloses the condition of a corporation only to those who know what is behind the various items of the balance sheet, is being turned into the yearbook, with each item explained—where operating revenue comes from, what is paid out for operating expense, why some of the company's profit is put away in the reserve, and so on, even down to an explanation of the inevitable dead beats classified as uncollectible revenue.

It is not the small shareholder alone who is enlightened by an annual report, either. More than once the seasoned investor, discovering a couple of million dollars' reserve in the balance sheet of a utility corporation, has wanted to know why that money can't be paid out in bigger dividends. Or a journalistic agitator has demanded that it be given to the pee-pul in lower rates. Probably nature steps in and answers them by wrecking a half-million dollars' worth of poles, wires and cables with a sleet storm or tornado.

Every utility corporation must be prepared for the rainy day. The reserve is its umbrella.

To get better acquainted, utility officials are inviting customer shareholders to visit their plants and see for themselves where their money goes and what a lot of it is needed for growth. It has been said that electricity takes more brains to make and less brains to use than any other commodity. When people want electric light or power they simply turn a switch. The great power plants, cable systems and

(Continued on Page 69)



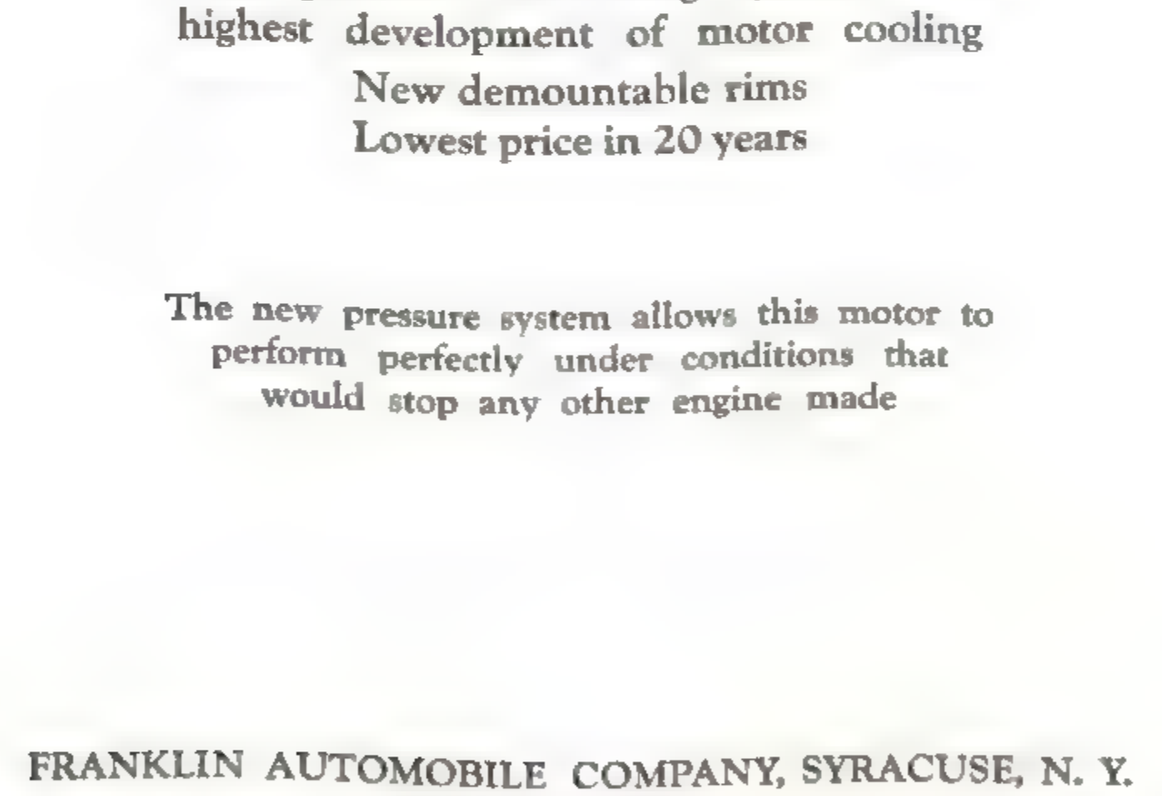
The Franklin Sedan

WITH THE NEW MOTOR

More power; more speed; more economy
New pressure air-cooling system — the highest development of motor cooling
New demountable rims
Lowest price in 20 years

The new pressure system allows this motor to perform perfectly under conditions that would stop any other engine made

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.



Your Skin

Sees ——

Feels ——

Breathes ——

Don't Smother It

POSSIBLY no other organ of the body is commanding greater attention on the part of Science than that of the skin. What once was considered merely a protecting covering is now known to possess functions formerly undreamed of.

The skin feels and breathes. And we also know that it actually *sees*, as shown by its recognized sensitiveness to light and by the fact that the outer part of the human eye itself is a development of pigment cells which underlie the skin.

The skin therefore is a very active monitor of the body. Unhampered it does its best work. All it demands is a chance to function in a *natural* way. And that is a matter of *thorough cleanliness—pore-deep* cleanliness. Smothering it with harmful color pigments and essential oils of cheap perfumes so often found in impure soaps checks its action so that the entire body suffers.

Thorough cleanliness is *simple* cleanliness. All it requires is the use of a soap you know to be *soap in its purest form*—a soap that will cleanse the pores so that the body can *breathe*—a soap whose mildness will protect the tenderest skin as well as impart vigor to the most rugged.

Such a soap is Fairy Soap, which is winning new thousands of users everywhere because of the lesson of *American white cleanliness* which it teaches. *It is the whitest soap in the world.* At a dollar a cake it could not be purer—yet its cost is only a few cents. It is the *body's* best friend because it is the *skin's* best friend. It is made especially for bath and toilet use. One week's trial will make it *your* friend for life.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

For That Thorough, Pore-Deep Cleanliness

What WALLACE, originator of 'Get Thin to Music', says:

To those removing superfluous flesh through my reducing records I always emphasize the importance of caring for the pores and keeping them free and open.

My observation of the purity, mildness and pore-cleansing abilities of Fairy Soap has caused me to endorse its use.

Wallace

FAIRY SOAP

HELPS THE BODY BREATHE

(Continued from Page 66)

switchboards that manufacture and distribute the juice are practically unknown to the public. When people want to telephone they lift the receiver off the hook, and to the public, telephone service is symbolized by the instrument—they know nothing of the central exchanges with their switchboards, wires and cables, and the disciplined organization needed to render service twenty-four hours in the day.

How little even a business man may know of such matters was shown when an investment banker advised his customers not to buy telephone securities because a blight was killing chestnut trees. Chestnut was used for telephone poles, he reasoned, and if telephone companies' poles were destroyed their assets would be impaired. He did not realize that only 5 per cent of a telephone company's investment is in poles, that only 25 per cent of them are chestnut, that blight affects only a few states, that the number of subscribers per pole is constantly increasing, and that blight does not affect chestnut poles, but only living trees.

It is by getting people into the power houses and exchanges to see things with their own eyes that better acquaintance is established, and better public opinion created for utilities.

An electrical company in the West using water power had an investment of several million dollars in pumps which had never been used. Installed when the plant was built, to lift water in a dry summer, there had never been any need for them. The state commission suggested that they be written off the balance sheet as a useless investment—that is, whether the company scrapped the pumps or kept them, it would not be allowed to earn interest and depreciation on their cost. While this question was being discussed there came on a record-breaking dry summer. Water for irrigating farms in all the country round was exhausted, and crops began to dry up.

Sociable Annual Meetings

That corporation has a good many customer shareholders, some of them farmers. They were invited to the power house, along with newspaper men and city officials, had the pump situation explained, and then the pumps themselves were put at work for the first time, lifting water into the irrigation system to save the perishing crops. There hasn't been any doubt about their usefulness since then—they more than earned their interest that summer.

Another way in which utility officials and their customer stockholders are getting better acquainted is through the annual meeting. Where a utility corporation is financed by distant investors the annual meeting is a mere form. When it is financed by Tom, Dick and Harriet, right around home, utility executives can get their stockholders together in a hall and make the company meeting a family party. The annual report is read, explained by the president, questions are answered if anybody wants to ask them, and shareholders urged to come to the officers at any time whenever they want information, whether they own one share of stock or a thousand.

At such a company meeting not long ago the president—who is one of the best-known captains in the electrical industry—drew a statistical picture of the company's relations to the community it served. The company had done so many million dollars' worth of business last year; $1,000,000 of it came from new customers. To serve these customers $5,000,000 worth of new equipment would be needed sooner or later. Some of that money could be taken out of the reserve. Some could also be taken from profits. But the greater portion would have to come from the sale of stocks and bonds. The money invested with, lent to or earned by the company in past years—so many millions in one generating station, so many millions in another, so much in cables, conduits, transformers, meters—the company had so many residence customers, so many industrial power customers, so many tons of coal were burned last year, so many employes on the pay roll —

The Public Buying In

To Tom, Dick and Harriet with their two, three or five shares, it probably seemed as though their few hundred dollars were lost in all these millions. But after he had given his audience this full-size view of the company's magnitude he showed them that these figures were the measure of the company's obligations to the community. As shareholders they were helping fulfill those obligations and helping finance growth to meet the new demands constantly being made by the community. More than that, with the new money they invested in the company it was possible to install better and better equipment, make more current with a ton of coal, and fulfill increasing obligations to the community without raising rates. They had done that already, and anybody with even one share in the business had reason to be proud of the company's service to the community, and he hoped the time would come when the company had a shareholder in every block to let the community know how well their company was doing its job.

What to do about the public-service corporations! A community puzzle since the days of boodle franchises, stock jobbing and manipulation by absentee capitalists. Step by step they have been brought under control until today the community regulates them in rates, rights, management and growth. The communist has for years loudly clamored for public ownership—which means political management with its familiar waste and torpor. Suddenly with no more agitation or theory than could be put in a soap box, the public has begun taking over ownership by simply buying it. It is public ownership by 1 to 2 per cent of the thrifty, level-headed people in the community, with private management under their direction of the utilities necessary to the community's life—really the next logical step in regulation.

THE FUGITIVE BUNGALOW

(Continued from Page 19)

seemed entirely in her right mind, he could only conclude that she was having fun with him. So he told her, rather curtly for a good-natured policeman, that "You can't steal a house, lady."

"He is, he is!" cried Peggy. "Ask him!"

"Are you?" the policeman asked him.

"Sure!"

"You see, he's kidding you, lady," said the policeman; "that is, unless the both of you are kidding me."

"Not I!" the young man assured him earnestly. "The first thing I know she's standing there and asking me if I stole this house. I don't know what is the matter with her. She seems all right too."

"You've got an agreement with the owner of the house, and he's paying you to move it, and all that?"

"I'll say he is!"

The policeman turned to Peggy.

"Maybe you're not doing it, but all I know, lady, is that somebody here is being kidded."

Peggy laughed ironically, and thereby unwittingly confirmed his suspicions of her as a cut-up and a joker. He flushed a dark brick red and moved on. She stared rather blankly at the broad receding back, but recovered and uptilted the piquant nose at it. Then she gave all her attention to the young house mover.

"You dare," she cried, "to keep me out of my own house?"

He disclaimed any such intention. She had not said she wanted to go in. He waved her courteously towards the house. It was all hers. She could go right in and he would charge her nothing for the ride.

After all, she had to stay somewhere, and she remembered that possession was nine points of the law, whatever that amounted to; and anyway, the thing to do was to stick with the house before it vanished entirely.

Already the number was changed. With the 9 reversed, it was now 6240. What else might happen? Peggy felt sure that something would.

"Come, nursie, get out your keys."

Nursie paid off the taxi and got out her keys, which she kept for periodical airing of the bungalow. The young man, who proved most obliging, unlocked the front door for them and one by one boosted them up into the doorway, and delivered Miss Newcomb's parcels and the girls' hand bags in after them. Miss Newcomb went

"No Such Thing as a Type"

THERE IS SOMETHING more than comfort about a Kahn made-to-measure great coat. The generously proportioned collar, like the rest of the coat, has a distinctly masculine flourish. The contact of fine wool against the cheek on a crisp day has a bracing feeling that puts you in fine feather.

You go forth in a Kahn garment with the sense that you are a quality man—continuously comfortable, continuously right, continuously at an advantage. You never have to compromise with your quality conscience.

"Individuality" with Kahn is more than a trade expression, because Kahn insists that there is "no such thing as a type." Kahn garments are actually tailored to the individual by craftsmen who are more hypercritical of their own work than the most fastidious customer.

Because so many men know the mental ease and satisfaction Kahn quality can give them, the Kahn clientele is very large. Consequently Kahn is able to give exclusiveness to the *individual* and moderate prices to the *thousands*.

MADE TO MEASURE BY
KAHN TAILORING CO.
OF INDIANAPOLIS
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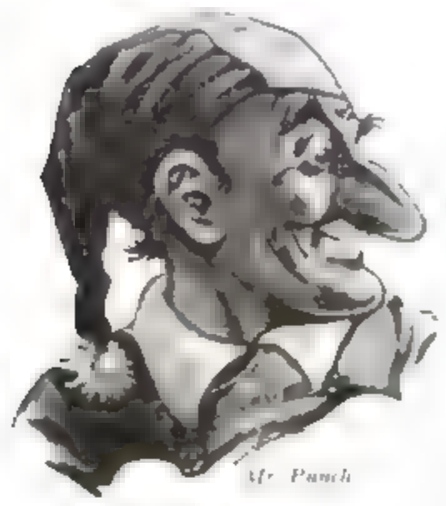
"Many times a lover of good tools has looked beyond the hardware store window to his own profit," says Mr. Punch



Pass by these tools —if you can

You stop before a store window full of shining tools.

Their beauty is irresistible. A moment later you are inside the door and asking the clerk to let you see several that interest you. You discover they are Goodell-Pratt Tools.

As a lover of good tools you realize the worth of these as you handle them for the first time. They have the feel, the balance, the appearance of good tools. You cannot help wanting them.

Men who know and appreciate good tools are unable to pass by Goodell-Pratt Tools. They use Goodell-Pratt Tools in preference to any others. Only the most skilful workmanship, the best materials, and the most rigid inspection can produce tools that will do such efficient and accurate work.

Goodell-Pratt Good Tools are reliable always, whether you use them once a month or every day in the year.

Your hardware dealer can show you these tools. See him or ask us to send you free our No. 14 Tool Book, describing in detail all the Goodell-Pratt "1500 Good Tools."

GOODELL-PRATT

1500 GOOD TOOLS

GOODELL-PRATT COMPANY

Toolsmiths

GREENFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

straight to the kitchen and the girls to Peggy's room.

"Là, là, what a lark!" gurgled the chum. "And that's a spiffy young house mover, if you ask me."

Peggy stopped rummaging in a clothes closet.

"You're welcome," she retorted. "Only keep him out of my way, Sue Sherman, any time you see me with a hatchet in my hand."

"Then, why, darling, are you digging out your crispiest and Frenchiest gingham?"

It was truly a fetching gingham, but the healthy girl who slipped into it was empty, and so was the other one, and therefore it was bad news they found awaiting them when they went to help in the kitchen. Where was supper to come from, Miss Newcomb begged to be told, with nothing to cook and no heat, no light, no water.

"Pooh," said Sue, "that will be nothing at all to a house kidnaper! Suppose I ask him."

"Do," said Peggy dryly.

The envoy came upon him down in the street conferring with a painter, a carpenter and a roofer, all four slowly walking along with the house.

"But none of these things was in the contract," he objected when Sue had told her troubles. "Perhaps I'd better talk it over with the lady of the house."

"Oh, very well," said Sue as dryly as Peggy herself.

Receiving the message, Peggy had a presentiment that she was going to be hungrier yet unless she went. For no other reason on earth, she declared, looking her dearest chum straight in the eye, would she talk anything over at that man's bidding.

He had finished with the three artisans and was seated in his car, hitched on behind the house, intently figuring sums; but when Peggy appeared he jumped into the road.

"My card, Miss Rodgers," he said before she could speak.

She glanced disdainfully at the card, but in the dusk that was upon them disdain instantly gave way to a sort of shocked and rapturous excitement.

"Jimmy Nash!" she cried. His reputation was not unknown to her. They still talked about him at the university. Her eyes, the blue in them, a viking blue, narrowed on him with shrewd suspicion. "Mr. Nash," she said, "I'd bet a ton of chocolate creams you are putting something over on g-pops!"

"Far from over—yet," said Jimmy modestly. "Maybe I'll tell you at supper. Fact is I'll probably have to. But meantime there's still the supper—to get."

After a brief discussion with the foreman of the moving crew he slipped the halter of his car and invited Peggy to go shopping for provender. She resignedly shrugged a shoulder, and in return supposed she would have to invite him to supper; but if he were her guest he couldn't pay for the makings. He agreed and hoped she had money enough to buy enough. At the nearest neighborhood business center they foraged together through a delicatessen shop, a fruit stand, a confectioner's, and, as an afterthought, a grocery store, accumulating what either needed no cooking or could be cooked on an electric plate, an electric toaster or in a chafing dish. They were returning after dark when Peggy uttered a little ejaculation of pleased amazement. There, ahead, the bungalow hospitably glowed with light!

"How come?" she breathed.

They had docked the bungalow under a street light, and the electrician of the gang had simply tapped the juice overhead; and they had run the garden hose from the nearest lawn hydrant in through the kitchen window to the sink, and so had water.

"Housekeeping while you move," Sue Sherman welcomed them from the doorway. "Didn't I tell you, Peg? He surely is full of resources."

"So's the devil," said Peggy. "Oh, excuse me! Mr. Nash, this is Miss Sherman. She is a dear child."

They dined, or Dutch-lunched, in the Rodgers' breakfast room. Peggy could not wait long on curiosity, and she said, "Then you really are trying to run off with our house, Mr. Nash?"

"It comes," Jimmy explained, "of your venerated g-pops wanting me to prove myself a donkey."

"But surely you will not disappoint him?" Peggy asked incredulously.

"At least I must try not to, if only out of respect to my ancestors. Ah, Miss Rodgers, could I but count on your sympathy as a sustaining ——"

"Here!" Peggy cut in dizzily. "How, as we say in senior lit, do you get that way? Is it a species of complex?"

"You are the complexity in this sporting event, Miss Rodgers. When Mr. Rodgers learns that you have arrived in town only to vanish, consider, if you please, the wild and feverish hunt that then begins for the missing child in the missing house. Thus your coming complicates things and roughens up the smooth highway of crime. That is why I shall have to tell you about the wager with your grandfather."

He told her—told the three of them.

"My land sakes alive!" gasped nursie.

"And so," said Peggy, "you are relying on me as a good little sport to stand by while poor dear g-pops gets whipsawed? How very nice! Then there's another thing. Aren't you stepping a little fast, Mr. Jesse James, when you assume that I have vanished?"

"Haven't you?"

Miss Newcomb stiffened; Miss Sherman's mouth opened; she was thrilled. But Miss Rodgers laughed a cool, tinkling little laugh of silvery irony.

"I fancy myself a prisoner!" she laughed. "When g-pops receives the note I intend to send him ——"

"By all means, send him a note. I want him to know that you are safe, but you see yourself I can't let him know where you are. If you will give me your word ——"

"I'll give you absolutely nothing—except more of the potato salad."

"In that case," said Jimmy with real regret, yet firmly, "I'm afraid he won't hear from you, not directly, until ——"

"I'll bet you ——" Peggy began, her eyes blazing.

"One bet at a time, if you don't mind. I'm crowded already."

Crowded? She could well imagine! She was the crowd. Her dropping in had dislocated all the sweet-running machinery. It made her feel like a monkey wrench, and about as mean. She caught herself admiring his unflustered acceptance of the handicap and the morosely cheerful fashion in which he had set about making readjustments. Of course, he couldn't let her tell her grandfather that his house was gone and where to find it, even if he did have to hold her prisoner. But holding her prisoner was not so outrageous as it sounded. It was only part of a game, and she was game to understand. In his place she would do the same to win. And so sensible little Peggy was doing credit to her university training as she reviewed Jimmy's perplexities in her mind, and there is no telling what complete change of heart she might have achieved had not Miss Newcomb—prim and scandalized Miss Newcomb—put in her oar at precisely this juncture.

"The young ones aren't the only ones," Miss Newcomb put in unexpectedly. "It won't hurt Marc Rodgers to get taken down a little his own self. Him a respectable and law-abiding grandfather, and making any such a wild-goose wager! I hope to goodness he loses it, that I do! And Peggy child, if you listen to me, you'll not interfere. You'll give this younger idiot of the two of them a fair field, my dear."

"Nursie Newcomb!" exclaimed Peggy in consternation.

First her chum and now one of the pillars of her universe had crumbled before the graceless charms of the enemy within the gates, and, when she could get her breath, it made her tired. But she at least was formed of other stuff.

"I will write g-pops whatever I please, as why shouldn't I?" said she to Jimmy. "And furthermore, what I write will go through to him too."

"I'm afraid," Jimmy sorrowfully replied, "it's time somebody was taking you in hand."

"More of the salad?" urged Peggy.

Rainbow Falls Near Hilo, Island of Hawaii

Towards daybreak next morning an alarm clock in the girls' room cut loose, but instantly a curly brown mop was lifted from the pillow and a rosy arm darted from under the bedclothes and throttled the demon. In the gray light a misty, slender form hit the floor with the soft pad of bare feet, and leaning over the bed it rolled out a plumper form.

"Wake up, Sue! Now, wake up! I declare, you'd sleep through the church bells for your own wedding!"

The plumper one picked herself up from the floor, yawning, and would have melted back into bed had she not been seized and vigorously shaken.

"Le'me, Peg—jus' li'l' nap," she begged; but a wet towel was prodded by brisk fingers into her eyes.

"Don't you reckon I'm sleepy too?" hissed her assailant. "Racket all night long like a rush order in a boiler shop. Up and down the walls and on the roof. What d'you imagine they were doing to the old homestead? Wake now? Then hop into the quick rags. Darn that smiling hellion! I'd lose sleep for a week to show him ——"

"Where're my stockings, Peg? This dressing without a light certainly cramps one's technic." But they managed it.

"And here's the letter," said Peggy. It was one she had written the last thing the night before. "Mind, now, if you get away and I don't, you leave it for g-pops at his club. Then you can go on out to the country club and go to the game with the boys."

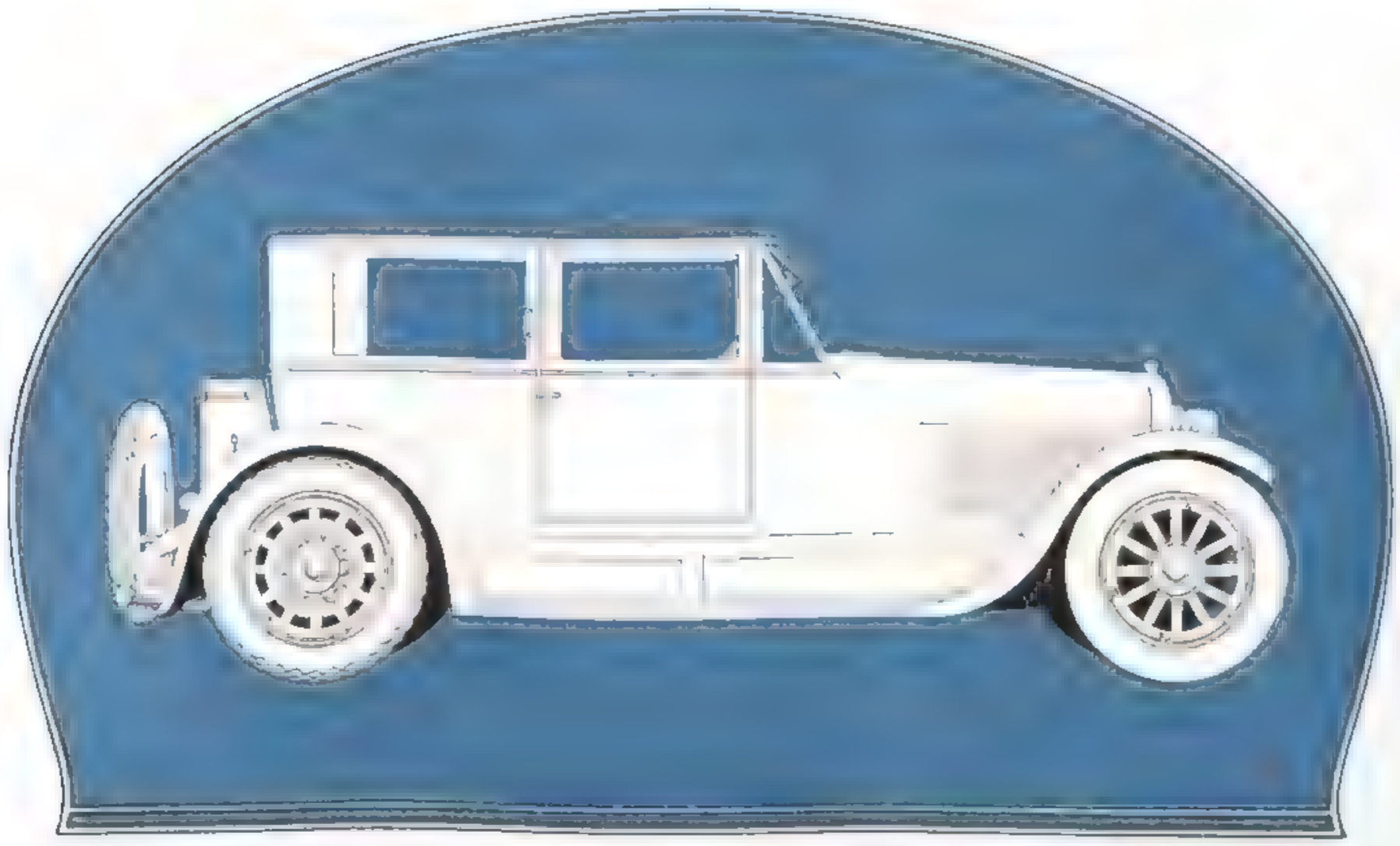
"Yes, yes!" said her chum. She was as keyed up to their adventure as the leading lady herself.

"S-s-sh! Let's go, and if you giggle once, Sue Sherman ——"

They tiptoed downstairs and through the house into the kitchen. Here Peggy stealthily opened an inside door, which was—or had been—the cellar door, and now opened into space under the house. It was an exit, as Peggy had gleefully calculated, overlooked by their jailer. She eased herself downward over the sill, kicking her legs until one swinging foot touched the pavement five feet below.

Here they were in a rectangle of darkness bounded on all four sides by a gray gauze, which was the dawn mixed with fog. Forms of a darker gray, men wrapped in blankets, lay here and there along the edge of the patch of darkness. They slept; slumber's orchestral diapason was unanimous. But woe to the rash girl attempting flight by lowering herself from a window or from either the front or back door. She would find herself dropping accurately upon a housemover. No rash girl, however, had done that. Peggy chuckled. Both girls tingled with excitement. Stooping low, they warily threaded their way through a gap between the sleeping men. Out from

(Continued on Page 73)



The Women Will Decide

Women who first learned to handle the wheel of a motor car in an old fashioned automobile large enough to entertain the neighbors, have determined the trend of motor car body design.

Those whose husbands have a care for their comfort and happiness will refuse to ride in the back seat of an open car with its complete lack of ventilation-control and protection against the weather.

Once having experienced the comfort, cleanliness and convenience of an enclosed car they will insist upon that type of body.

At first they may be satisfied with an enclosed car which can be purchased at a price.

Then they will discover that it is easy enough to build a flimsy body to sell at a price. But no woman will be satisfied with anything that does not afford protection against rattles, squeaks and dust.

Most women will prefer a five passenger car because that is the size of the average family. That will establish the Brougham type originally introduced by Jordan as the standard type of family enclosed car.

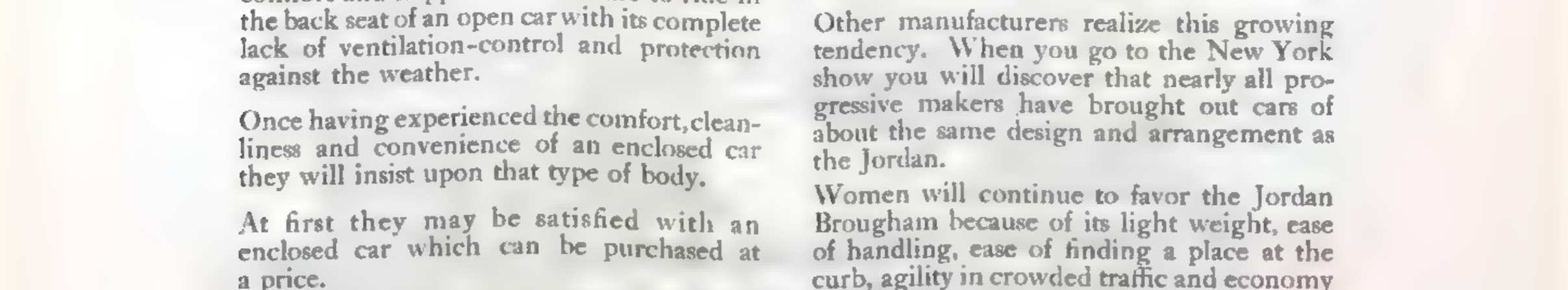
Other manufacturers realize this growing tendency. When you go to the New York show you will discover that nearly all progressive makers have brought out cars of about the same design and arrangement as the Jordan.

Women will continue to favor the Jordan Brougham because of its light weight, ease of handling, ease of finding a place at the curb, agility in crowded traffic and economy of operation.

You never tire driving a Jordan Brougham.

That is why every woman loves it.

A brown road through the gateway of the crimson-wooded hills, where long ago and far away stern history was moulded. Fabled dreams dance up the yellow sun—and the world seems made for only two. That's Valley Forge in the golden days of Autumn.



JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

Gives Wings to Words

Wings! to symbolize the service of the Underwood Portable—to show that from its keys words leap in swift flight; imagination soars; thought speeds onward; all that lives in heart and mind is given freest expression.

The Portable is obtainable at Underwood offices in all principal cities, or direct from the Underwood Typewriter Company Inc., Underwood Bldg., N. Y. Price $50.

UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

(Continued from Page 70)

under the house, they held up their heads, figuratively and literally.

"Now, Old Loveliness," Peggy whispered, "that's your route—two blocks straight ahead to the car line. Scoot!"

Miss Sherman nodded, picked up her high heels and merged like a shadow into the fog.

Peggy was to take the opposite direction to confuse the chase should there be any. But somehow, or somehow deliberately, she ran into a ladder leaning against the house and toppled it over with a reverberating crash. Jimmy Nash, who was sleeping on the seat of his car, flung off his blanket and vaulted into the street. His henchmen came similarly to life. Peggy eluded outreaching arms and got clear, Jimmy close behind. It was a pretty foot race. He caught her, and he was a little more than half awed by her tragedy-queen dignity. He had to offer to carry her back to the house, and he had to mean it before she consented to go peaceably. He bundled her in through a window and started his men to work on their moving job. From the window she wrinkled her nose at his back, then went to bed again, demurely satisfied with herself.

Old Marc Rodgers, as it happened, had been able to transact his business out of town in one day, and late the same night he had returned to the comforts of his club. Here he learned that Peggy was home for the game.

"Poof! Silly nonsense!" he said, but he was as pleased as Punch just the same.

He hurried to the telephone and called up his bungalow. No one answered, and no one kept on not answering, until he lost patience, gave Central fits, demanded the Trouble Department and continued his remarks when told that something was the matter and they would let him know in the morning. Then he called up Miss Newcomb's house, and Miss Newcomb's brother-in-law got out of bed and told him that she had gone with Miss Rodgers.

Well, that was all right. Peggy and her chum would be all snug at the bungalow under Nursie Newcomb's wing. Perhaps they were sleeping too soundly to hear the phone, or it was like Peggy to leave the receiver off. Let 'em sleep. He'd go out there in the morning.

Four of his cronies at a protracted game of bridge asked him how his bet was coming on, and he pooh-poohed their suggestion that he was worrying about it. They affected concern. They were not so sure; not with Jimmy Nash. There was a young man who would steal more than a house if he set his mind to it, and they advised Marc to put in the night worrying. Marc advised them to strut into some other barnyard to do their cackling. Major Hightower, the stakeholder, held up the long sealed envelope with the checks in it and offered to let him kiss it good-by. Marc Rodgers shook his head, smiling like a foxy old cherub; he'd have Peggy in the morning. And he went happily off to bed.

But the next morning, when he awoke and reached for his bedside phone and would have scolded Peggy from the depths of his affectionate heart, he was switched onto the Trouble Department, and it was trouble. They had sent a man out there the night before, after his complaint, but the man hadn't been able to locate the house. In fact, there was no house there. No, sir, no house at all.

"No house! Hey, what's that—no house?"

Then where was Peggy? House gone—Peggy gone! He shut off the Trouble Department, though not his troubles, and phoned for his car. He dressed and rushed out, shaking his head impatiently when the steward yelled "Letter!" at him. It was Peggy's letter, which Sue Sherman had slipped into the mail slot two hours before while the club slept.

"Out to the bungalow, Dick!" he shouted to his chauffeur. "And use both feet when you step on it!"

On the way they had to slow down in order to pass a house that was being moved. It caused Marc Rodgers to remember somewhat uncomfortably his wager with Jimmy Nash, and the recollection heightened his worry about his own house. He looked at the house, and no more. There was nothing about it to hold his eye, and he was in a hurry. A young fellow perched on the tractor behind the driver grinned at him genially from under a mechanic's cap pulled low over his eyes; but Mr. Rodgers was in no humor for geniality, and less than ever because the grease-smeared grin reminded him of Jimmy Nash. As the car shot out of the narrow passage in high once more a pretty girl suddenly appeared at an upstairs window of the house, eagerly waving to him and calling "G-pops," but he neither saw nor heard.

The car cut wart after wart, and flattened out in Rosemary Boulevard for the home stretch. It stopped before 4902, or what had been.

"Dick," Marc Rodgers asked feebly, "do you see what I don't see?"

"No—no, sir, I don't see it either."

The distinguished white patch on Marc's nether lip quivered.

"Dick," he said, "I'm going to raise hell."

He returned to his club first. Perhaps there would be word from Peggy. The steward handed him Peggy's note. Peggy sent g-pops her very dearest love, and he was not to worry for one blessed minute, for she was exactly all right, and she had taken nursie with her and she was having a pricelessly gorgeous time. And she had a hug and a kiss for him for early delivery, and there was her dearest love again, but not a word of where that young lady was!

"The little skeesicks!" grunted g-pops, puffing for wind.

Still, he saw how it was. Finding the bungalow gone she had naturally concluded that it was of his ordering, and had gone to stay with friends. She hadn't thought to mention the address of the friends, but why should she when that idiot of a steward had told her that he was to be out of town for several days? Well, all right. Peggy was off his mind, and now he could put all his faculties to rounding up his bungalow and showing Jimmy Nash a variety of things.

Overlooking the fact that he had not breakfasted, he pattered out to his car again and headed for police headquarters. Here he promptly brushed the bluecoats the wrong way. His attitude rendered the police as skeptical as he had been in the first place that a house could be stolen. More reasonable was it to suppose that the old gentleman harbored zebras in his attic. Coming down to cases, they knew of no house being moved except one out on Barlow Street.

"Barlow Street?" repeated Rodgers. "I passed by that house this morning."

"And you're sure it wasn't your house?" asked the captain.

"My house? That mongrel Queen Anne, pink - and - green - and - yellow horror? Wouldn't I know my own house?"

The captain appeared skeptical even on this point, which moved Mr. Rodgers to attempt to express his opinion of the police on an empty stomach. But it was difficult, as he candidly told them, to express an opinion of police who allowed houses to be stolen from under their very noses. At that the captain assured him that houses were not stolen from under their very noses. He went further and assured him that the heat had warped the shingles on his roof. But if his house was stolen and he would know it when he saw it, then he could find it himself. Probably he had nothing else to do anyway, and they had. They had crime to keep down. They couldn't waste taxpayers' money running down every woolly story that excited nuts brought to them.

Just for that, Mr. Rodgers forbade them to have anything to do with the case. They weren't to meddle, and he'd show 'em up by tracking down his house himself—personally, himself. No one could steal a house from him and get away with it. He left his official protectors this to ponder over and stormed out.

The pretty girl at the window stared amazed at Marc Rodgers' snowy, leonine mane bobbing above the lowered top of the departing automobile. He had passed right by his own house with never a flicker of recognition. Her glance fell upon the young mechanic riding the tractor who had grinned at her grandfather, and who was now rubbing grease smears from his face.

"Devilish mysterious," she said, and hurried downstairs.

A moment later she perched herself beside the young man on the tractor. Here, looking back, she had a good outside view of the bungalow. She looked, and uttered a little squeal of pure astonishment.

"Jimmy Nash, you surely didn't change us into another house while we slept, did you?"

But of course it was not another house. It was the same house, with variations. The weathered shakes were painted a cool cream up to the second story, and from there to the eaves they were stained a vivid green. The low-pitched roof, formerly tarred black, had been tarred afresh and laid over with crushed tile, a bright cheery red. Striped awnings of orange and lavender shaded each window where none had been before. But the worst is yet to be recorded. Somebody's one-time cherished mansion of a rare old Queen Anne vintage had of a certainty been levied upon for its gingerbread treasures and wondrous scrollwork, which were here grafted upon a helpless and well-meaning bungalow. I think, though, that the finishing touch for Peggy was the stoop before the front door, a lovely old museum piece with ornamental iron posts, balustrade of intricate metal curlicues and a profusion of the same around the top. Peggy gaped at her companion in grudging wonder.

"It's an infernal sacrilege!"

"Why, I thought you'd be pleased!" he said. "But after this I will consult you before making alterations."

"Indeed—indeed? But I may not be here"

"No?"

"You will discover, Mr. Nash, that it's a risky business keeping a girl prisoner in this high-handed manner. Especially "

"Isn't breakfast almost ready?"

Ironically she invited him in to breakfast.

"But where is Miss Sherman?" he asked when they were at breakfast.

"Do you want to see her so much?"

"Most certainly. She has beautiful Titian hair."

"It's a beautiful corn-shuck yellow."

"And a sweet disposition; never tart or peppery."

"My land, I'm sorry, but she's gone!"

"Gone?"

Peggy laughed.

"I'll show you."

She took him to the cellar door and showed him.

"Then you did get word through to your grandfather telling him where to find the house?"

She tilted the eloquent nose. Why shouldn't she tell him? When g-pops returned to his club and found her note ——

"All right," said Jimmy. "I'll have to work fast, that's all."

"Never fast enough, though," she promised him.

He ignored that, and contemplated her with something closely akin to tender sympathy in his regard.

"How mortified you must feel," he said, "that you did not make your get-away too! Is Miss Sherman so much more clever——"

"Oh, she is tremendously clever!"

"Or," he went on gently, "if you had just called a little bit louder, or a little bit quicker, to your grandfather when he —"

Miss Rodgers straightened. Then she smiled tantalizingly.

"What a wonderful imagination!" she purred.

Jimmy dropped sympathy and became wistful instead.

"There's something I'd like your approval about."

This was unfair, appealing to her curiosity.

"Oh, really?" she said politely.

"A house can't keep moving around indefinitely. Got to park it somewhere. Care to see where?"

"How lovely! Then I can tell g-pops where to look."

"That would be only filial," he admitted.

They went in his car. It had taken some searching, he told her as they rode. Not just any lot would do; not with an irate g-pops looking for the house that was to go on the lot. Nevertheless, Jimmy had found what he wanted, and then he had hunted up the owner and bought an option on it, and here it was. Involuntarily she clapped her hands as he drew up before the lot.

"Oh—ducky!" she cried delightedly.

It suited Jimmy, too, as has been said. A house had once stood on the site, but had burned down; and the débris had been cleared off, leaving the foundations and cement walks, as well as the lawn with its big trees that had shaded the house. Moreover, although the lot was the only unoccupied one in the acacia-bordered block, the property back of it was vacant, this being a little item of distinct advantage, as Jimmy pointed out to Peggy.

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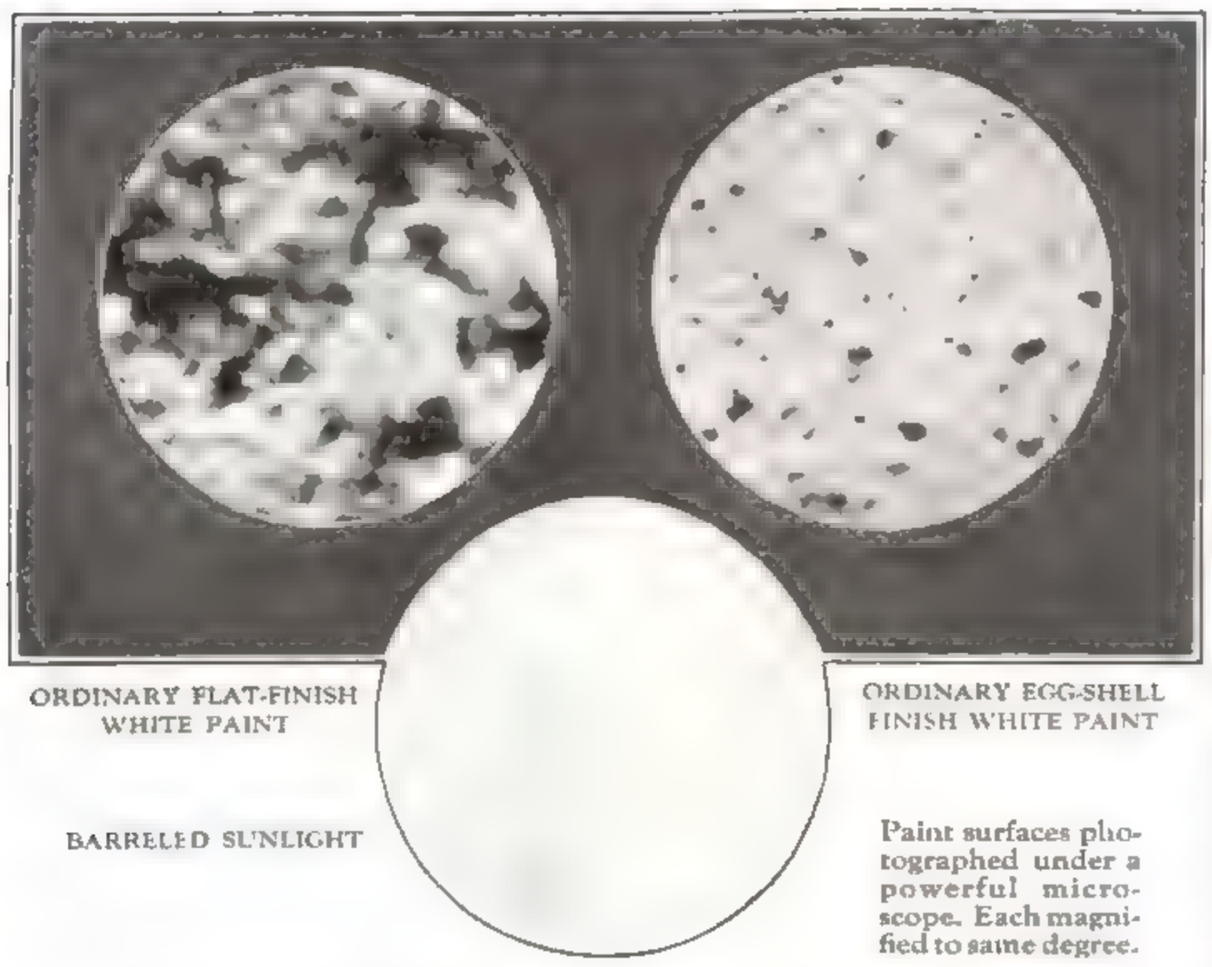

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He would, he explained, bring her house forward from the rear, and set it down approximately upon the old foundations under the big trees.

"Tomorrow," he said, "this lot won't look like just a lot, or the house just a house. Together they will look like—somebody's home."

"Too bad," Peggy sighed, paying back his recent tender sympathy, "that you will have to move the house right off again, even if —you ever get it here."

"It is too bad," sighed Jimmy.

She looked up at him with wide-open eyes. His voice had sounded—almost melancholy. And he certainly looked melancholy, and it was not merely a solemn mask, either. It caused her to catch her breath. It caused her to chatter gayly and derisively all the way back to the bungalow, and furiously to hate him, because she was not feeling gay and derisive at all.

Had he had his breakfast, Marc Rodgers would never have appealed to the police. And after he did have his breakfast, though still dangerously bearish, he was grumpily thankful the police had goaded him to the course of fine old sportsmanship that he would have elected in the first place. He'd find his house himself, win his bet himself, with nary a holler for help, by cracky! His mileage flickered up to a considerable figure that day as he scoured streets, though obstinately keeping away from Barlow Street, for glimpse of a house in transit. Late at night he alighted before his club, exhausted but still sizzling belligerence. He slipped unobserved into the elevator. He wished to hear no comments on his wager. He could fancy the club rooms abuzz with idiotic chortling. Trust them to know by now that it was his own house that Jimmy Nash had stolen!

He overslept. It was almost noon next morning when he awoke to another busy day. Let's see what a tincture of wits would do. Some sort of system this time—horse sense. That was it—horse sense. Turn the jackass out to pasture. Now what would horse sense suggest?

He was enraged at himself when he suddenly thought of making the rounds of the house-moving firms for not having thought of it before. He copied down a list of them from the classified directory in the telephone book and set out.

As a rule the managers of these concerns resented his inference that a house had been stolen under their auspices. One by one, according to their respective reactions, they convinced him of their probity. And so he came at last to Schirm & Chittering, Wreckers and House Movers. Mr. Schirm, a fat man with a jovial eye, admitted that they had chartered outright a crew and equipment two days before to a man who wished to boss the job himself. Yes, he supposed he could give the man's name, seeing as the job was done and the equipment brought back only that morning. In fact, to judge from a twinkling in Mr. Schirm's jovial eye, it would seem that he had rather been expecting a call from a cherubic old gentleman with an agitated white patch and indignant viking blue eyes. He readily gave the name of his recent patron as Nash—"James—forget the initial—Nash."

"The rascal!" ejaculated Rodgers. "That was my house that he stole!"

"Oh, he couldn't have stole a house!" Mr. Schirm protested.

"What I thought myself, once," said Rodgers. "But if you'll take a doddering old soul's advice, sir, you won't bet him on it. Where'd he take the house? No, I don't suppose you know; or if you do, he's fixed you so you won't tell."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Schirm jovially, "he told me to say, in case of inquiries, that the house was anchored safely in port out on Orange Blossom Road, along somewhere between the sixty and sixty-five hundreds."

Marc Rodgers recognized the climacteric impudence of this message. Jimmy was giving him a definite tip and blithely defying him to find his house. But he lost no time in getting out to Orange Blossom Road. Once there, he had Dick drive from the sixty-hundred block to the sixty-five-hundred block, and, more slowly, back into the sixty hundreds. It should be easy to locate a house that had been so recently moved—an A B C job for a boy detective. Besides, he knew the house personally; it was his own house. Accordingly, after making a second round trip with no better success, he began to suspect that Jimmy's tip was all wrong. Still, he hesitated to accept the verdict of his own perceptions. A presentiment that his house was here somewhere haunted him, and he was afraid to stop looking. If he did stop, and his house was here, he would never hear the last of it.

"Wait for me, Dick," he said. "I'm going to walk it and make sure."

He walked the five blocks on one side of the street, then started back on the other side.

"This settles it," he decided.

He had almost reached his car when a young man, whom he had scarcely noticed for looking at the houses, stopped before him with a surprised and pleased expression on his face.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Rodgers?" said the young man.

Wrath scintillated with recognition in the storm-king eyes.

"At last, you scamp! Jim Nash, it was my house you stole! The blithering impudence—my own house!"

"I—stole—your house?"

The culprit's expression of hurt innocence was maddening.

"That's a right serious charge, Mr. Rodgers," he reminded the other with reproachful dignity. "But you have the proof, of course? Doubtless you can produce the—so to speak—*corpus delicti?*"

The accuser swallowed hard, struggling for speech. But at the moment he could think of no proof, and with a blank premonition of helplessness he doubted if there were any proof. He only knew that where he had once had a house there was no house now; that it was gone, whisked away, indubitably and conspicuously *non est.* But ——

"But that, young fellow"—he vigorously put the new thought into words—"is what I'll trouble you to do."

"No trouble at all, Mr. Rodgers; but what is it I can do?"

"Produce the what-you-call-um yourself; restore my property to me, sir."

"Oh, I see!" said Jimmy pleasantly. "You wish to admit the theft of your house, and like the rare old sport that you are you desire to pay the bet."

"I do not!" Mr. Rodgers vehemently declared. "No, no, my son; you haven't won yet. You're jolly well caught, so you are. You would pick on my house, would you?"

"Why, Mr. Rodgers, that would be only poetic justice."

"Poetic justice, my foot! Just you tell me now why I shouldn't call a policeman? And don't appeal to my instincts as a rare old sport, either. Dose of jail would do you good. Well, well, I'm waiting. Why shouldn't I have you jugged?"

"Do you wish me to tell you—as your lawyer?"

"The impudence! No, sir, but to keep yourself out of the calaboose."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Rodgers, you have never needed a lawyer more than you do this minute. Sincere sorrow for a misguided gentleman impels me to give you precious advice gratis. Don't send me to jail, Mr. Rodgers."

"Pish! You're goading me to do it, really. If I swore out a complaint that you stole my house ——"

"But, Mr. Rodgers," said Jimmy patiently, "in this state you can't convict on the uncorroborated testimony of an accomplice."

"Accomplice? Accomplice? Who—me?"

"Exactly! It hurts me to call you hard names, Mr. Rodgers, but you are certainly *particeps criminis.*"

The old gentleman looked startled.

"What the devil ——" he began.

"You see, sir, you instigated the act. Oh, yes, you did! You tempted a sinless young man with your gold. You even agreed to pay the expenses of his crime. The only condition you made was that he succeed in the nefarious attempt. You imagined yourself immune from legal consequences, while he took all the risks. Alas, Mr. Rodgers, when I reflect how I have ever revered you as a model to the youth of our city ——"

"Here! Here!" gasped Mr. Rodgers.

"Nevertheless," continued Jimmy with heartfelt emotion, "though my generous, forgiving nature leaves me dazed with incredulity, yet without fee or hope of reward I must try to save you. Fancy yourself rushing to court just because the boomerang you started hit you! It would be an unlovely picture. The judge on his bench

(Continued on Page 75)

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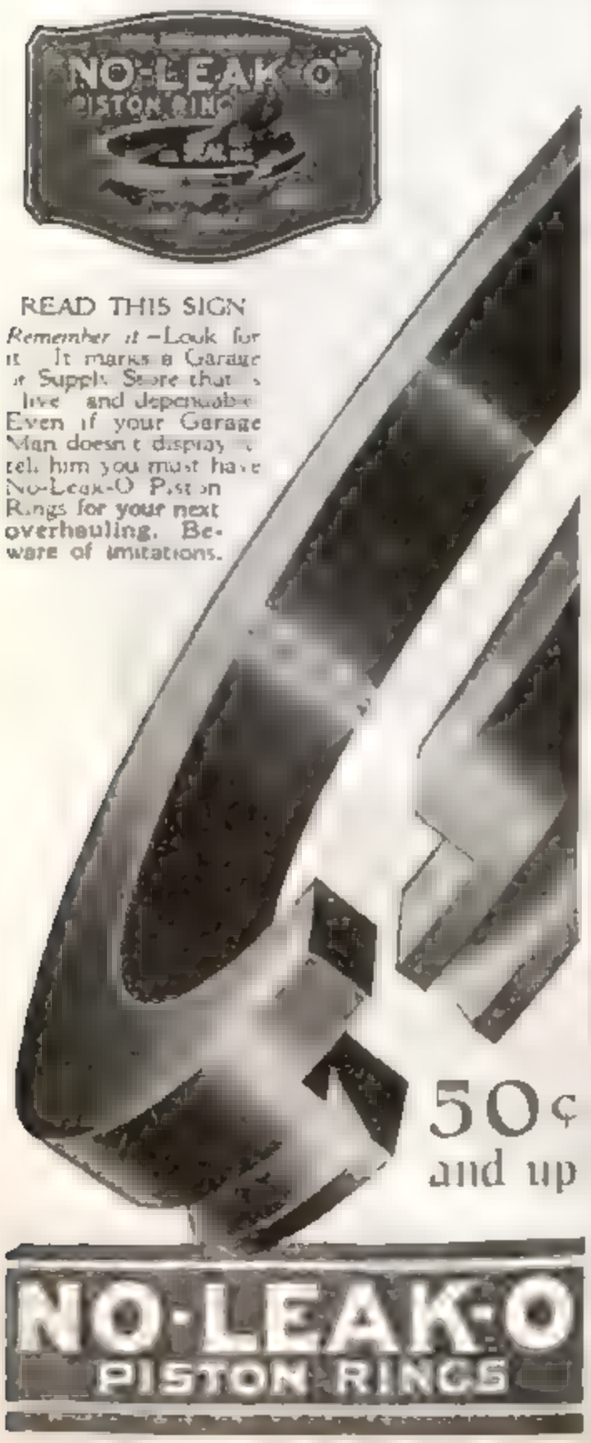
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(Continued from Page 74)

would shrivel you alive. You would get no consideration whatever."

"Whew!" said Mr. Rodgers, mopping away beads of perspiration. "But—but that wouldn't help you any that I can see."

"Why, I wouldn't be needing help!" said Jimmy. "I'd be all right."

"What do you mean—all right? You made off with another man's house, didn't you?"

"Granting that I did, what of it?"

"You a lawyer—good Lord, isn't that grand larceny?"

"Oh, no, not in this case. The judge would instruct the jury that no such crime had been committed."

"In heaven's name, why not?"

"Because," said Jimmy, "there was no intent to deprive the owner permanently of his property. There must be joint union of act and intent, you understand."

"Gosh!" breathed Mr. Rodgers, quite limp. "Gosh, you lawyers! But say—see here! If stealing my house isn't larceny, what in the name of Balaam's donkey is it? You'll be telling me next, I suppose, that it's distinguished conduct and you get a medal. Jimmy lad, isn't it any sort of felony at all?"

Jimmy compassionately shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rodgers, but it's not even malicious destruction of property, since, according to the wager, the property is to be restored at your, the loser's, expense."

"Trespass, then?" the old gentleman pleaded. "Please say it's trespass, Jim, for old times' sake—something that calls for a few days in jail, anyway."

Jimmy sadly shook his head again.

"In the wager, sir," he explained, "you imply leave to trespass as far as your own property may be involved. Really, my dear *Particeps Criminis*, I'd do anything legally in my power to contribute to your happiness, wherefore it is with soulful regret that I find that I can't"—poor Jimmy sighed heavily—"that I can't go to jail for you even for a few days."

"Well," ejaculated Marc Rodgers, "don't break down and cry about it!"

"I won't. I'm trying to bear up, sir."

"But think of me, will you? You—you don't leave me a leg to stand on, so's to kick you with the other—uh—uh—uh"—the old boy was abruptly and violently getting an inspiration—"uh—uh—look here, Jim, I'd like to turn loose just such a pie-eyed innocent as you on that shyster in the Burlingame will case. Blest if I don't too! Maybe I'll thank my stars yet for being made an ass of this day."

"Better wait," said Jimmy, snapping his fingers for emphasis, or for something else. "The day isn't over yet."

And seemingly this was true prophecy. Marc Rodgers' next shock, though a most agreeable one, happened to him even as the warning fell upon his ears. From behind the rosebushes, in the very yard before which they were standing, a radiant young thing streamed across the lawn into his arms.

"G-pops! Oh, g-pops!" She uttered rapturous little cries.

"Bless my heart and soul!" stammered the astonished old gentleman. "Peggy, Peggy! Well, well! Where—how ——"

"From in there," said Peggy, nodding eagerly.

He looked at the house—a cozy, comfortable, homelike bungalow back among the trees, with a pergola across the front, and newly painted a soft, cool cream that matched the cheery red roof.

"Which of your friends lives there, Peggy?" he asked. "I don't seem to recollect ——"

But Jimmy nudged him, and nudged him again, so that he had to take the hint.

"Uh—oh, yes! Peggy, this is Mr. Nash. Mr. Nash—my granddaughter. And heaven forgive me! Peggy, the man's not respectable. He's a desperate character. He's the worst scamp un—unjailed."

"I'm sure I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Nash," said Peggy, graciously overlooking Mr. Nash's character, while her color strangely came and went in waves. "Now, g-pops, I want you to come right in. I—I'm quite alone just at this minute, and there's so much to say. And—oh, won't you come, too, Mr. Nash?"

Though the invitation was palpably a polite afterthought, Jimmy nodded gratefully and accepted.

Marc Rodgers began to act queerly the moment he entered the doorway. The difficulty seemed to be with his eyes. They goggled at one thing and at another. They bugged out at a big overstuffed chair, then at the fireplace, then at the piano, then at the bookshelves. When finally they were transfixed by his own portrait on the wall he dropped into the overstuffed chair and said, "Great grief!"

"Smoke?" asked Jimmy; and, by cracky, it was his own humidor being offered under his nose!

As though that were not enough, Peggy chimed in, "Yes, g-pops, you must feel perfectly at home," and Lord help him if she wasn't bringing his old carpet slippers!

He bounced to his feet. He forgot his granddaughter. He glared at Jimmy.

"This is my house!" He hurled the statement at Jimmy like a thunderbolt of denunciation.

"How do you know?" asked Jimmy, as though reluctant to contradict. "You passed it three times already this morning when you were looking for your house, and you stood in front of it for ten minutes. You passed it yesterday too—on Barlow Street; remember?"

"Yesterday? Barlow Street? You mean to tell me that Queen Anne shanty was my house?"

"Oh, no; but it's the same house you are in now."

"I don't believe it. I ——"

"You see? You are a shaky witness when it comes to identifying houses. Your own lawyer would hustle you off the stand."

"Eh—what? Look here, don't I know my own picture on the wall? And that chair—that rug—that—that ——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Rodgers, but now you are irrelevant. The house itself is the issue before the court."

"Then that beamed ceiling—those Southern-gum panels ——"

"But can you swear to them? You forget that you are already discredited as a witness."

"I'll get other witnesses. I'll get the men in your moving crew."

"Not if I ship them out of the state—at your expense. And the more witnesses you force me to send away, the more expense to you as the eventual loser of our little wager. Furthermore, I'll wager that, after some alterations on the inside, the architect himself couldn't swear this was your house, not after all these years since he built it."

"Young man, don't you talk any more wagers to me! Lord knows, though, I'd like to know how to prove my own house when I'm right here in it!"

"As your lawyer," suggested Jimmy with respectful concern, "would you like for me to tell you?"

"Yes, yes; or as the devil himself—tell me!"

"Well, all you need is a tape measure. If this house, with all the various little jogs and angles in the walls, would fit exactly on the old foundations ——"

"Of course, of course!" cried Marc Rodgers exultantly. "Now, for all your smartness, I'll prove that this is my house!"

"It wouldn't do you the least bit of good, Mr. Rodgers."

"Wouldn't, eh—wouldn't? What ——" Despite himself, after his recent succession of jolts, he was taken with apprehension. "All right, let's have it. What are you going to spring on me now?"

"Even though you prove this is your house, Mr. Rodgers, you have to leave it here. You can't take it away."

"Can't take away my own house?"

"No; because it has become a fixture on the lot and cannot be severed without the consent of the owner of the land."

"What—what—no? Is that straight, Jim?"

"It's been done right in this town. Mover left a man's house on another man's lot by mistake, and the man can't take it off. The other man won't let him. I'm sorry enough to weep, Mr. Rodgers, but you're in the same fix here."

"Ha!" cried Rodgers suddenly. "Now I have got you! You permanently dispossess me of my property, with intent and all the other flubdub, and so that's grand larceny, or I'm a goat."

"You overlook the fact, sir, that my intentions were, and are, immaculate. If the owner of this lot won't let me take the house off and restore it to you, that is not my fault."

"Aren't you the owner of the lot?"

"Never was. I had an option, true; but another person exercised the option this morning. I advanced the money for a first payment, but I do not own the lot."

Marc Rodgers collapsed into the overstuffed chair.

"I'm done!" he gasped. "Boy, you've juggled me about on one legal point and then on another legal point till I'm bayoneted through and through and my thinker hurts. Here you've stolen my house—that's plain enough—yet I can't make a move to get it back, not one, without wishing I hadn't. In all my born days I never did hear of such a devilish robbery; not one, never! Dammit, it's—it's"—he was lost for an expletive—"it's a complete success!"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy meekly.

"Oh, you win! And you're hired. And the first thing you do is tell me who is the owner of this lot, so I can wring the villain's neck if I don't get my house back. Who—what's this? What's this?"

A contrite grandchild had tempestuously swarmed upon his lap.

"Nobody shall tease you any more," she cried, snuggling close to his heart, so that his heart glowed with warmth. "Not—any—more, and—and—I am the owner of this lot, you dear g-pops."

He tried to hold her from him, to look into her face, but she would not allow it. She snuggled deeper. A brand-new strangeness about the whole affair smote him.

"Peggy, you rogue, what are you doing here? How in the world do you happen to be here? That's what I'd like to know. Don't tell me—don't tell me that you have been helping this man steal my house!"

"But I will tell you exactly, precisely everything, and—oh, g-pops, did you ever in your life see such fairy magic, the way the house looked yesterday—those gingerbread thingamajigs with that hideous stoop in front—and the way it looks now? What do you think of the pergola? And, oh, the trees and the grass and the flowers! It's all simply too darling for words. Even—this gentleman you just introduced to me—even he could think of only one thing lacking. He thought if there were only a happy young married couple ——"

"Eh?" said Mr. Rodgers, beginning to sit up. "Eh?"

"Well," said Peggy, burying the piquant nose under one ear—the old gentleman's ear, "you know how Mr. Nash is. He was real discouraged, but the way he's bound to find a way amounts practically to an affliction, and sure enough all of a sudden he brightened up with an idea. 'Tell you what, Miss Rodgers,' he said to me, 'I'll go you fifty-fifty to supply the lack here ——'"

"Eh, eh?" said Mr. Rodgers, trying to make her take her face out of his neck.

"We—we argued, of course," Peggy's smothered voice raced on; "but after all, it did seem only fair, he being willing to furnish half, and I couldn't—very well"—her voice fell to a soft whisper—"refuse, could I?"

Mr. Rodgers jumped up, grandchild sliding to the floor. But he dropped back into his chair.

"Breath!" he gasped. "My good Lord, then he's stolen you too!"

"He would have, anyway," said Peggy from the floor, cheeks a shell pink, blue eyes dancing in a mist. "You said yourself he's a desperate character. And besides, a minister lives next door. It was all somehow so—well, indicated, don't you see? The logic of the situation—everything—was against your poor dear Peggy, so that she couldn't help ——"

Mr. Rodgers stomped to his feet. He stomped back and forth. Unexpectedly he seemed to see Jimmy for the first time. He stopped short and shook his fist at him.

"There was nothing in our wager, sir, about stealing my granddaughter!"

"No," Jimmy frankly admitted, "that was entirely my own idea."

It took Marc Rodgers a while to discover that, after all, he was pleased and proud, and a while longer to pretend he wasn't, and only later he got around to feeling hurt because he hadn't been allowed a chance to give the bride a wedding present.

"Oh, but you have already, you dear g-pops!" said Peggy. "We'll let you give us this perfectly ducky house. You wouldn't want to take it away now, even if you could, would you, darling?"

"No," he said, surrendering completely, "no, not if you let me keep my den upstairs to get over my grouches in."

Both young robbers affectionately assured the old fellow that he was forever and ever welcome.

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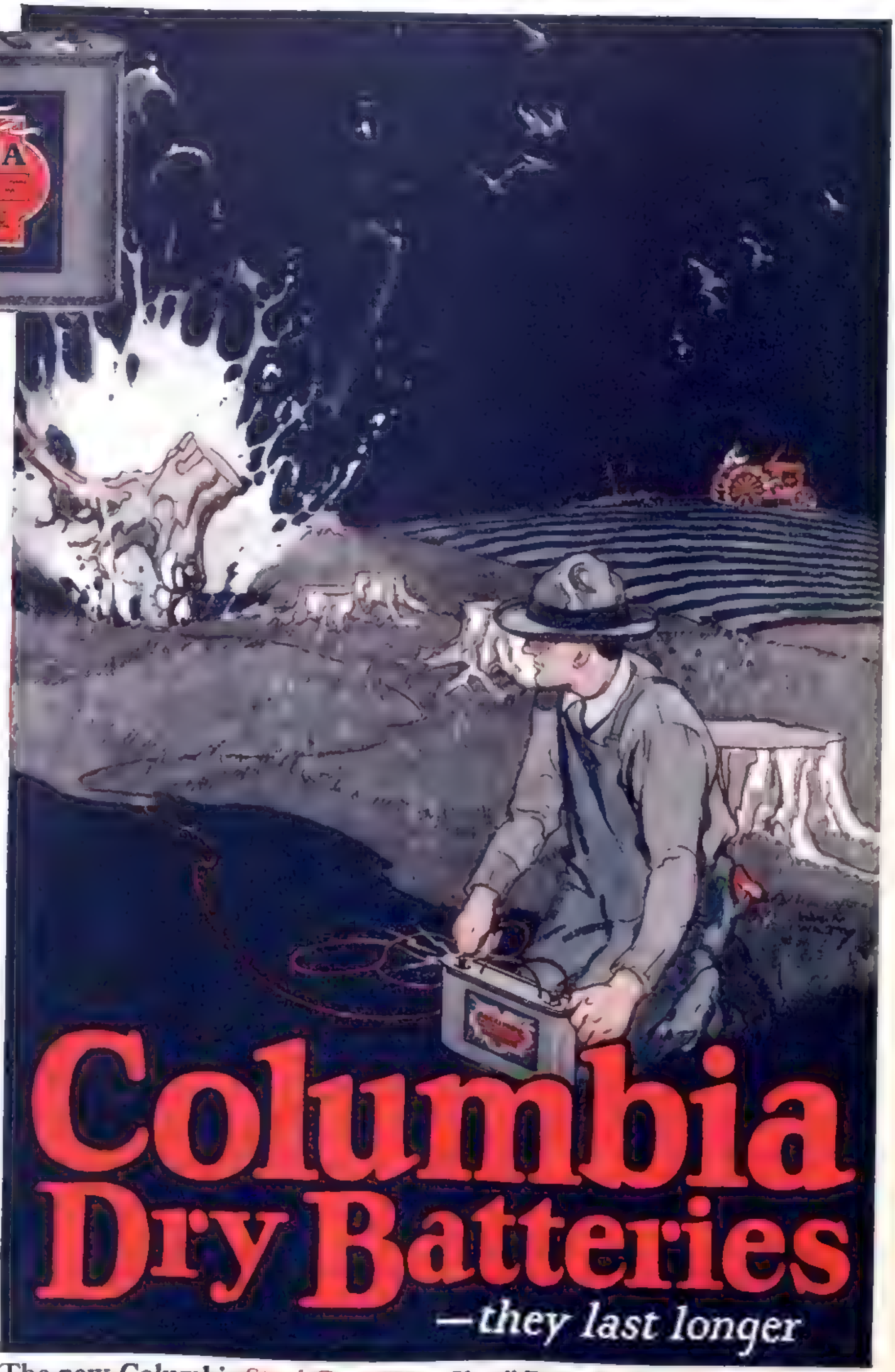

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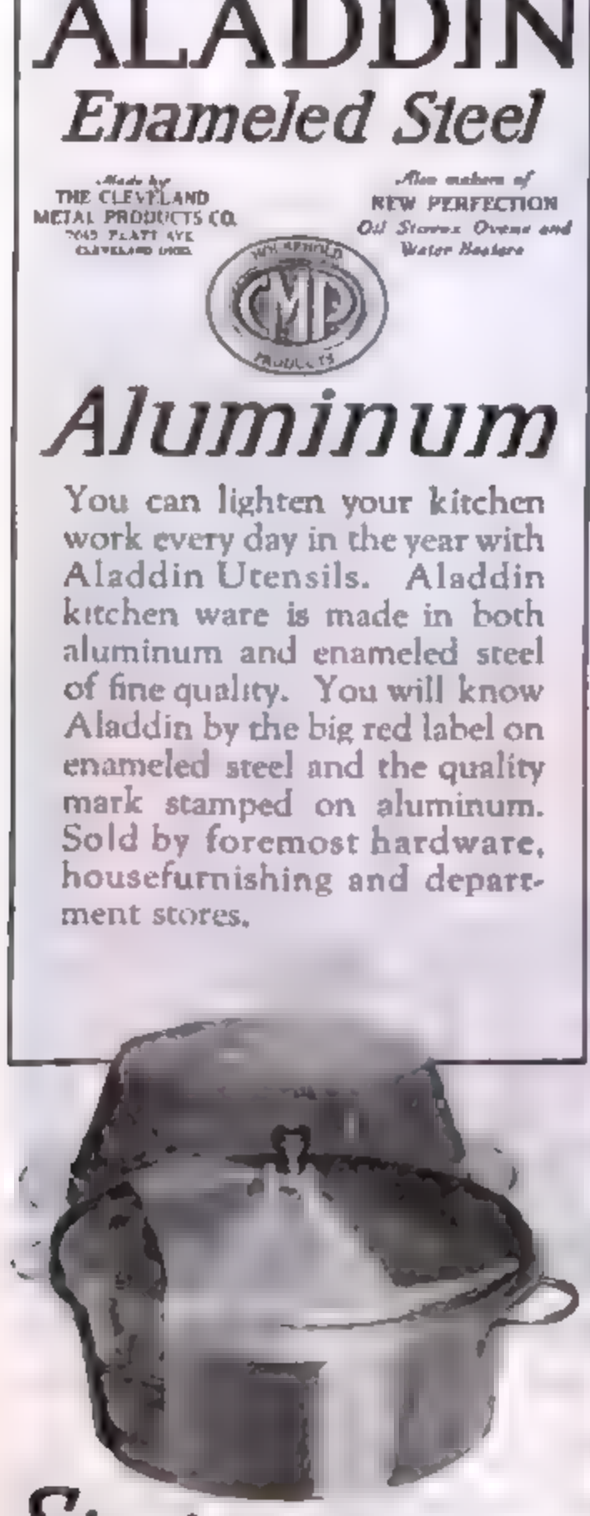

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THE JORGENSON PLATES

(Continued from Page 13)

drafting not as a series but as an individual. Each part had a name and a number, and, it seemed, an odd screw thread. It would be necessary to send out to have several small items fabricated. A village mechanic, noting down the identifying marks, started a telegram moving from one regional director of replacement of parts to another; until finally word came in that the damage would be repaired by special express arriving Monday on Number 36. To complicate matters, there were no household chauffeurs at the Box, Mullet explaining ruefully that in coming up here for a nip of air he had left his trained troupe behind, to be free for a few days from their arrogance and temperamental vaporings. Servants, lower and upper, were his sore point. In this country, he admitted, the serving class regarded their menial status as a way station on the way up; democracy held out so much promise to them.

To which Sissy replied, "At home, now, we do not permit them to fall into that error of mind." Reverting to his own predicament, Sissy said weightily: "It is pretty of you to put such a good face on our piling up on you in this way. As if you hadn't put me and dear old Bluenose everlastingly in your debt, for Scutari! You and your friend Lingard. Wonderful man, that! Human locomotive, I say, by Jove! I must run him down while I'm out here."

"My wife is enchanted to receive you," admitted the simple Mullet. "There is one thing about which I wish to speak to you," added he shyly; and he took his august guest by the arm and led him out of earshot of the house. "Below stairs the rumor is rife that we entertain a great lord and his lady. I suspect it is that romantic French maid who is responsible. She has laid it on a bit thick, I fear, Sissy. Rather an awkward misapprehension to correct! And it would so disappoint the simple souls to disabuse them! Eh, Sissy? Now they are puffed up with importance, with a lord and a lady to serve. It reconciles them entirely to our breaking in on them here, out of season. If you could let it go by default, Sissy, dear fellow! You understand, don't you?"

"My word!" Sissy stared at his host through the lower hemisphere of his bifocals, the while he drew out his long mustaches. Raising a finger he said confidentially, "Fact is—we don't speak of this outside the family—my wife, you know, she is the Lady Mary of her line! She can carry the three leopards, argent, and the ceinture d'or of the Dalvarys, if she so elects. Male line extinguished, blown out—and a very good job, too, I might add. We are very tender about it—we haven't the means to keep it up. But some of the county families at home who are sticklers for form give her the precedence over me! Haw! Fancy!"

As they reëntered the palace they ran into the housekeeper, who was making haste to efface herself when Mullet called her back.

"Mrs. Bright," he said, "at home, in England, the Lady Mary takes precedence over her husband. It is a phenomenon arising from an age-old custom among the nobility, into which we will not inquire. But I think it would be well should you caution the household to remember this distinction. And, by the way, see that the covers at dinner are properly laid."

Sissy, hearing himself thus denoted, bowed gravely in assent. Women fed on these little distinctions; why should he say them nay?

His wife and her hostess remained behind the curtain during the afternoon; Mullet had some letters to post, and Sissy had the run of the grounds. There were horses that needed exercising, dogs that needed hunting, there were whole panels of guns itching to be triggered. It was obvious to Sissy, who keeps hisever at portentous duty, that his host was not a sporting gentleman for all his livestock and paraphernalia. Mullet was as soft as a housemaid; doubtless he maintained the Box in its astonishing completeness not for himself but for such random guests as evinced sporting proclivities. Everywhere he poked his inquiring Norman beak Sissy was met by obsequious grooms who mi-ludded him with such evident relish that Sissy, not without a sense of humanity, felt positively philanthropic.

While he dressed for dinner he caught sight of the smart swing of the French maid who had set in motion the news of their supreme eminence in the servants' hall. She was putting finishing touches on the Lady Mary. There was no time to get a report of progress before they went down.

Whatever crudities Mullet may have permitted to stick to his coarse hide in his ascent to riches, considered Sissy as he craftily examined the scene in the drawing-room, Mrs. Mullet certainly lacked nothing in breeding. As the ceremony of the first dinner wore on to a close the astute Sissy became convinced that this American millionaire had picked a wife with the same care and circumspection that he had caused to be exercised in the stocking of his stables and kennel. Sissingham was not impervious to female charms, and when they finally rose there was a glow in his veins which may have come from the excellent port, but certainly owed much to the exotic pleasure of watching the play of the lady's head and shoulders, and drinking in the flutelike notes of her voice as she assured him less by words than by manner that she was not insensible to the honor of their presence. He told himself she would have graced any board, no matter how exalted. His wonder grew at her astonishing familiarity with so many of the people at home. At home one who was anybody was expected to know everybody; but surely such a social eminence was a rarity out here. He had a curious sense of having seen her before; possibly at some great house.

It was not until midnight, when his wife had dismissed the French maid and again begged permission to join her august consort in his regal bed—with her great motor coat for company—that the Sissinghams had a chance to exchange confidences.

"Such clothes!" gushed she, making a bull's-eye of the exclamation point in Sissy's ear. "But she wore no jewels. Why?"

"I imagine, possibly," rumbled Sissy hollowly, "from a sense of delicacy. She is a most extr-ord-nary woman. I've been impressing Mullet with a sense of our poverty. Doubtless she took pity on us, my dear—and our lack of adornment!" He kicked his wife's tweed motor coat, and chuckled. "But where have I seen her before?"

"Or somebody that looks like her?"

"Yes; or somebody that looks like her!" agreed he.

"Guess!" invited Mrs. Sissy mysteriously. But Sissy was not good at guessing. "I have the most amazing tale to unfold!" She let this sink in, for piquancy; then she breathed, "I have an ally! Under this very roof!"

"Gently, gently."

"Have you noticed my maid?"

"How often must I tell you, my dear, that I never notice servants? I simply don't see them, that is all."

Make a point of noting this one. It will amply repay you." And she murmured, "Most astonishing likeness—of her mistress—Mrs. Mullet!"

Sissy's head emerged from the depths of his pillow.

"My word! Then I must have noted the creature subconsciously."

"You are apt to do that, Sissy," accused his wife easily. "It is a most astonishing tale!" whispered she, returning to her morsel again. "I surprised it—I forced it out of the poor creature."

"The maid?"

"She is a natural sister, my dear! Some rascally Frenchman for a parent! Mrs. Mullet gives her a home here, but never recognizes her. Think of it! Of course the poor child is miserable. Sissy," said Mrs. Sissy in a still lower tone. "I am petting her! I gave her a sovereign!"

"Ah, you're the clever one!" said Sissy, sleepy now. "Go easy on the l. s. d., my dear!" was his injunction as he gave himself up to slumber. With a rebound from a possible nightmare Sissy muttered, "Make the transaction in cash dollars, not guineas, my love. These bounders have the exchange against us yet, by Jove!"

Sunday evening, with thin snow outside and the big house suffused with the gentle glow of the subtropics emanating from the bright fires burning languorously on the many hearths, Sissy was passing from the billiard room to the library to replace a volume of Pepys with which he had been drowsily wasting time. Passing the open door of Mrs. Sissingham's sitting room he caught sight of his hostess and his wife. It was a pretty scene, tenderly feminine. The tea things lay neglected; the lighting was from a high window, a soft luminous haze reflected from the snow-strewn sky. His wife was sunk in a great chair. She had been weeping, for she was blowing her nose, an indulgence she never permitted herself without the excuse of tears. Beside her on her knees was the lovely Mrs. Mullet, babying her with infinite gentleness. Some protective feminine sense must have warned the comforter of the eavesdropping of an unwanted male, for Mrs. Mullet turned, and catching sight of the bland countenance of old Sissy, peering in and tugging at his long mustaches, she moved her lips warningly, saying as distinctly by pantomime as if she had shouted it, "Go away!"

Sissy moved off softly on slippered feet. He muttered, "Wonderful woman! Wonderful! Her price is above rubies!"

II

NUMBER 36, on which the replacement parts for Sissy's pedigreed car were to arrive, was an accommodation train of disreputable habit, making connection with the Montreal express at six, at Tupper Lake Junction. There was seldom much to connect with; but this morning the northbound express dropped superciliously, without stopping, a private car, a thing all mahogany, plate glass with drawn blinds, and polished brass. The nobs inside still slept when the indignant accommodation backed down the line and retrieved the chariot and hooked it on behind the caboose. Eight miles north at a private siding the glittering car was uncoupled; the accommodation conductor personally superintended the operation, which was conducted on tiptoe so as not to break the slumber of the fortunates within. A few early rustics gathered and stood guard at a respectful distance, occasionally visiting among themselves. At eight the galley stove showed signs of life; a Nubian slave, in white coat and gold-filled teeth, regarded the patient railbirds informally as he raised the blinds. Shortly the assemblage was rewarded by the sight of a large yawning man in a Turkish bath robe being fed off polished plate. A brief interval elapsing, the large man emerged and hopped to the ground from the brass embrasure at one end. He was now accoutered in the rough fashionable attire in which the natives of this section, deep-woods guides and trappers, were accustomed to find their sports, as, without disrespect, they styled their city clients.

The large man nodded a good morning at the line, and gripping his stout stick firmly in a big fist he started down the road at a brisk stride.

"He's a good fellow!" admitted one of the spectators approvingly.

"Sure! Who wouldn't be?" commented a second.

They watched him disappear around a bend of the road. The large man trudged on in the crisp morning till he came to the shores of a beautiful woods lake. The gates of the Box, at which Sissy had beaten with such startling success four nights gone by, stood ajar, an unwonted occurrence, at which the large man paused to consider. The gates were open because, but a half hour before, the village mechanic had arrived with the spare parts for Sissy's car.

Sissy was up betimes. Now that his affairs had taken this sudden turn for the better, he was anxious to repair the damage and be off. He was considering the size of the gratuities he must leave among the servants, among whom he had moved and spread sunshine for the past four days. The curtains in the family wing were still drawn. Sissy was attracted to the garage by the tinkle of tools; and unbending a bit he gave the mechanics a good morning and complimented them on their skill. Wearying at length of their talk, which had mostly to do with odd threads, evidently regarded as something unethical, Sissy strolled out across the park to the main drive, down which he moved absently, ruminating on the blessedness of coincidence, the undying quality of the Greek tongue, and the virtues of his wife,

(Continued on Page 81)

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"61" FLOOR VARNISH

(Continued from Page 78

who had managed the whole affair in the guise of a great misfortune, from which the tender-hearted Mrs. Mullet had insisted on rescuing her.

The large man in sports costume, gripping his stick with determination, was coming up the drive. At sound of footsteps, and at sight of an intruder in these precincts where he himself had been forced to use so much diplomacy to gain entrance, Sissy paused, took a mustache in one hand, and raised his head to examine this person through the lower hemispheres of his bifocals. The other came on.

"My word!"

Sissy stared, dumbstruck, for the moment.

"A moment!" cried he. "Don't speak! I'll have it! I know you! Capri-Brindisi—Scu——" Then: "Lingard! The dynamic—the mastodonic—the volcanic! I say! What the devil are you doing here?"

Lingard came on, scowling, and gripping his stick ever more tightly in his bruiser's fist.

It was Stephen Lingard, the great mogul. He paused, nose to nose with the beaming British object.

"What the devil are you doing here?" he demanded. "Who are you anyway?"

"It's Sissy! Sissingham! Lord Blunes' brother! You haven't forgotten? You did us an unforgetable—an inestimable service—at Scutari—four years ago. My dear fellow, you placed the Turkish Army—no! By Jove! It was the Turkish Empire at our disposal! You and your friend Mullet! Wonderful scholar, there! So polished, so clever, so learned in classic lore! It was his fluency in Greek, if you recollect ——"

"Yes, yes, yes. But what are you doing here?" insisted Lingard, easing a little.

"My boy, this is old Mully's place! Imagine! Most amazing coincidence! We'll speak of it later! Isn't this magnificent?" demanded the blooming Sissy, encompassing the park with a sweep of his hand. "You know I suspected Mully was as rich as cheese! He had the air, the flair, the *haut ton!* But really, I was ill-prepared for this splendor! We've been spending the week-end with them! We broke down at the gate. I say, you didn't break down at the gate, did you? That would be jolly, now, what! I say," said Sissy confidentially, "what a marvelous woman is Mrs. Mullet! I—I—I ——" Sissy was utterly incapable of expressing himself adequately.

"At Scutari—four years ago," repeated Lingard. "I recollect very well, now. So our friend Mullet has been entertaining you here, has he?"

Lingard was smiling, a rare thing with Sinful Stephen. They fell into step. At the entrance to the terrace Sissy pointed out his host, Mullet, emerging, still a bit stiff with the early morning.

"Sissy," said Lingard, drawing back, "I want to surprise dear old Mully. Take a walk—like a good fellow—will you?"

"Haw! Quite! He'll be stricken pink! I vow!" ejaculated the obliging Sissy, and he turned and made off on his morning constitutional.

He was nearing the gate when a limousine turned in, and came to a stop at sight of him. Recognizing one of two men in the car, Sissingham momentarily lost his *sang-froid*; but he immediately recovered it.

"My word! Arbuthnot! This gate is fairly hinged on coincidence!"

"Step inside, Sissy," said Arbuthnot curtly, throwing open the door.

Sissy obeyed. He sat down, tugging at a mustache, waiting to be addressed. His face was perfectly blank.

"I did you the injustice," said Arbuthnot slowly, "of suspecting you, too, in this last affair. Your departure and your silence certainly had all the aspects of flight."

He paused. Sissy stared at him woodenly.

"We traced you through the customs at Alburg. Then we lost you. Then I was sure. But when we found you had telegraphed your motor number all over the States, looking for a replacement, I knew you were all right. Nobody but a fool would do that, Sissy. I apologize."

Sissy continued to stare, blinking. There was a question on his lips; he seemed to lack courage to ask it.

Arbuthnot nodded.

"Yes, it's happened again, Sissy," he said. "This time it is his grace's emeralds. Tiara, stomacher, dog collar. Complete. Famous old settings—must have weighed a ton! She was seen, in the act, by one of the servants, who feared to speak."

Sissingham, with a groan, buried his face in his hands; when he raised his head again his eyes were red as from weeping.

"The hereditary taint!" he moaned tragically. "That fall from the horse accentuated it! She's never been right since. And I brought her out here, for peace and quiet. Oh, sir, what is to be done? Oh, my poor stricken flower!"

"As usual," said Arbuthnot, keeping his steely eyes upon him, "nothing is to be done. His grace so directs. This gentleman, Sissy, is Mr. Parr, deputy commissioner in charge of the detective bureau of New York."

A pallid line showed itself about Sissy's lips. Through an awful moment his grace's man of business, and Mr. Parr the great man-hunter, regarded each other in silence. In that instant Sissy seemed to catch the clank of chains.

But Arbuthnot was talking again; he was saying: "The commissioner has consented to act with me in his private capacity, not as an officer of the law. It was through him we traced your motor."

The revelation that his beloved wife had again been overtaken by a seizure of the intermittent kleptomania that had marred her career seemed to weigh poor Sissy to the dust. Fortunately it had always been, as in the present case, the strong box of a relative against which her moral lesion was directed, so they had always been able to prevent a public scandal. Now what worried Sissy most was that Mr. Mullet, a very distinguished American, upon whose hospitality they had been thrown by a remarkable coincidence, should be embarrassed by the disclosure.

"Mullet?" said Parr. "I thought this was Steve Lingard's Folly."

"Oh, you are mistaken," interposed Sissingham. "It is one of Mr. Mullet's many homes. He has eight, I think. No—or is it nine? I forget. By a curious coincidence Mr. Lingard happens to be here—just arrived! To witness my poor beloved's degradation! What a horror! What a horror!"

It was Lingard who met them at the head of the drive. He explained that Mullet had been called off by a peremptory telegram; Lingard said Mullet had left him to do the honors.

"Why, hello, Parr! What brings you here?" cried Lingard, as the man-hunter hove in sight. Parr passed his arm through Lingard's and drew him to one side.

"My particular job at present," said Parr, "is to draw the wool over your eyes, while our British delegation is holding a family conference. But first, who is Mullet?"

Lingard looked back to see if they were observed. Then with a laugh of pure joy he said, "Mullet? He's my manservant. I left him in charge here last week when I ran to town." Indicating the retreating group: "Do you see that blooming jackass over there? Lawrance D'Orsay at his best has nothing on him. Well, four years ago, in the Mediterranean, he pestered the life out of me. He and his fool brother, Lord Blunes, who is another, once removed. To get rid of them I turned them over to Mullet, introduced Mullet as a gentleman!" Lingard's mirth momentarily overcame him. "They swallowed Mullet whole—took him for a nob! He happens to speak Greek, and with my help he put them through the lines into Scutari. Well," went on Sinful Stephen, recovering himself, "our friend the British ass had to break down at my gate the other night. Poor Mully couldn't resist the temptation of resuming the rôle of gentleman and inviting him in! Oh, I gather Mully's been laying it on thick! Told the housekeeper it was by my orders; spread the news that Sissy was a duke or something!"

They strolled on, while Parr detailed the latest dereliction of the distinguished kleptomaniac.

"They say it is a hereditary taint," said the man-hunter. "I suspect it is a gift! I wouldn't be surprised to find that she and that bally ass of a husband of hers have been making a good thing out of their titled relatives for some time past. However, not a word, Steve. I am deputized to keep you ignorant, until my lady gives up the emeralds. What have you done with Mullet, Steve?"

"I'm holding him incommunicado in his quarters. He couldn't face them now, of

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course." Lingard went off in another roar of laughter at the mental picture of poor Mully striking an attitude before the British aristocracy, with all this borrowed scenery.

They were in the kennels when a housemaid brought word that Mr. Arbuthnot waited for them in the main hall. The inquisition had progressed to an impasse when they reached the room where Sissingham, his wife and his grace's man of affairs were in conference. Sissy still preserved his rôle of being utterly crushed by this latest cruel stroke of fate. His wife, on the other hand, presented the guileless and untroubled countenance of a child.

"In the absence of Mr. Mullet," said Arbuthnot, "we will have to ask your aid, Mr. Lingard." He spoke in a low anxious tone. "It's pitiful. She admits it, smiling. She doesn't realize, of course. Look at her! Her face is as smooth as a baby's. A terrible affliction, sir!"

"Of course I am at your service in any way, Mr. Arbuthnot."

"Here's the rub—she has sold the emeralds to—ah—to Mrs. Mullet," explained the embarrassed man of business. "You understand how unwilling I am to involve the American lady. But—ah—Mrs. Mullet must be seen, must be interviewed. Yet apparently Mrs. Mullet cannot be found! The servants are very strange ——"

"Mrs. Mullet?" ejaculated Lingard. "Why, there isn't any ——"

At this juncture Parr, whose sixth sense had suddenly begun to bristle, stepped on Stephen Lingard's toe, and in apologizing managed to catch the eye of that gentleman. Lingard rearranged his words: "Why, there isn't any reason why Mrs. Mullet should object to being seen."

"I have the money here," explained Arbuthnot. "Mrs. Sissingham surrendered it without hesitation. I have no doubt when the situation is explained to Mrs. Mullet—as it must be, now, sad to say!—everything will be smoothed over satisfactorily. But where is she? The housekeeper says that she had been called to the village hastily, drove away in her own car just before we arrived. I swear," he added, lowering his voice, "a thunderclap seems to have shattered the economy of this household. I can't make head or tail of it. Excuse me, sir, but it is a very delicate situation for me to handle."

He unceremoniously thrust the bundle of bank notes, bound together by a paper band, into Lingard's hand, with a gesture as if, by that one act, he was ridding himself of the whole responsibility. Lingard awkwardly regarded the bundle of cold cash the titled kleptomaniac had so blithely surrendered on being caught. One of the notes caught his eye. He dragged it out.

He rushed to the window with it, and after an instant's examination he exploded. "Jumping Jehoshaphat! The old Jorgensen plates!"

Parr, who had discreetly wandered off, reached Lingard's side in one bound. One look at those counterfeit bank notes was enough.

"Sophie Lang!" he roared. "So she's finally peddled them!"

He pounded the aghast Arbuthnot.

"She's gone, you say? An hour ago? Where? Which way?" He snarled like a thwarted animal.

Sissy, glassy-eyed in astonishment, supporting the now terrified Mrs. Sissy on his arm, started forward. Parr seized the telephone, banged it violently, and tossed it aside. The telephone wires were cut. Of course! Count on Sophie! The realization that, coming up here to do his friend Arbuthnot a little friendly service, he had missed the notorious Sophie Lang by an hour, seemed for the moment to unhinge Parr's mind. Servants were sent scurrying in all directions. It was Sissy who brought the situation back to normal.

"I say," implored Sissy, tugging at a mustache and gazing through the lower hemispheres of his bifocals at Parr, "won't you please elucidate?"

"Elucidate?" bawled Parr. "Why, you bally ass, you've been entertained by the slickest crook in two hemispheres the last four days! She's off with your emeralds. Call your housekeeper, Lingard!" he snarled.

Mrs. Bright was had in, from the other side of the door, where she had been kneeling.

"Who was this woman who has been playing hostess here?" demanded Parr. "Where did she come from?"

Brighty, pointedly making her replies to Lingard, explained that it was the new lady's maid, straight from Paris, who had come to Mrs. Lingard with such good letters, only last week.

"Call Mullet!" angrily commanded Lingard. The valet was produced, Sissy and his wife turning to wood at the sight.

"Deputy Parr, of the New York police, Mullet!" cried Lingard.

"Now, Mullet, we want a clean breast of it," howled Parr. "The whole story this time! Who was this woman, this 'wife' of yours, who so charmingly assisted in entertaining your titled guests?" And Parr bowed ironically to the staring pair.

Mullet, with much difficulty because of the obvious shock to the aristocratic sensibilities of his recent guests, and entirely ignorant of the unlooked-for dénouement, charged the whole matter to the devilish ingenuity of the new French maid. It was she who had inspired the affair from the very beginning. It was she who had persuaded Mullet to accept the exalted position with which Sissy had credited him, and to tender the motor refugees the hospitality which befitted their rank. The need of a fitting hostess suggested her position as his wife. She had helped herself to Mrs. Lingard's clothes. She had kept the troublesome servants in order, even good Mrs. Bright—who here interrupted to remind Mr. Lingard that she had always been instructed to obey Mullet as if he were Mr. Lingard himself. Furthermore, continued Mullet, to display her versatility the *ci-devant* Mrs. Mullet had contrived to act as maid to the Lady Mary, without detection, making quick changes between rôles. Here the Lady Mary subsided, weeping, on her husband's shoulder.

The complication of the emeralds and the counterfeit bank notes appalled poor Mullet. Up to the moment of his master Lingard's unlooked-for arrival on the scene the valet had seen it only as the kindness of a particularly versatile lady's maid in bridging over what to him, without her wonderful management, would have been a particularly mortifying predicament.

"Even a gentleman's gentleman," said Mullet, "has his own feelings, sir."

"Out here," put in Sissy, who during the last moments had regained something of his ponderous effrontery, "one finds it so very, very difficult to distinguish between the gentleman and his gentleman."

Parr sprang into the first motor car for the railway junction. But why this haste? he asked himself ironically as he sped along. Sophie, with her emeralds, had the whole North Woods to play in.

"Hide and Seek" in Yellowstone National Park

Do people think you older or younger than you are?

Every day at the office or in the home you meet men and women—some in their Forties, some even in their Fifties—who still keep the sparkle and animation of youth.

People think of them as much *younger* than they are.

Yet many of us—nervous, "run-down," irritable even in our twenties and thirties—feel our buoyant strength slipping away. People think of us as much *older* than we are.

Why the difference?

Health and vitality should be *natural*, not exceptional; sickness and weakness are always due to some violation of Nature's law.

The two vital needs that so many people neglect

Health and life itself depend on two vital functions:

First, the living cells that form our bodies must be repaired and nourished from day to day.

Second, the poisonous waste that gathers in the intestines must be regularly removed.

Check either of these two processes, even temporarily, and the body is weakened. Natural buoyant health begins to fade. Premature age, skin disturbances, loss of vigor and vitality are the result.

Today we know that the tiny living cells in Fleischmann's Yeast supply the very elements needed to help the body *absorb its proper nourishment*, and *keep the system clean*.

Like any other plant or vegetable, yeast produces the best results when fresh and "green." Fleischmann's Yeast is the highest grade living yeast—always fresh. It is not a medicine, it is a natural food. It helps to tone up the whole system and assures regular daily elimination. *Results cannot be expected unless it is eaten regularly.*

Three thousand years ago yeast was used by Hippocrates, the famous physician of the ancient Greeks, as a successful agent in correcting certain ailments. Today Fleischmann's Yeast has won national recognition—it is being prescribed by physicians and hospitals everywhere.

"Nervous, 'run down,' irritable even in our twenties and thirties"

Eat two or three cakes a day. If you prefer, get six cakes at a time. They will keep in a cool, dry place for several days. Begin at once to know what real health means. Be sure you get Fleischmann's Yeast. All grocers have it.

Eat it plain—or spread it on crackers —or mix it with water or milk

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

builds health naturally and permanently

"—people who still keep the sparkle and animation of youth"

Appetite and digestion restored

The great problem for those who are troubled with indigestion is first to stimulate the appetite, and at the same time make it possible to digest the increased food that is eaten. Fleischmann's Yeast has this remarkable effect on the digestive system. It enables you to eat more, and to get more benefit from the food you eat.

Laxatives made unnecessary

Fleischmann's Yeast does for you naturally and permanently what drugs at their best do only artificially and for a short time. In hospitals, even chronic cases respond to it and normal functions are restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks. People all over the country are telling how Fleischmann's Yeast has helped them.

Skin and complexion cleared

A poor complexion and even actual skin disorders are usually signs that your vitality is being lowered. Fleischmann's Yeast, by assuring proper nourishment and regular elimination, is a wonderful corrective for these disturbances.

An absorbing free booklet tells what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for others and can do for you.

SEND THIS COUPON FOR IT TODAY

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Dept. 623, 701 Washington Street,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free booklet "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

Name_____

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City _____ State _____

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

THE ITALIAN REPRESENTATIVE: Frog!
THE FRENCH REPRESENTATIVE: Wop!
THE ITALIAN REPRESENTATIVE: Frog!
THE FRENCH REPRESENTATIVE: Wop!
THE SECRETARY OF STATE: Here, cut it out, boys! The fightin's gotta stop!
THE JAPANESE REPRESENTATIVE: Honorabry prease! Honorabry prease!
Honorabry risten to Japanese!
Grad to give war dog warrop on snoot
So scrap navy ship too aged to shoot!
ALL THE DELEGATES: How lo-ong do we have to wait?
Do you scrap 'em now or must you hesitate?
H. G. WELLS *(springing up in the gallery)*:
You're all a lot of sneak thieves—burglars—bums!
You'll all be to blame if the next war comes!
(He waves a copy of the Outline of History.)
Read this book before it gets too late,
'Cause we absolutely gotta have a World Free State!
ALL: Aw, throw him out! Aw, throw him out!
Who let in that great big lout?
[WELLS *is thrown out.*
BIG BILL HAYWOOD and EMMA GOLDMAN *(on the radio)*: Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
Whatcha gonna do 'bout the eight-hour day?
THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION *(on the radio)*:
You're all a lot of crooks and you've run us in the ground!
ALL *(as they wreck the radio apparatus)*: If you ain't got no money you needn't come round!
THE SECRETARY OF STATE: Listen to me, boys! Listen to me!
You got to cut the army and the queen's navee!
Frenchman, Englishman, Yank and Jap—
You got to quit your scrappin' and-a start to scrap!
Scrap all the tanks of every class;
Scrap all the airoplanes and poison gas;
Scrap all the armies and the navies too ——
THE GERMAN REPRESENTATIVE *(reappearing)*: Bud ve vouldn't bay a single soliterry sou!
[*He disappears.*
THE SECRETARY OF STATE *(unheeding)*:
And we'll all give the dove of peace the how-de-doo-oo!
[*The American Flag is unfurled from the roof and the delegates hoist a transparency depicting the dove of peace with an olive branch in its mouth.*
ALL: And we'll all give the dove of peace the howdedo! Ah-ah-men!

—*Baron Ireland.*

Note. The chorus, "How lo-ong," etc., is adapted from the original Hesitation Blues.

Not His Time for Showing Off

DOWN in a small town in Mississippi the leading merchant on one of his buying trips purchased some nightshirts that appealed to his fancy, but when they were put on sale he found they did not go so well as he expected. An old negro was in the store buying some wearing apparel, and the clerk thought he saw an opportunity to dispose of some of the shirts.

He said to the old negro, "Sam, here's a chance for you to buy some extra-fine nightshirts cheap. These have been selling for two dollars and fifty cents apiece, but I am going to let you have some of them for one dollar."

Sam scratched his head for a minute and replied, "White folks, I don't go around much at night myself."

Eating It Raw

IT IS related that in the early days of the Southwest, when Fort Worth, Texas, was a railhead and rather on the edge of things, three Englishmen who were bent on seeing the borderlands of America sat down at a table in the dining room of the one small hotel for dinner. The fourth occupant of the table was a cowboy, just in from the range.

Presently the waiter came up and orally presented the menu, announcing that the only meat available was antelope steak, and asking how the guests would like to have it cooked.

"Underdone," said the first Englishman.

"Serve mine very rare," said the second.

"I wish mine scarcely cooked at all; just sear it a bit on a hot griddle, and bring it so," said the remaining Briton.

The waiter turned to the cowboy, who had frankly listened to the three other orders, and the son of the plains drawled, "Wal, just cripple the danged deer a little and chase it through here; I'll git a slice off'n it before it gits out."

Rondeau

GIVE me a rose, cool-petaled, virgin white,
Pure as the morning, mystical as night;
Not bold gardenias, flaunting their expense
Like courtesans, in perfumed insolence,
Nor brazen orchids, feverishly bright.

Give me no hothouse violets, cold, polite,
With lengths of costly ribbon girdled tight—
Matrons, in corseted magnificence;
Give me a rose.

One girlish blossom proffer as your mite.
Ah, lovelier by far within my sight
Than rich exotics' glamorous pretense
Is one shy rose, sweet in its diffidence.
And then besides, my love, the price is right;
Give me a rose.

—*Dorothy Parker.*

Inside Information

Or Dainty Disease Stories, Told in Simple Woodshutchinson, For the Kiddies
How Harold Hardcold Was Betrayed by Handsome Hy Giene

HAROLD HARDCOLD was a manly little chap with a pretty red nose and great big watery eyes. Every winter he and his playmates, Lillian Sneeze, Charley Cough, and the Tonsil twins, Flora and Dora, went to New York and had a jolly time.

Harold loved New York with its great congested places, and the big heartless city had a warm welcome for him and his little friends.

A kind old fat man took a great fancy to Lillian Sneeze and insisted on taking her everywhere with him, for long rides in the Subway or to the theater or the movies. People met them everywhere, and always made way respectfully for them. Some, however, spoke unkindly of the intimacy between the portly old gentleman and Lillian, but he always said:

"It's none of their d—— business! I love my good Sneeze, and I'm going to have it wherever I am!"

Then little Lillian would be so happy she would almost burst, and the wicked people would get out of her way as quickly as possible.

Charley Cough, meanwhile, had great fun with the New York ladies of all ages and sizes, who wore suède sandals and silk stockings at their shopping and other winter sports.

Flora and Dora Tonsil, too, found plenty to amuse themselves with in their quiet way, catching germs and hiding them away in their pockets.

But all this was changed when handsome young Hy Giene joined the little circle with a letter of introduction from Dr. Woods Hutchinson. From the very first he had eyes only for Flora and Dora Tonsil, and it was only a question of time before he won their love and confidence, cut them off from their old friends, and took them away with him.

It seemed to the others as if the bottom had dropped out of everything. Poor Harold Hardcold grew weaker and weaker. New York no longer holds any joys for him, and nowadays he spends the winters in New England playing the catarrh.

—*Katharine Dayton.*

A Witness for the Defense

DOWN in Lincoln County, Tennessee, they were trying to commit Sam Triplett, a town character, to the lunatic asylum. The young lawyer acting as counsel for the commission was pretty much of a smart Aleck and was having a lot of fun at Sam's expense while examining him.

"And what's this story about your having heard Gabriel blow his horn?" he pursued, while the court room tittered its appreciation.

This was too much for Sam's wife, whose family pride flared up, notwithstanding that she, too, had long regarded Sam as crazy. She turned like a flash on the young lawyer.

"You needn't be so dern smart!" she exclaimed. "He might 'a' heerd a toot or two."

Modern Statesman—The Sacrilege, My Friends, the Criminal Folly and Utter Stupidity of War Lead Us to But One Conclusion: That in the Next Conflict (God Forbid) Our Nation Will be Found Prepared With New and Greater Engines of Destruction to Strike the Strong Blow for the Cause of Righteousness

Elmer and Myrtle

(At the Fair)

ACROSS the daisy-dotted lea
And upland acres broad and fertile,
Our hero, Elmer, drove to see
The Falkland County Fair, with Myrtle.

They parked the car and forth they went
Amid the happy hurly-burly,
Where Myrtle gazed in wonderment
And said, "It's good we got here early;

There's hardly room enough to stand!"
And Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

They saw the bulls, the Jersey cows,
The fluffy chicks and incubators,
The Southdown sheep and Berkshire sows,
The milkers, churns and separators.

They viewed the quilts in crimson stars,
The Belgian hares in coops and cages,
The jams and fruits in mason jars;
And Myrtle sniffed and said, "Them guyes

Ain't half as nice as what I canned!"
And Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

Around the carrousel they spun.
They lunched on sandwiches and crullers.
By tossing rings on pegs they won
A doll arrayed in many colors.

And when they had their fortunes told
Within a gypsy booth's seclusion
"My, ain't them gypsies awful bold!"
Though Myrtle blushed in sweet confusion,

She showed such high-bred self-command
That Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

And now the oval track was cleared;
The glossy trotters showed their paces;
The drivers drove, the people cheered;
And in between the thrilling races,

With unimaginable ease,
A lady dressed like Cinderella
Revolved upon the high trapeze;
And Myrtle raised her sun umbrella,

And said, "I'm getting dreadful tanned!"
And Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

Then Elmer smashed the weight machine—
That test of muscle stout and supple;
And bears and monkeys quaint of mien
Performed to please the youthful couple.

Till suddenly the thunder spoke!
There came a burst of drenching weather;
But soon the clouds dissolved in smoke,
And, homeward bound, they skimmed together

A golden highway, rainbow-spanned,
While Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Most Unkindest Cut of All

AUNT SARAH DILKS had the sharpest tongue in Lincoln County. One day she rode up to Lem Bulliss' store in Fayetteville on her gray mare and, calling Lem to the door, she gave him a tongue lashing that left him shaky. She thought that he had short-weighted her. When she had said everything she could think of—which was considerable—she rode away down Main Street.

At the bridge on the edge of the town she was seen to pull up her mare suddenly and head back for the store.

A crowd gathered.

"Come out here again!" yelled Aunt Sarah.

The trembling Lem appeared.

"What's more," she said, "you're the worst shaped man I ever see!"

From a painting by
M. Paul Roche

© ARCO 1922

For Flowers and Families—ARCOLA *Warmth!*

WHEN C. W. Page installed ARCOLA in his greenhouse at Tivoli, New York, he wondered if he had made a mistake. The temperature drops to 10 below zero at Tivoli, and the greenhouse is entirely exposed.

Yet Mr. Page writes:

"After two winters of severe weather, I can say that no other hot-water heating outfit equals ARCOLA. It gives perfect warmth with almost no attention; and it is paying for itself in the fuel it saves."

The same reason that prompted Mr. Page to put ARCOLA in his greenhouse should give ARCOLA the preference in your home. Both flowers and families thrive in ARCOLA'S warm-water warmth.

Send for this free ARCOLA Book—Your Heating Contractor has ARCOLA in his window. Make it a point to consult him. Meanwhile send for this finely illustrated ARCOLA Book. Simply clip the coupon and mail it to the nearest address below.

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New York or Chicago
By mail and without obligation send me your free book about ARCOLA.

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PALMOLIVE

Why fade at 30?

YOUTHFUL maturity may exert a charm which youth alone can't rival. And certainly no woman should allow her youthful freshness to fade just when the joy of living should be at its height.

Keep your school-girl complexion and you can forget the passing years. The woman with a fresh, radiant skin will always seem young.

How to keep it—this is simple, as Cleopatra could tell you. The secret lies in daily intelligent care which will make beauty life-long.

How Cleopatra kept young

Girlhood days had long passed when the beautiful Egyptian reached the height of her fame and loveliness. Her charm grew greater with the years.

She knew how to care for and keep the smooth, flawless complexion which makes the possessor seem ever young.

Her method—thorough cleansing with the soothing oils discovered in ancient Egypt. Whatever cosmetics this queen of beauty used, the foundation was a skin free from all injurious accumulations.

Why your face needs washing

Because the accumulation of dirt, oil and perspiration must be removed or they will ruin your skin. To let them collect in the pores is to invite complexion troubles.

Inevitably such deposits soon cause enlarged pores and coarse texture results. The dirt forms blackheads and carries infections which cause blotches.

The more powder you use to conceal this condition the worse it grows, for this only increases the clogging. Lotions and cold creams won't help—you must remove the cause.

Gentle cleansing with Palmolive will soon improve the condition, and don't be afraid to be thorough.

Massage the cosmetic lather into the skin so that it may remove every trace of injurious soil.

If your skin is dry, apply cold cream after cleansing. Oily skins won't require such applications.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

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perfected ... the first
advertising subject I
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delightful medium.
Cordially,

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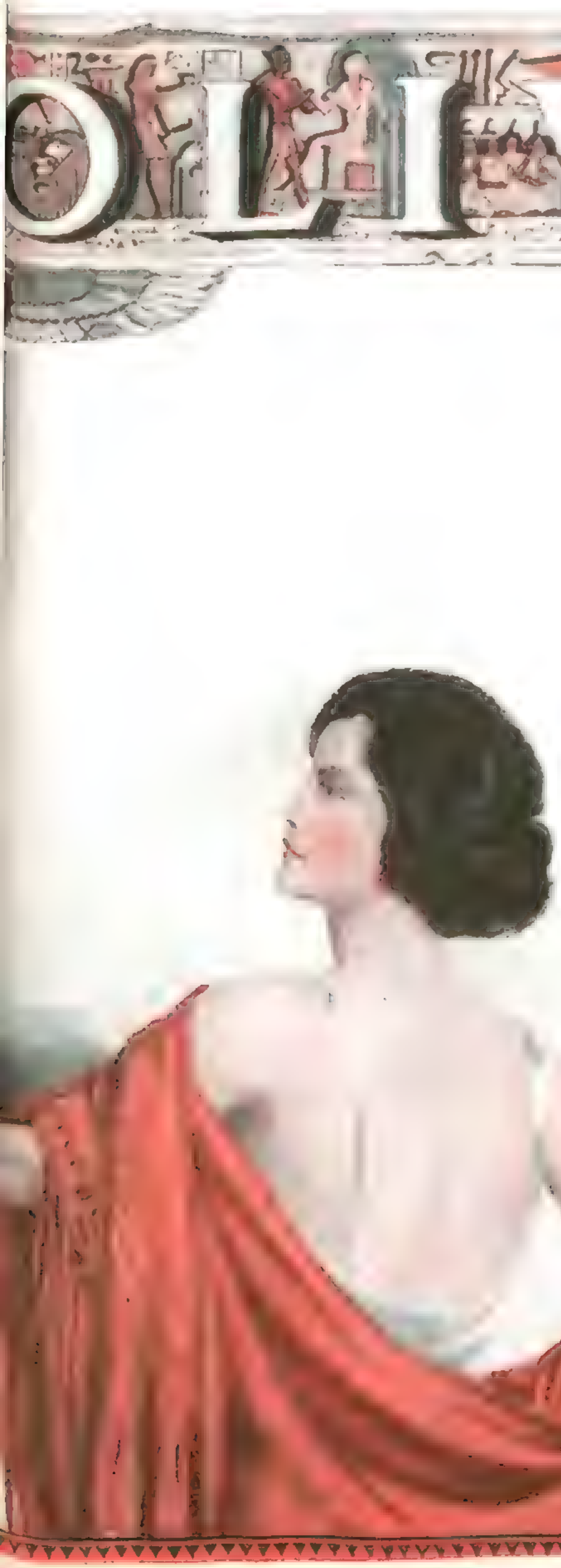

Throat, neck, shoulders

Need the same beautifying cleansing, for complexion beauty doesn't stop with the face.

Bathe with Palmolive and keep your skin smooth and white. It is a luxury all can afford.

For with all its fineness, its mild, soothing qualities, its gentle cosmetic action, Palmolive isn't an expensive soap. Popularity keeps the price low.

10 cents a cake

This modest sum is possible through gigantic production which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night and the importation of the bland, mild oils in reducing volume.

Thus this finest facial soap, which if made in small quantities would cost at least 25 cents, is offered at the price of ordinary soap.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for

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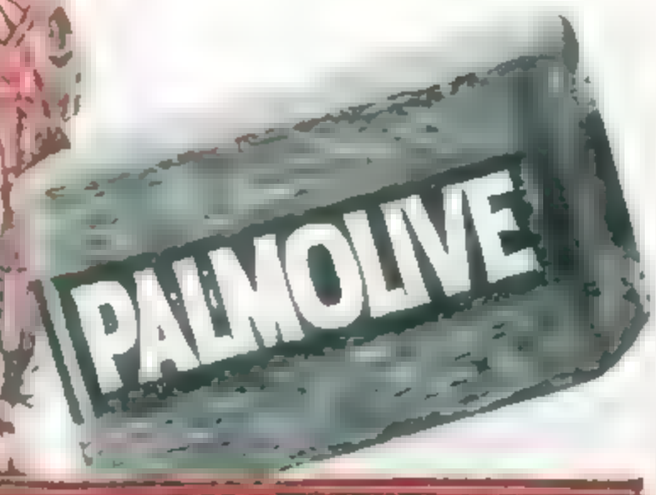

Write us at once for our free book—"SHORT LENGTHS"—containing Five Complete Physical Culture Exercises for Men Who Want to Keep Fit.

WARMTH
Without Weight!
FREEDOM
Without Danger!

WINTER Underclothing that absorbs perspiration quickly and lets it evaporate slowly—so there's no chill—is the only kind fit for the human body to wear.

This means it must contain WOOL

Most men fail to recognize this fact, however—and tolerate winter underwear that is an actual *menace* to health—because the thought of wearing WOOL suggests restriction and discomfort.

But imagine a knitted winter undergarment as soft and free-fitting and comfortable as the lightest summer athletic union suit—yet as warm and protecting as the heaviest full-length woolen underwear.

Wouldn't you say, *"That's just the thing for me!"*

And so it IS!—The ORIGINAL and GENUINE—

AMHO
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
WINTER ATHLETIC

A knee-length, sleeveless, loose-fitting Union Suit—KNIT of highest grade WOOL, mixed with Cotton

Men everywhere are proclaiming this new and revolutionary winter undergarment as the greatest *and the most needed* underwear improvement since invention of the Athletic Union Suit itself.

Ask your furnisher to show it to you. Refuse substitutes. Be sure you buy the genuine "AMHO"—the ORIGINAL Winter Athletic Underwear.

Sold in all the best Men's Shops, Department Stores and Dry Goods Houses. In various weights, Natural Color and White. Sizes 34 to 56. Also Boys' and Youths' sizes.

Made only by the

American Hosiery Company
(Makers since 1868 of Fine Knitted Goods)
New Britain, Connecticut

AN AMHO PRODUCT

PLEASE REMIT

(Continued from Page 22)

between five dollars and eight? What's three dollars when you are getting a piece of goods like that?"

I fell for it. Not only did I fall for it, flattered by his confidence and his pseudo-respectful manner, but I fell for a pair of unnecessary gloves — "Something fine that just came in"—and a warm dressing gown as well, and left the shop owing a bill of fourteen dollars, instead of having paid out five in cash as I had planned.

"After all," I reflected, trying to still the mild uneasiness which the thought cost me, "what is fourteen dollars? Less than half of one week's salary. And it's a long way to the first of the month. Surely I'll have the money by then!"

The fact that I had experienced considerable difficulty in getting together the five dollars, which still lay in my purse, didn't even cross my mind. Indeed, I felt mysteriously the richer for it, and at once spent two dollars on sending flowers to a friend who was in the hospital. A sweet thought, no doubt. But how about giving a sweet thought to the person who, however wrongly, had just extended me credit, and putting the five away against the first of the month? It never even occurred to me to do this. Only in the light of later experience did I realize that it should have been done.

My experience with the specialty shop had shown me how easy it was to get credit, and the result was that I soon charged a hat at another store. It was only a four-dollar hat, and what was four dollars out of a week's salary of thirty-eight? A mere bagatelle! So was a bedside reading lamp at five dollars. So was a small bill at the corner drug store. Why I should have imagined that these bills, each of them small in itself, could at the end of the month come simultaneously out of a salary which was insufficient to take care of the same purchases on a cash basis is more than I can tell you. But perhaps it was partly because I had inherited the idea of bills being something to be juggled and creditors a race to be pacified, and, most fundamentally of all, that the uneasiness of debt was a part of the routine of life.

The Voice of the Tempter

Now I am going to claim boldly that the people who extend and encourage credit in unwarranted quarters are as much to blame as the individuals who accept this credit and make their own lives a nightmare by so doing. I am convinced that the extension of credit by some houses is made with the knowledge that the victim will possibly be unable to pay, and with a view to taking their profit either by charging an exorbitant rate for an inferior article or by confiscation of the goods under a chattel mortgage, and making a resale of the same goods at secondhand prices; or even, if the condition permits, as first-hand goods. I have known several instances of this being done with furniture, and more especially with musical instruments.

This fact does not, of course, excuse the bad debtor; but some unscrupulous merchants must also come under the indictment which is due our modern retail credit system. They trade on the love of a pretty home, the love of attractive clothing, the love of music, which loves are the saving graces of civilization.

All the first years of my life I was a victim of the installment system. I say victim advisedly, because many of my present possessions, now fully paid for, were purchased through this plan. And I wish at once to state in all fairness that many of the installment concerns with whom I have dealt have been square in their treatment and handled honest goods. Some have not. But taken at its best, the system has meant paying more in the end for the thing I bought, and having the choice of what I could buy greatly limited. The vicious chain of being in debt in this respect was forged when I married and set up a home.

Even my bridal outfit was charged. I went to great pains and a good deal of chicanery to secure it, and I remember my pang of wholly feminine disappointment at the fact that my husband couldn't even recall what I had worn! He had good cause for remembering that it had been something expensive, however, when a few weeks later the bills began to come in. The purchase of those soon-forgotten garments, which naturally enough were not even taken cognizance of at the time of the wedding by the only person whose pleasure in my appearance really mattered, was one of the supreme foolishnesses of my excursions into debt. He would have taken me just as gladly in white muslin, and yet I went and burdened our future right from the start with the price of a white satin, which could be of no possible use to me after the wedding day, and for no better reason than that it was the conventional thing to wear.

I gave up working after my marriage and my husband naturally undertook the support of the household. We were agreed that debt was a bad thing, and we determined to start on a cash basis. I already owed a few bills, including that for my bridal costume, and he had some debts of his own—nothing much, he assured me. Actually they consisted of a tailor's bill of several hundred dollars—a hang-over of years augmented by a cutaway for the wedding—and a dentist's bill that had become more of a habit than an obligation.

But our good resolutions were short-lived. In our new little home there were constantly things needed, and our credit was good in many places. A moderate installment account simply had to be opened to take care of our most pressing needs. Some of our friends were even worse about running up accounts. One man of our acquaintance told us with considerable pride in his own acumen that he was running small monthly bills at all the important stores in town, and paying promptly on the fifteenth of each month following, to establish credit in order that, should the emergency arise, he could for a period buy in large quantities from these same stores and get away with it.

"Why, I could live three months off of Green's grocery store at any time," he boasted, naming our highest-class fancy grocery.

On a cash basis, needless to say, he would never have dreamed of trading at such an expensive store. And none of our crowd, I think, fully realized that he was deliberately planning what amounted to robbery!

Then there were babies. We had two of them in fairly quick succession. They ran us into debt appallingly, although the largest single item of expense connected with their arrival—to wit, the doctor's bill—was always the one which somehow remained in arrears. I am not sparing myself, and so I will confess in the grace of my newfound sense of debt morality that the last baby was not paid for until I found my financial feet, some five years after her birth. And that blessed soul, the doctor, never once failed me during that long, utterly unjustifiable interlude, during which I not infrequently bought luxuries for myself the while I let him go unpaid.

Getting in Deeper and Deeper

After the arrival of the younger little daughter expenses had grown to such proportion that my husband, finding an opening for my particular capacity in his concern, allowed me to go back to work. It was a very high-class commission job, where my earning capacity was limited only by my own ability to make good. I liked the work and was successful at it. Money ample to cover the gap in our needs which had drawn me out of the home began to pour in readily, but the bundle of monthly bills continued to swell rather than to shrink. It was the old story of its costing money to make money.

First of all, it seemed that I needed more and better clothing for my work, which brought me in contact with many outsiders who had to be properly impressed. I had to pay a competent nurse to look after my children during the day. The fact of leaving the home in the hands of servants at once increased the running expenses of the household by a full third, as any woman who has tried to do this knows. Moreover, servants invariably demand things that their employers would be perfectly willing to do without. I was proud of the enhanced sense of importance my work gave me, and so was my husband. But neither of us was any freer from debt on account of it. To be exact, we were constantly spending all our money, and not spending it on old bills either.

There were certain streets which by tacit understanding we avoided, because on these streets were tradesmen to whom we owed bills. There were other parts of town—residence streets and certain picture houses and restaurants—which we avoided even more scrupulously, because we were afraid of running into two of our best friends, Mr. H. and Mrs. B., from both of whom we had borrowed money.

This last represented the easiest of all the debt traps into which we had fallen. Mr. H. was a rich man, and he was, I honestly believe, glad to lend my husband the five hundred dollars for which he asked when our first baby came. Mrs. B was also rather more than well-to-do, and in her case the hundred which we owed her had been volunteered at a period of particular stress. We had been very intimate, but somehow after my acceptance of her loan we drifted apart. I began to see slights when none, I now feel sure, were intended. If by chance I met her she never in any way referred to the loan, but I always did—in an agony of incoherent embarrassment.

The same thing was true of Mr. H. He never once, to my knowledge, pressed my husband for money, and yet my husband could not bear to meet him. What had been in both instances a pleasant friendship was utterly destroyed, and this was the high rate of moral interest which we paid upon our indebtedness.

A Staggering List of Debts

Just as things were at their worst my husband died. I was left absolutely alone in the world, without a soul to assist me in the support of my two small children. My parents were living, but had sometime since become partially dependent upon me. There was no rich relative to whom I could go. It was up to me, and at the time I was fool enough to consider this responsibility a tragedy. It was the best thing that, under the circumstances, could have befallen me.

When, after the first fearful shock of losing my husband, I was forced to sit up and take stock of my situation I was appalled by the facts. Our debts were even heavier than I had supposed, for my husband, with mistaken consideration, had concealed some of them from me. For the first time in my life I made an absolutely honest list of them and footed up the total. It ran to the neighborhood of three thousand dollars.

I had made lists of a similar nature before, but for some mysterious reason which I cannot explain, even to myself, I had always cheated on them. Whether I ran shy to ease myself or to spare my partner I really can't say. I only know that up to now I had invariably done so. But this time they all went down in order—the yellowing doctor's bills which I had shoved into a far corner of the desk and tried not to see, the unrecorded personal loans, the petty tradespeople whose small accounts had been neglected because they were safely in some other town. In short, I ducked no item of which I had any knowledge, and when the list was done I sat appalled before it. I said to myself that this was a condition of affairs which could not continue, a remark that I had often made to my husband in the old days as a sort of soporific that soothed our debt-harried nerves and helped us to the sense of relief that comes of acknowledging a moral obligation.

But this time I meant it. I had to. I was face to face with the grim reality of supporting my two children and of giving them a clean future. Then and there, under the steady light of my newly lit study lamp, I decided that they should receive no training in the habit of debt; that they should never hear in my household the phraseology of debt or imbibe the fear of creditors. For them there should never be the unwholesome atmosphere which a household burdened with expenses beyond its means cannot fail to induce. Fortunately they were still too young to have caught the drift of things and I would change matters at once. I swore a solemn oath upon it.

But how was it to be done? The insurance money which my husband left amounted to fifteen hundred dollars. The debts which he left amounted to three thousand. Aside from my commissions, I had no money but this sum. The servants'

(Continued on Page 91)

Laurence Trimble and Jane Murfin

present

Strongheart

the Wonder Dog of "The Silent Call"
in his newest photoplay

Brawn of the North

A
LAURENCE TRIMBLE–
JANE MURFIN
PRODUCTION

with

Irene Rich

and

Lee Shumway

Photography
by
C. B. Dreyer

A First National
Attraction

NOTHING but a miracle could have saved the baby—all alone on a runaway dog-sled, pursued by a pack of hungry, howling wolves. No human being was within miles, nothing but Strongheart, the marvelous dog, gaining on the sled with every leap.

Those of you who saw "Strongheart" in his earlier photoplay, "The Silent Call," will be even more amazed and electrified by this, his greatest picture, a gripping screen drama of the Far North.

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shown at following theatres
Week of November 13th

Ann Arbor, Mich.	Majestic
Baltimore	Rivoli
Boston	Olympia
Breckenridge, Texas	National
Butte, Mont	American
Champaign, Ill	New Virginia
Canton, Ohio	Strand
Charlotte, N. C.	Broadway
Chicago	Chicago
Cincinnati	Strand
Cleveland	Park
Cleveland	Mall
Colorado Springs	Burns
Columbus, Ohio	Colonial
Davenport, Iowa	Garden
Denver	Colorado
Des Moines, Iowa	Des Moines
Detroit	Capitol
Enid, Okla.	Rialto
Erie, Pa.	Strand
Eugene, Ore.	Rex
Fort Worth	Egypt
Grand Junction, Colo.	Majestic
Greeley, Colo.	Rex
Indianapolis	Circle
Kankakee Ill	La Petite
La Crosse, Wis.	Majestic
Lansing, Mich.	Strand
Lawton, Okla.	Murray
Lexington	Kentucky
Los Angeles	Kinema
Louisville	Mary Anderson
Madison, Wis.	Strand
Milwaukee	Strand
Minneapolis	State
Newark, N. J.	Branford
Niagara Falls, N. Y.	Strand
Oklahoma	Empress
Omaha	Rialto
Oshkosh, Wis.	Orpheum
Paducah, Ky.	Arcade
Paterson, N. J.	Garden
Peoria, Ill.	Madison
Pittsburgh	Liberty
Portland, Ore.	Liberty
Providence, R. I.	Strand
Raleigh, N. C.	Superba
St. Louis	New Grand Central
St. Louis	West End Lyric
St. Paul	Capitol
Salem, Ore.	Oregon
Salt Lake	American
San Antonio, Texas	Rialto
San Francisco	Tivoli
Seattle	Liberty
Sioux City, Iowa	Princess
Springfield, Ill.	Gaiety
Tulsa, Okla.	Rialto
Vancouver, B. C.	Allen
Waco, Texas	Strand
Washington	Metropolitan
Wichita, Kan.	New Miller
Wichita Falls, Texas	Olympic
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Auditorium
Worcester, Mass.	Olympia
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(Actual size)
Robt. Burns
Perfectos, 2 for 25c

Number Two of a series depicting "The Story of Tobacco"

AND the great white galleons, flaunting the banners of Spain, came out of the East seeking the fabled treasures of the Indies, searching *under* the soil of Cuba for gold and precious stones, while all the time her greatest treasure was in the soil and beckoning from every hillside.

* * * *

In no other place but Cuba has Nature so concentrated her forces upon the production of the *perfect* tobacco. Her soil is rich with the forest mould of centuries. Her sunshine is warm with the mellowness of the tropics' outer edge. Her climate is kept uniformly mild by the steady sweep of the Trade Winds.

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Have you tried one lately?

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All Robt. Burns cigars are filled with the choicest Havana tobaccos, aged, cured and blended to a wonderfully pleasing mildness of flavor.

Robt. Burns Cigar is Full Havana Filled

(Continued from Page 88

wages were in arrears, as was the rent of the flat we were then occupying. I had my job, which was a good one, and I had moderately good health and an excellent opening in my profession.

This was all, and after a session of hard, clear thinking—the first perfectly honest thinking about money which I had ever done in my entire life—I decided that it was enough.

That was five years ago. Today I am absolutely free from debt, owing no bills except those which experience has shown me are most advantageously handled on a monthly basis. I own my home, a modest car, and I have a nest egg, which by compounding interest should shortly be enough to secure me a debt-free old age. In other words, I am free, white and thirty-one. I am not afraid any more. I don't have to avoid certain places or certain people, and my children have never heard me discuss money except in terms of saving or of true values. And if you are interested, here goes for how I did it:

I suppose that everyone has a pet theory about how to get out of debt. But the most generally accepted method is to pay out, at once, as much as possible and then continue to make faithful small installment payments until the debt is wiped out, meanwhile struggling along as best you can. I examined this time-honored method and rejected it. Upon close examination it seemed to me to be fundamentally wrong. If I were to pay out every penny of my husband's insurance money it would pay only half our indebtedness and would cripple me hopelessly. The small weekly payment plan would not only crush my spirit and make life a very meager thing but it would actually force me into continuing the endless chain of indebtedness in order to get the necessities of life. In all probability it would mean charging more things with one hand while I paid out a driblet on account with the other. And furthermore, the stores would be receiving their money in those irritatingly small amounts which no business man really likes to handle. So my first decision was this: I would not pay out a single penny until I had first made myself an economic unit of value to the community; until I had established myself as a going concern.

Reorganization

First of all, I had to take stock of myself and of my ability. I had to believe in myself, and it had to be a genuine belief. It was no time for bluffing myself. I had to figure out, as squarely as I could, just how far I was likely to go on my job if I did my best work and did very little else except work. As I have already pointed out, my job was a commission affair on a very large scale, and the returns were limited only by my capacity for making good. It was practically a business of my own. Of course, I was exceptionally fortunate in holding this particular kind of job. I realize that not many women are lucky enough to be doing work of such an elastic nature. But in principle I believe my method was sound, just the same.

Having come to the conclusion that my first step toward paying my debts was to be paying none of them for the present, I next saw that two things of paramount importance loomed ahead. The first was to pull off a piece of work in my line which would surpass any order I had as yet taken. Perhaps that seems ridiculous to you. But it isn't. Some of the best opportunities in business are the ones you make for yourself out of whole cloth.

The next move, second in importance but simultaneous in execution, was to give up our flat and move into a home of my own. Yes, sir! In the very face of all that burden of debt I bought a house; a small house, but one big enough to make a permanent home of, and I paid five hundred dollars of the insurance money on account, undertaking the rest on a basis like rent. And with the writing of that sentence I come to the first instance of justifiable debt of which I know. Anyone is justified in going into debt to buy a home. It is only another name for savings. And so I did it. I figured that a home was the first requirement of my youngsters, and as a basis for my own operations it was also of vital importance. A woman who has no man to fall back upon needs the security of some sort of permanent home. So I used a part of my money in this way, vowing never to pay rent again.

After moving and settling for my most pressing household bills I became adamant in the matter of expenditure. The woman who did my housework and took devoted care of my children told me that they needed shoes. I replied that they would have to go shabby or, it being summer, go barefoot until I could pay cash for shoes. I will never forget the look of horror with which she received this announcement. I had violated every rule of my caste, of the caste of the street on which I had bought my home. Well, we didn't quite go barefoot, but the toes of the children's shoes certainly became what I would three months earlier have called a disgrace before I had the price for new ones. But the decision against charging them was my second moral victory over my traditions, and from that day to this I have never bought a single article of clothing for either myself or my family until I could pay cash for it. Neither have I bought household goods of any description except on a cash basis. From that moment on I paid cash for everything except food. The grocer and butcher bills I settled monthly because it was an economy of my increasingly valuable time to spend only one evening a month settling up.

When the Proud Day Came

Of course, the shower of bills from the stores where I owed for former glories kept pouring in. I ignored them. I let them threaten, but I would not pay them the driblets which would have crippled me without really benefiting them. I was making good on my job, and my plan was more far-reaching than the eventual payment of these bills. I was out to make my household a valuable economic unit—valuable to the community and to ourselves—and I was trying to do it on the soundest of business principles.

Having thought up and executed the deal which would establish me firmly in my profession, I felt sufficiently reassured and confident to stick to my original plan. I paid no old bills for eighteen months. At the end of that time I had not only carried my family on a cash basis but I had a nest egg of a thousand dollars in the bank. I deliberately put this amount aside and considered that it came ahead of the payment of any debts. This was because I was my children's sole support, and it was vital that I have something to fall back upon in case I was taken sick. With that emergency taken care of, I began to save for my creditors.

At the end of another six months, devoted strictly to my job, I had money in the bank sufficient to pay my creditors in full, with proper interest. I made out the checks and visited them each in turn, asking at the shops to see the financial manager in person. And when I gave him my check I explained to him exactly what I had done. In every case I told the truth; told of buying my home and of putting away my emergency fund before attempting to pay him a cent.

"I want you to look over your records," I added. "And you will see that I have not avoided dealing with this store because of owing you money. You will find that I have bought from you right along, paying cash. I have bought less, but I have paid for what I had. And so long as I can buy here satisfactorily I will continue to do so, also in cash."

It may be of interest to add that without exception these credit men offered to reopen my charge accounts. I refused.

"When I have an income which is assured from gilt-edged securities I will be glad to pay on a monthly basis," was my reply. "But so long as my income is from my weekly earnings only, I feel that I have no moral right to a charge account."

The day on which I made this round was one of the happiest of my life, and one of the most interesting. The men who held the position of credit manager in the various establishments on my list proved to be anything but the ogres I had pictured them, and I was without exception met with sympathetic understanding.

My business is still in too formative a state to permit me to put away the 20 per cent of my income which I hope in time inevitably to save. I am constantly obliged to invest a large part of my earnings in what I call equipment—namely, the somewhat complicated assistance which a woman who is both a business woman and a mother needs. The first and most costly item is the proper care of my children. I now have a high-class woman who is a hospital-trained nurse as well as a governess to take all physical care of them. She is actually my first office assistant, for without her my mind would never be free from anxiety about my girls. No one can give them mothering, thank God, but me. But if I were not free of them I could not support them, a problem which many a modern woman will sympathetically recognize. In fact the whole business of making a successful home while supporting it is the most costly and difficult problem which the self-supporting woman faces today, and in order to make a success of it she must first of all keep it debt-free.

Undoubtedly too much stress has been laid upon good clothes as a factor in doing business, and I have already pointed out the evil as it reacts upon the small-salaried worker. But nevertheless I find it necessary to dress well, and I know that both the women and the men whom I meet in my work are to a certain very perceptible degree impressed by what I wear. Consequently my clothing has become a definite part of my overhead and is carried as such on my budget.

Entertaining for business reasons is no part of my expense, however, for I have found that the best and only satisfactory way to sell an article is to deliver the goods. But a certain amount of personal relaxation, such as the theater or a week-end vacation, something which will refresh me and entertain me, restoring pep and interest in my work, I now carry as a regular item against my business. It is a wise business woman who realizes that relaxation is as important as hard work, and as remunerative in the end, if properly gauged.

Creative Indebtedness

Now I want to say a few words about justifiable debts. There are such things, as I have found. No one could be in business as many years as I have—twelve, to be exact—without learning that. And to my mind, what I call creative indebtedness covers a very short but a decidedly important list.

First of all stands the purchase of a home. The very essence of American civilization seems to me to be crystallized in the ownership of the home by the householder. Least of any nation are we a tenant nation. That's one reason why the peasantry of other nations are so eager to come here. They are for the most part tenantry. They come to us eager to own the land they live upon, or to gather sufficient money to go back and buy a piece of their native land. Nothing will give the head of the family—and, indeed, all its members—a sense of belonging in a place, a feeling of substantiality and dignity, to the degree that owning a home will give. Anybody will be far more regular with the installment on a home than he will be with the rent of one, for obvious reasons. Also, as I have already indicated, the home is the best of all bases for the rest of your life's operations.

Second in importance I place the justifiable debt which is incurred for the purpose of buying into a business. The system by which you can buy stock in the concern where you are employed, through the simple method of having installments deducted from your salary each week, comes under the same head. And to many people this compulsory type of saving is the only solution of the problem of how to put a little something by.

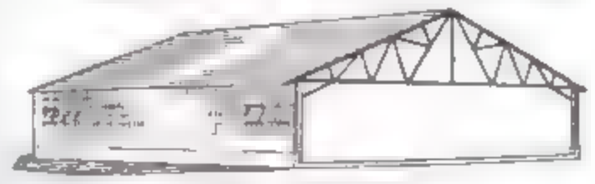
Third, there is only one justifiable reason for going into debt, which has no relation to the savings principle, justifiable only because it is often unavoidable, and that reason is illness. If we, in a state of health, would be sufficiently mindful of this possible contingency we would see that it never arose, by sacrificing a few luxuries in favor of a savings account.

But going into debt for luxuries is nothing short of a crime.

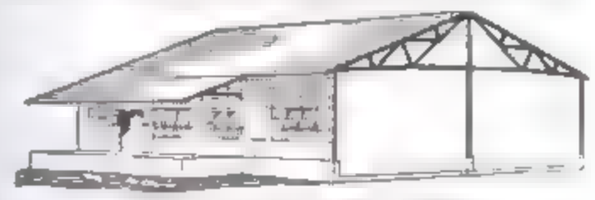
TRUSCON STANDARD BUILDINGS

All Types and Sizes

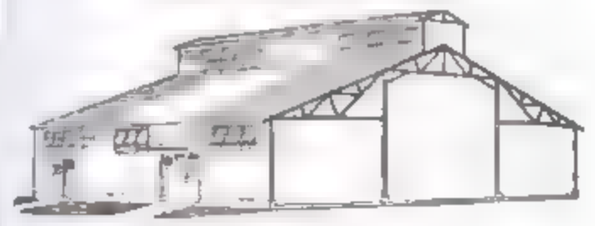
Below are illustrated a few typical arrangements of Truscon Buildings.



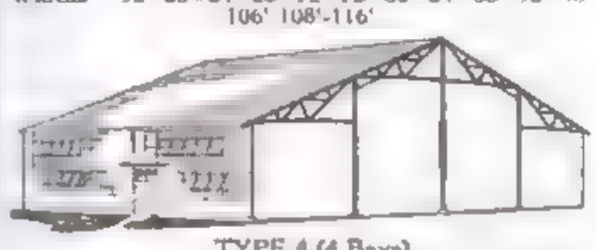
TYPE 1 (Clear Span)
Widths—8'-12'-16'-20'-24'-28'-32'-40'-48'-50'-60'-68'



TYPE 2 (2 Bays) with Canopy
Widths 40 48 50 56' 60'

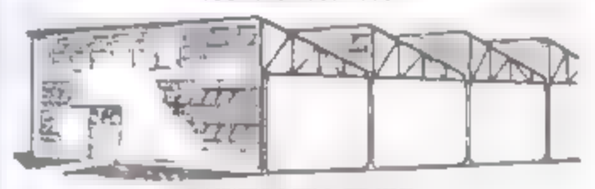


TYPE 3 (3 Bays) with Lantern
Widths—56'-60'-64'-68'-72'-76'-80'-84'-88'-96'-98' 106' 108'-116'



TYPE 4 (4 Bays)
Widths—80'-100'-112' (4 Bays @ 20'-25' or 28')

TYPE 3M (Monitor)
Widths—60'-64'-68'-72' 76'-80' 84'-88'-90'-96' 98' 100' 106'-108' 116'



SAWTOOTH TYPE
Widths—Any Multiple of 28'-0"

Length of buildings: Any multiple of 2'-0".
Heights of side walls: 8'-1" to 21'-5".
Types shown can be combined or varied.
Lanterns, canopies and lean-tos can be added
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THE ROAD OF CASUALTY

(Continued from Page 9

too much. Joe Case was larger and heavier and more stolid; you might almost say he was sodden. He had a murkish humor at times. If Peter played a joke on you it would sting; if Joe jested with you the jest left a bruise.

Peter thought Aure Dumont charming. He was a man who loved largely and lavishly, and he would have included Aure in this generous love of his. Jean Dufray resented his attitude with some heat; they were often near open hostilities. Joe Case once prevented such an incident by pointing out to Peter that there were other men watching; Fred Perrin once filled a similar office by telling Peter that in case of a fight he and Jean fought always side by side. Bubier resented this interference acutely, and treasured the matter in his mind.

Yet Aure Dumont would have none of either of them; and Fred Perrin could not understand the girl, with Jean Dufray still wooing her so charmingly. He was much bewildered by the situation; and as three or four years passed, and Peter Bubier came and went, and Aure still moved alone along her serene and lovely ways, and Jean still wooed so laughingly, Fred loved her more and more and wondered more and more and could not read the riddle in her eyes.

There were slumbering embers of a conflagration here. But before the conflagration came St. Pierre had other matters to think about. The laws to protect the game came into the border country. A man arrived at St. Joseph, down the river, and sent from there—after consultation with the elders—for Jean Dufray and Fred Perrin. Would they care to become wardens of the game? The two young men, immensely proud, considered, and accepted. For a space they were under tutelage; then came back to St. Pierre, big with their responsibilities.

St. Pierre was much interested, and Peter Bubier was much amused.

"So now," he cried jestingly, "I mus' come to you leetle boys to ask if I can kill the deer."

"It is so," Jean Dufray told him, laughing in his face. "Or into the jail you go."

Fred Perrin, of a more literal mind, explained: "There is an open season, when any man may kill the deer, at such and such times."

"Hell!" said Joe Case sullenly. "The time I can kill a deer is any time I see one."

And though no more was said, the men drawing apart, the embers had begun to blow a little mad.

IV

AS IT happened, the first encounter was precipitated by word from their superior, the chief game warden of the county. Fred and Jean knew there was a law against the use of gill nets, but it seemed to them an inconsiderable thing, and they would hardly have thought of enforcing it without being prompted. But the word came that Peter Bubier and Joe Case had been selling of late considerable numbers of fine fish; and Fred—Jean was upriver on a still hunt for poachers of the deer—was instructed to look into the matter.

There was no great guile in Fred. If there had been this matter of Aure Dumont, for example, would have been settled long before. She would not marry Jean Dufray, and even a dull man should have read the meaning of that. Fred was steady enough and persistent enough; if he had made up his mind to marry her he would have done so against the stiffest odds. But he had made up his mind that he could never marry her, because Jean was going to; and no light arguments could change the mind of Fred Perrin, once it was made up. So Aure went on her pleasant way, scorning Peter Bubier, and laughing tenderly at Jean Dufray, but scorning him, too, for all her laughter; and only when she looked toward Fred Perrin was there anything but gay sweet pride and mirthfulness in her eyes. When she looked at Fred there was at times something almost abject in her glance. But Fred was blind; and no one else ever saw this look, to instruct him in its meaning.

There was no great guile in Fred when he set out to investigate this matter of gill nets. If it had been Jean Dufray, thus determining to attack the two men who were his enemies, he would have let his imagination play with the problem; would have devised romantic incident and melodramatic climax; would have dramatized the whole. But to Fred the matter had only the most straightforward appearance. It was reported that Peter Bubier and Joe Case were setting gill nets. The law forbade setting gill nets. He would go and see.

Fred had never visited that cabin in which Peter Bubier was supposed to dwell, somewhere in the woods; he only knew that it was upon the shore of a certain little pond among the hills, a pond almost unfathomably deep, and in which dwelt great salmon and trout. There was reputed to be a trail to this pond, and by a little questioning Fred located it and went in. He lost the thin track once or twice in the woods, and wasted some time in finding it again, and eventually he decided it was too dark to go on; so he made camp for himself and waited for dawn. He woke quite naturally, as the animals do, at daylight, and found the trail, and reached the pond. From its shore he caught a glimpse of faint gray smoke in the faint gray haze of morning, well around to his right along the shore. He thought it might be as well not to advertise his presence, so he stepped back into the forest, instead of following the water's edge; and after half an hour's hard work through a cedar swamp he struck Peter Bubier's well-cleared trail, and followed it down to the cabin.

Bubier and Joe Case had, as a matter of fact, set their net the night before. When Fred came around the corner of the cabin he saw them out in the canoe taking the net in. They were almost through pulling it; and Fred saw Case extricate from its folds a large salmon.

Toward Dawn He Turned Into the Mouth of a Brook, Dragging His Canoe and Wading in the Shallows

Then both men discovered him, and Fred called to them, "Wan' any help out there?"

There was an interval of silence, and Case spoke to Bubier. He was sitting in the bow of the canoe, but facing the stern, so that he might handle the net in the waist of the craft while Bubier paddled. They were some distance from shore, and their lowered voices did not carry to Fred's ears.

Then Bubier shouted, "What you want?"

"Come on in," Fred commanded.

Another brief consultation; and Bubier replied, "Finish this first."

He and Case continued their task, and Fred sat down on a rock by the landing beach.

When, by and by, the canoe approached the shore and came in easy earshot Bubier rested his paddle and smiled at Fred confidentially, and said, "You long ways from St. Pierre, boy."

"I foun' out about you setting nets," Fred explained.

"But yes," Bubier replied smoothly. He spoke the bastard French of the border, and Fred dropped into the same tongue. "Blessed name of a dog, yes."

"The law, you understand, says this must not be done."

The two men in the canoe flashed a glance between them. And Bubier's tone was wheedling. "Is a man not to live?"

He and Case had landed now, were stepping from the canoe upon the sand. Fred faced them. No firearms were involved in this incident; few men in that country owned revolvers, and the rifle was an instrument of livelihood, not a weapon. Fred faced them with empty hands.

"One must not net the fish," he replied calmly.

Case interjected his first word: "What if we do?"

Fred answered politely. "You will have to pay a fine," he said in English, "to the judge. And I mus' take away your net, and your fish that you have catch."

They considered this in silence, and Case began to lift the net out of the canoe and rearrange it in his hands, shaking out the folds of it as though he would spread it to dry. There were half a dozen fish in the canoe. Fred stepped forward to see them, his back for an instant toward the two men. He was without guile.

"They are ver' nice fish," he said pleasantly, facing them again.

As he did so, Case cast the net over his head and shoulders, and both men tumbled upon him, guffawing with laughter, and wound him in a snarl of wet and fishy line. He was, in a matter of seconds, helpless as a salmon. And while he lay on the sand like a cocoon Bubier and Joe Case laughed and laughed, and Fred could feel his cheeks burn like fire, and he could feel the hot tears in his eyes, running down and dropping into the sand. But he lay very still, partly because he had to, and partly because he wished to be as inconspicuous as possible.

It had been the idea of Joe Case, this netting Fred like a fish. But now that they had him they were undecided what should be done with him. They left Fred on the sand while they went to the cabin and cooked breakfast, and considered the problem there. The humor of Joe Case was inclined to a certain brutality. His suggestion was that they wrap a rock in the net with Fred and dump the whole in the lake; but Peter laughed at him for that.

"Besides," he argued, "then we would lose the net." He had, he said, a wittier idea.

After they had breakfasted they asked Fred if he were hungry; and he shook his head.

"Thirsty?"

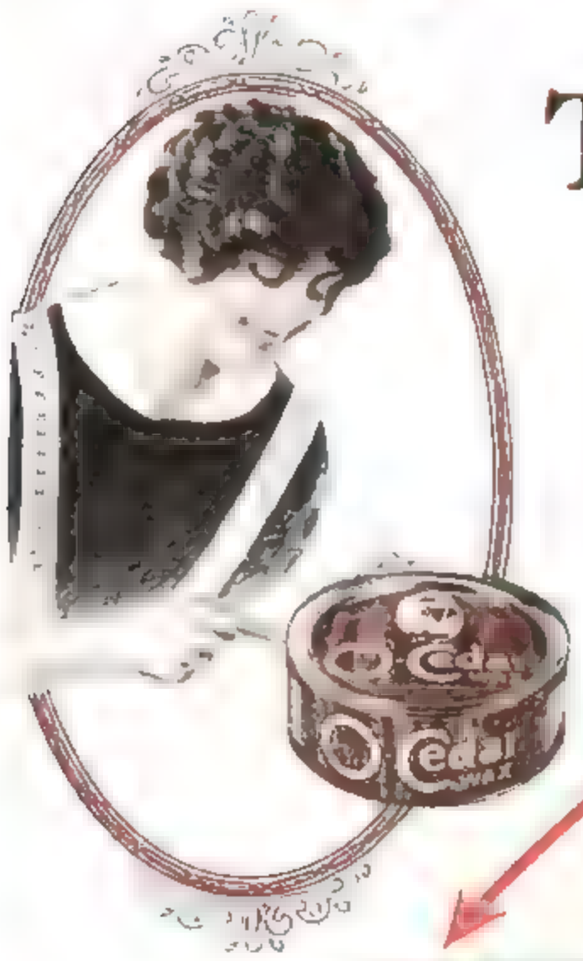
He nodded faintly at that, and Joe Case threw a cup of coffee in his face, and the two men roared. All that morning they jeered at him, devising quaint torments, which hurt him not at all but made him feel acutely ridiculous.

It was Peter's idea to wrap three fish in the net with Fred. In the hot sun these fish became unpleasant companions. Fred was beginning to grow more thirsty too.

But after the midday meal they cut two birch saplings and strung a rope to and fro across them and rolled him on it, and carrying him between them they set off for St. Pierre. It was a distance of some miles; and once or twice Joe Case rebelled at the burden and suggested that a blow on the head were simpler. But Peter always heartened him and urged him on by reference to the huge jest that lay ahead. They approached St. Pierre at dusk, and by that time Case was murderously angry at this human load that he had borne so far. Outside St. Pierre they sat down and waited for darkness to come; because Peter did not wish that the whole town should know the jest tonight. Only one.

(Continued on Page 97

The New Member of the O-Cedar Family



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A dramatic incident in the life of Josiah Wedgwood was his presentation to Queen Charlotte of a table service, called by him "Queen's Ware." It has been said of Wedgwood that the whole subsequent course of pottery manufacture was influenced by the beauty and accuracy of his workmanship. His was the matchless skill that commands the admiration and spurs the ambition of every artist and artisan.

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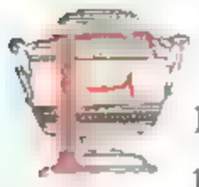

FORTUNATE for man's progress is the matchless skill with which a few individuals are endowed. For in these too rare instances are the worthiest standards of art and work established.

Josiah Wedgwood was, beyond dispute, the master potter of the ages. Yet his genius was not content with self-achievement. His splendid works, built at Hanley, England, in 1769, enabled other craftsmen to flourish under his guidance. And the beauty and value of Wedgwood wares were brought to the whole world.

In another time and in another field, the name Firestone has come to stand for the highest accomplishment—to set a new standard in the important industry of tire building.

It commands respect and has won to enduring fame because it, too, represents matchless skill in the coördinated effort of thousands of expert workers.

Firestone Tires, in the mileage they deliver, have fully demonstrated the superiority of Firestone workmanship and the special manufacturing methods employed. Since first the world came to judge them twenty-two years ago they have consistently fulfilled the highest pledge of tire-worth—

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

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Two destructive forces constantly threaten your teeth

Their life and beauty demand protection from both attacks

NO drawback is harder to overcome than the lack of white, healthy teeth. Nothing can make you more self-conscious than the knowledge that what your smile reveals is influencing a hundred times a day the judgment of those about you.

Today we know that not *one*—but *two* dread forces are continually at work, threatening the appearance and the very life of the teeth.

These are the TWO *forces*

One works openly on the surface. That filmy coating—known to science as dental mucin—is the forerunner of tartar, of the unsightly yellowing that ends in decay. It is the big cause of ugly, discolored teeth.

But another force—hidden often in the crevices your brush does not reach—is causing destruction too. The fermentation that comes from tiny food particles forms acids. These acids eat far into the tooth before you know decay has even begun.

Today people who realize the importance of white, healthy teeth are protecting them from both these attacks. They are guarding the life and beauty of their teeth with Sanitol Tooth Paste and Liquid Antiseptic.

Protection from the first

Sanitol Tooth Paste contains just the proper ingredients for softening the yellowing film, or dental mucin. Compounded with glycerine and a specially prepared dental chalk it actually *dissolves* this film—then clears it all away, leaving your teeth smooth and beautifully white. And really, it is astonishing how much whiteness Sanitol Tooth Paste will *restore* to teeth that have already begun to yellow.

Guarding against the second

Then for the places your brush cannot readily reach—the surfaces further back and the little crevices where decay often starts first—use Sanitol Liquid Antiseptic. This highly antiseptic fluid floods into the most minute crevices, removing the tiny food particles, and keeps the dangerous hard-to-reach places free from the acids of fermentation.

But it does more than this. It keeps the gums firm and healthy, also guarding them from the softening that is often the beginning of disease. It cleanses the entire mouth and is highly effective in keeping the breath free from all odor. Used as a gargle it keeps the throat free from germs. It is so highly concentrated that a few drops in a quarter-glass of water makes a thoroughly antiseptic solution.

Note the difference

Notice what a difference these two cleansers will soon make not only in the appearance of your teeth but in the feeling of your entire mouth. Sanitol Tooth Paste has an exhilarating flavor that makes its use an actual pleasure. The Liquid Antiseptic gives your mouth a feeling of perfect cleanliness and freshness you will never want to be without.

Both cost you no more than what you are probably now paying for tooth paste alone. A big tube of Sanitol Tooth Paste for 25 cents. Concentrated Liquid Antiseptic—25 cents.

Send the coupon below for a free package containing *both*. Begin today to insure the lasting health and beauty of your teeth.

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Tooth Paste
-removes film, whitens surfaces

Liquid Antiseptic
-purifies crevices, hardens the gums

(Continued from Page 92)

Case took advantage of the delay to kick Fred once or twice in a whole-hearted way, and to smoke his pipe. Before dark opened the way for them his murky mind had conceived an added bit of humor. He extricated one of the fish from the net—a relatively small one—and jammed its head in Fred's mouth. "He'll be squealing, yelling for help if we don't," he reminded Peter Bubier. So with a bit of cord they tied the nauseous gag in place.

Thus trussed and gagged, Fred was deposited at length upon the bit of turf before the home of Aure Dumont. Thus trussed and gagged, Aure found him when she came out in answer to Peter's knock. Peter swept off his cap in a bow.

"Behol'," he bade her, "the little warden of the game," and turned away and joined Case in the shadows.

The moment was, Fred found, acutely humiliating. When Aure, with little exclamations, looked down at him, he could hardly bear to meet her eyes. Her quick fingers began the work of freeing him, first the revolting gag, and then the net. He could not help her at all; for he was stiff and sore, and his blood moved sluggishly. But when he did get to his feet, and she begged him to come into the house, he picked up the net and neatly folded it; and he gathered up the fish that had been companions of his bondage.

"That is the law," he explained with a little smile to her. "I mus' keep the net and the fish."

But their weight was too great for his remnant of strength; and in the end Aure and her mother half carried him into the house, and while her father and her brother, Jacques, spite of their sympathy, guffawed at the tale, the two women cleansed him and comforted him and fed him. Aure was by this time in a perfect fury of anger against Bubier and Case. And the tenderness blazed in her eyes, plain for any man to see. But Fred's eyes were downcast; he was shamed and sick. He could not speak to her. After a while he gave them his thanks, and went out and picked up the burden that had been his bonds, and departed.

The incident ended in a fashion that seemed to Aure a sorry one. She thought Fred would kill the men who had shamed him; or at least whip them. He did neither. He haled them into court one day while all St. Pierre looked on, and the men made no resistance; and they paid a fine. The net and the captured fish he had well and duly seized. For the rest: "They made a jest," he told Aure gently. "The law is new to them and they take it unkindly. But the rest was just a joke upon me."

This was the Welsh in Fred speaking. You may abuse a Welshman for a long time before he resists; but it is well to stop just short of that point. Aure did not know this. Her Gallic heart thirsted for a bloody vengeance, and a quick one, and she was bitter against Fred.

So, as women will, she married Jean Dufray.

V

THAT Aure should marry Jean Dufray was more of a shock to Fred Perrin than he would have supposed possible; for he had expected for years that she would marry Jean. No one could help loving Jean, who laughed so gayly and so tenderly, who was so handsome and so brave. Nevertheless, Fred was unhappy; Aure seemed now to dislike him, no longer welcomed him in so friendly a fashion. Jean was unchanged; but Fred reminded himself that Jean was married now, that they could not be such friends as they had been. Heretofore he and Jean had been as nearly inseparable as it was possible for them to be; now Jean and Aure would be inseparable.

He went about his work with a certain stolidity, striving to hide his loneliness; but he was almost pathetically grateful for an hour of Jean's company. Once or twice Jean took him to dinner, in the cabin of peeled spruce logs which he had built for Aure and himself. Fred went and ate dinner with them; but Aure was, he saw, not as she had been, to him. There was something almost defiant in her eyes; he knew she thought him cowardly because he had not sought to thrash Peter Bubier and Joe Case. It distressed him that Aure should hold to this opinion; but it did not shake his own attitude. His duty in that matter had been done; he had seized net and fish, and the lawbreakers had paid a fine. He had some sympathy with their resentment at the new order of things, which robbed them of the right to kill and trap and snare as they chose; their mistreatment of him had been, he felt, a more or less good-natured rebellion against the enforcement of laws they disapproved. He held no personal grudge against the men.

But his life was becoming a lonely one. His mother had died a year or two before, and between Fred and his father there had never been any close sympathy. There was too much of his Welsh mother in Fred. They shared the same cabin, but they were in many ways like strangers. Fred's own father was a man who had been accustomed to live by pursuit of the wild things; the laws Fred represented encroached on his liberties. Once or twice Fred shut his eyes to incidents that it may have been his duty to investigate. For the rest, he traveled up and down the river and through the byways that led to lakes infrequently visited; he came to know every forest trail and every lumber camp and every navigable brook or stream and every portage for a hundred miles. He traveled light—a few provisions, a blanket and a bit of canvas that served as shelter tent thrown into the bow of his canoe with his ax and cooking dishes. He slept on the ground as naturally and comfortably as another man would sleep in his own bed; he moved to and fro as readily by night as by day; and his native persistence made him a figure somewhat feared by the poachers in the woods in his domain. There was nothing valorous or glamorous in Fred; he moved slowly and stolidly; he never carried arms, seldom used violence. Yet somehow he used to win his points, and bring to justice those who crossed the law.

Once or twice, when it became a question of fight or withdraw, he withdrew; but in such cases he bided his time, and waited till the offenders appeared in St. Pierre or St. Joseph, down the river, to make his arrest.

Men noticed these tactics on his part, and began a little to despise him; they remembered that he had never resented the gross jest of Peter Bubier and Joe Case; and the time came when here and there they began to grin as he passed by.

One day Joe Case came to town alone, leaving Bubier at their cabin on the lake; and in a group of men before the store he made a jeer at Fred's expense. Fred, it happened, was away upriver at the time; but Jean Dufray was in St. Pierre, and heard what Joe was saying, and sought out the man. He was smiling, even then.

"What is it that you say, Joe?" he asked pleasantly. "I have been tol', but I am not so sure."

Joe had drunk a little; he made a broad gesture. "Just saying what a yaller hound that side kick of yours is; that Fred Perrin."

Jean shook his head mildly. "But I mus' lick you for that," he explained. "Because you see it is one damn lie."

He proceeded, in fact, to whip Joe Case very thoroughly, so that Joe at length was constrained to cry for mercy, and other men had to drag Jean from him. Jean was still smiling, though he had lost a tooth and his eye was swelling, and there was blood down his right cheek. Once clear of Joe, he quieted; but when Joe raised his head Jean warned him.

"So keep your tongue off my frien' Fred Perrin," Jean advised.

Joe, who was badly battered, lurched to his feet and went across to the well to wash his face; but he made no reply. Jean went home, with that feeling of shame which so often follows a good deed.

And Aure met him at the door, having heard the story, and clung to him so tightly that it hurt, and cried, "I'm glad I married you, Jean. I'm glad I married you."

This might have seemed a strange thing for her to say; but Jean was not analytical, and he accepted her kiss and returned it, and told her how sweet she was; and she paid him many attentions, bathing his face and cleaning his garments.

"But that Fred Perrin should fight his own fights for himself," she cried.

"He wasn't here," Jean reminded her. "Besides, me, I like a good fight, sometimes."

"He doesn't," she exclaimed. "That goes without saying, that Fred Perrin doesn't like fighting."

He replied gravely, "I have whipped Joe Case for such a word of my frien', Aure."

And she was instantly contrite, and cried, "Your friend, yes. So I will not say it of him. But he is not like us, Jean. I'm glad I married you."

And she clung to him afresh.

VI

THERE were, between these four men, no further open clashes; but thereafter, when they came together, they walked alertly like strange dogs, with muscles poised to meet and repel a blow. A little spark would have fired the powder, but the spark was not struck.

Yet though there was no battle there was a more subtle struggle between them. Once, in the spring, Jean heard a report that Bubier and Case were trapping beaver, though the season had closed. He and Fred went into the woods to see. They trailed the others to a camp upon an isolated brook, where there was a beaver dam; and they watched from coverts and saw Bubier making frames on which to stretch the skins; saw no skins, found no sign of traps; and at last one night descended, and knocked at the door of the cabin and went in.

Case was in his bunk, half asleep; Bubier seated by the fire, making a frame. The two looked up, and Case rolled sulkily to his feet and stood waiting. Jean smiled at the two men.

"Any beaver pelt, Peter?" he asked amiably.

Peter grinned. "But no, since the law season is closed. Why should honest men trap beaver now?"

"What's the frame for?"

Peter shrugged his shoulders. "Next year, perhaps."

"We'll look around," said Jean amiably.

He was quite sure they would be able to discover a cache of skins. So he and Fred searched the cabin, while the two men watched them without movement. Finding nothing within the walls they went outside. Continued failure irked Jean; he pushed his search more and more ardently. Peter Bubier began to laugh to himself, and to sing an abusive little song; and even Joe Case grinned in morose pleasure. The incident ended triumphantly for the poachers; no skins were found.

When Fred and Jean withdrew Peter called after them, "But you will come again, my children? No? It is pleasure, you understand, to have visits from such innocents as you."

That summer Bubier and Case moved their headquarters upriver fifty miles and Jean and Fred saw them less frequently. But in the early summer the two friends came upon an abandoned camp site, and found—decomposing where they hung in trees behind the camp—carcasses of two deer, from which steaks and chops had been cut and eaten. The cooked bones lay near the ashes of the fire. They were quite sure that Bubier and Case had camped here, but found no proof that would stand up in court. Next day, farther upriver, they discovered the two, established in the cookhouse of an abandoned lumber camp—Number Seven Camp. Three or four log buildings were grouped irregularly in a rough clearing on the river bank above a spring. The stable and the bunk house, disused, were falling into ruin; but the roof of the cookhouse had been patched up, and bunks built.

"We're locating here," Bubier explained. "We'll trap in back of here this winter, maybe so."

"That your camp, down below Dead Brook?" Jean asked innocently.

Bubier shook his head, grinning. "Where the deer is hung? No. They went upriver and out the other way, the men that was camping there. With a bale of beaver that would sink a canoe."

"Thought it might have been your camp," Jean said mildly. "Well, have you been killing any deer here?"

Joe Case lurched across the room. "Say!" he exclaimed. "I'm about sick of you, following us around. Get me, son?"

Jean grinned at him with an impudent gayety. "You don't want another argument with me," he retorted. He swung on his heel. "Come on, Fred. We'll take a look around."

There was, Fred pointed out, a trapdoor in the floor. He and Jean raised it—a heavy door, made of riven boards on a frame of peeled spruce, hewed to shape. Below, rough stairs led down to a dugout cellar. Jean descended, while Fred waited above; and the young Frenchman came up presently, empty-handed. Fred had found in one of the bunks a rifle with an empty shell in the chamber.

"I was shooting at a mark, a tin can in the river," Peter Bubier explained in a tone that invited disbelief.

Jean picked up from the rough table a shot shell of a caliber to fit rifle barrels.

"Use this for partridge, do you?" he inquired.

"Didn't find any birds hanging up, did you?" Case challenged him.

In the end they discovered no more tangible evidences of lawbreaking than these; and so they cooked their midday meal beside the spring and turned downstream again. Two days run to St. Pierre. That night, when they were in their blankets, Jean elaborated a plan.

"They'll kill deer when they need meat," he told Fred. "I'll come back here in a week and find it, hanging."

Fred, who was not much given to speech, nevertheless used his wits. "They'll know you're coming," he suggested. "Word like that passes upriver ahead of us every time. They knew we were coming today."

"We will fool these men this time," Jean promised, and elaborated a plan that was full of guile.

They were not able to put this plan into immediate effect, as matters chanced. Another summons took them down river below St. Pierre; ten days passed. New concerns arose to occupy their days. It was mid-August before they were ready to attempt the enterprise. Then they laid their plans with care.

Jean's canoe was laid up in a shed behind his house, while he patched and repaired the canvas where a rock had ripped it. They took this canoe to the river by night, and paddled upstream and hid it above town, then walked back to St. Pierre. Next morning they set forth in Fred's canoe, leaving word that they intended a week's trip up to the headwaters of Sungun Brook; and they turned into that waterway and stopped at a farm for their nooning, and went on upstream afterward. Sungun just before it meets the river makes an oxbow some miles in length; and after dark they dropped downstream again to the narrowest point of this oxbow, and Fred put Jean ashore.

"I'll cross and get my canoe and travel nights and come on them so," Jean said before they parted. "You move fast this night, and give out word that I have gone into the woods afoot if anyone makes a question. I'll be back here in a week's time."

Fred had some misgivings at the last. "I'll come with you," he suggested. "Maybe there'll be need of both of us."

Jean laughed at that. "Two men like us, to handle them? When they see they're caught there'll be no fight in them," he promised.

So the two friends separated; and as Fred worked up Sungun in the dark his heart was heavy and sad. It seemed there was a weight upon him; but he put it aside. He was not much given to intangible imaginings. He traveled all night, and morning found him far up Sungun. He saw no man that day, nor the next. This pleased him, since it meant that Jean had been given plenty of time to make his trip up the river. He planned his movements in such a way that he would reach home a week after his departure. Jean should appear at about the same time.

Jean Dufray, meantime, had found his canoe and put it into the swifter waters of the river and begun the laborious progress upstream. The waters were low; he had much use for the pole, and took his paddle only to combat the swifter reaches of current. Toward dawn he turned into the mouth of a brook, dragging his canoe and wading in the shallows; and a hundred yards from the main stream he lay hidden all that day. At dark he went on. None traveled this river at night; he met no one, but once or twice, where he knew there might be a camp near the shore, he took care to go in silence, keeping his paddle in the water or dragging his canoe so that the click of his iron-shod pole on the bottom might not give notice of his passing. His progress was of necessity slow; during each day he lay hidden. It was the fourth night before he came near the ancient lumber camp where Bubier and Case made their headquarters. He landed a little way downstream and worked up along the shore and waited in the brush about the clearing till day should fully come.

By and by he saw Joe Case come out for an armful of firewood, and smoke trickled out of the chimney. Then Peter came down to the spring for a bucket of water.

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A smell of pork, frying, reached his nostrils. He went forward, past the corner of the bunk house and toward the structure where the two men were; and he was smiling at thought of the surprise in store for them. His lips pursed themselves, he whistled soundlessly, so reached the door of the cookhouse and stopped upon the sill, his hands resting against the jambs, and looked in. The two men were at the table, just beginning to eat. Coffee, fried salt pork and cornbread; this was their breakfast. He had half hoped to find venison upon their plates.

Joe Case was first to see him; and Joe whirled with a snarl of rage and cried aloud, "Look there!"

Bubier came to his feet, his tin plate clattering to the floor; and Jean, smiling in amusement at their astonishment, stepped into the room. Bubier, usually so affable, was startled into fury

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"Me, I jus' dropped in to take a look around," Jean assured them. "You do not mind!"

"Go ahead, and be damned," Bubier bade him.

But Joe Case said nothing. He had left the table, was now backed against the wall where his rifle hung.

Jean's eyes drifted around the room; there was no hiding place here. Probably, if there were deer meat about, it would be hanging back in the woods. Nevertheless, he would search the cookhouse first. He moved to and fro; and they watched him, scowling. Men in early morning are apt to be short of temper; it was no more than six o'clock, even now. The air in the cookhouse became electric, surcharged with hatred. But if Jean felt the potential threat he gave no sign; he was whistling now, between his teeth, quite unconcerned.

A bit of cloth curtained off one corner, like a cupboard. He looked behind the curtain. An end of blanket, dangling from a bunk, hid the recess beneath. Jean lifted the blanket and bent to see what lay hidden there. There were pegs behind the door; a high shelf along one wall. Once, in his movements, he brushed against Joe Case, and the surly man stiffened and muttered under his breath. Jean perceived the trapdoor in the floor—a rectangle five or six feet long and three feet wide.

"What's down there?" he asked.

"Look and see," Bubier challenged.

"Why, I'm going to," said Jean.

He lifted the door on its hinges. It was heavy, and he had to tug with some force before it rose. He swung it back until it rested against the table edge; and then he went down the rough stairs to the cellar below.

When he disappeared the two men left in the room looked at each other; and Joe Case moved lightly across to the open door and scanned the river outside. Returning he shook his head as though to say, "No one is there!" Bubier watched him, a fascinated question in his eyes. Joe stood beside the precariously balanced cellar door.

They heard Jean begin to come up the stairs.

VII

ON THE evening of the sixth day after Fred Perrin and Jean Dufray left St. Pierre, Jean came back. Jean's body came back. Peter Bubier and Joe Case brought it down the river in their canoe and landed on the bank below the town. Joe stayed by the canoe while Peter walked up the hill into St. Pierre and found a man with a cart. This man came back down the hill; and others saw, and followed the cart; and they loaded Jean's body upon it and took it home. Aure had been told; dry-eyed, she held wide the door while they bore her husband in and laid him on the bed, and the old women came to sit with her and comfort her.

The top of Jean's head was crushed in. "He came up to Number Seven Camp, where Joe and me were living," Peter explained. "He thought maybe we had some deer meat hid, and went down cellar to see; and when he came back up the stairs the cellar door fell shut on him."

It would not be accurate to say that his story was accepted without question; it is nearer the truth to say that he was not questioned. There were in St. Pierre no officers of authority. The whispered doubt that went to and fro, the bitterness that spread—for Jean Dufray had been popular—these grew and fed on rumor and conjecture. But no one challenged Peter to his face; and no one challenged Joe.

In her cabin Aure sat by the body of the man she had married; and the old women mourned with her. But Aure did not visibly mourn. Her eyes were dry and hot; and almost the first thing she said was, "Where is Fred Perrin? Jean went away with Fred."

Someone had seen Fred up Sungun Brook three days ago, alone.

"I want to see him," Aure told them; and within the hour Aure's brother, Jacques Dumont, who was not yet twenty years old, had started up Sungun to find Fred and bring him home.

That night Peter Bubier and Joe Case and three or four others of their ilk drank enough to loosen their tongues; and next morning word went around St. Pierre that Joe Case had bragged that no game warden could pursue him without coming to regrets in the end. There had been in the boast, quickly silenced by Bubier, nothing tangible; but it was enough for those in St. Pierre who had loved Jean Dufray. There were men who knew Number Seven Camp, and knew that heavy door that hid the cellarway

"It tilts back against the table," one remembered. "It wouldn't fall on its own account. Not without a push."

"Nor hit such a blow if it were only falling," said another.

But Bubier and Joe Case had started back upriver that morning and there was no move to pursue them. Only all that day the whispers grew; became whispers no longer, but words spoken openly. Someone sent word by telephone to the sheriff. He promised to come within forty-eight hours, and make inquiries into what had passed.

Those who sought to see Aure found her dry of eye, and waiting. It became known that she was waiting for Fred Perrin's home-coming. Toward evening of the second day after Jean's body was brought home a small boy came running from the edge of the bluff that overlooked the water. Aure met him at the door, and was the first to hear his message.

"Fred Perrin's canoe comes down the river," he cried. "Fred Perrin is coming home."

VIII

FRED PERRIN, far up Sungun Brook, had begun to grow uneasy. Perhaps in that close intimacy which through the years had existed between him and Jean Dufray there was a bond less tangible—a something to which mankind has not yet learned to put a name. This sense of uneasiness on his part was first manifested when at last he turned downstream; there was ample time before him, no need of haste. Yet he found himself digging in his paddle with an added strength; found himself urging on the canoe, even in swift reaches where the current alone gave good gait. When a matter of business—someone had killed a deer—drew him aside and delayed him for a day, he chafed at the delay; and on his way homeward again he made the greater haste.

Aure's brother met him at last, and spoke the swift word; and thereafter Fred rested not at all, but drove ahead, unsparing of himself. He was weak with hunger and his shoulders were aching sore when at last he saw St. Pierre on its plateau above the river, and saw the men and women coming down to meet him at the landing on the shelving bank.

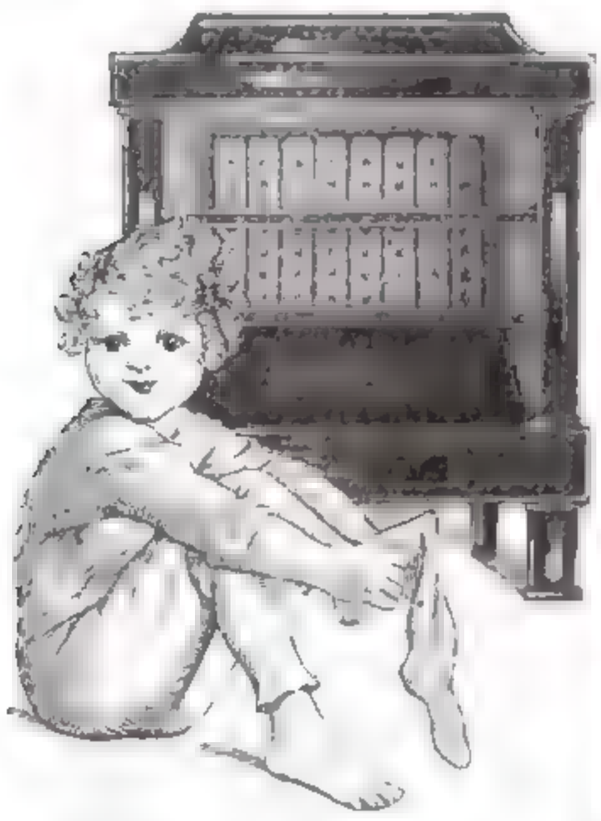
But having landed he made no further haste; seemed rather deliberate in his actions. Jean was surely dead? But yes. And how? A crushed head. They repeated the story Bubier had told—Bubier, and Joe Case. Were they still in St. Pierre? But no. Two days since, they had started on the return trip up the river, having boasted in their cups.

Boasted? But it was true Bubier had not boasted; had rather sought to quiet Joe's loose tongue. But Joe—what was it he had said, exactly? Exactly this: That wardens of the game who persecuted him found reason, by and by, to regret the persecution. This was, in fact, the whole of what Joe Case had said; yet in the telling it was somewhat magnified. Fred read into the words an open avowal that his comrade and his friend, this gay and laughing and valorous Jean Dufray, had been done to his death by Joe's own hand

"It is possible that the whole began as a jest," said one of the elders of the village, climbing the steep way to where the houses clustered, while Fred strode at his side. "It is possible that the door was toppled down as a joke, for a thump on the head of Jean." *(Continued on Page 100)*

WARNER BROTHERS

A Warm Room at a Moment's Notice



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BUNSEN IRONTON HEATER

IRONTON BUNSEN HEATERS

More Heat from Less Gas

(Continued from Page 98)

"I know their jests," said Fred Perrin softly. "A blow and a hurt, always."

They had told him that Aure wished to speak with him; and when he approached the cabin Jean had built for her he went forward alone.

He was not thinking so very much of Aure in this moment, his thoughts were elsewhere, with Jean, and up the river, whither his enemies had fled.

When he appeared in the cabin door Aure rose to her feet from a chair beside the window; and a woman who was with her went away, and she and Fred were left alone. He closed the door at his back and stood, his soft old felt hat twisted in his hands, his eyes downcast. The posture was one of embarrassment and shame; yet Fred felt neither embarrassment nor shame. It had not occurred to him to think about himself at all; he was thinking of Jean, and so presently of Aure.

"Where is he?" he asked her gently, at last.

Aure had not wept at all, though they had told her she must weep or go mad.

"But I am not sad," she cried to them. "I am only angry. Why must I weep?" And no tears came to her eyes.

In response to Fred's question now, she gestured through the open window toward that slope beyond the town where Jean was laid. Fred nodded mildly.

"I will go and see the spot," he declared.

She was watching him, trying to read the man, waiting for him to speak. When at last she spoke her voice was dry and her tone was biting.

"I remember," she told him steadily, "that Jean Dufray fought a man for you."

He looked up at her with quick attention. "That is true," he replied. "That is true."

"It was because of that whipping that Joe Case hated him," she continued. "But Jean is dead, and Joe is gone back upriver on his way."

"They have told me this," Fred assented. "I came to you here because it was said to me that you wished it so; that you wished me to come. Is it that you had a word to say?"

"It was Joe Case, they say," she replied—"Joe Case who killed him."

He nodded.

"I know Number Seven Camp. I was there with Jean not many days gone. When he went down the stair into the cellar I stayed above. The great door leaned against the table. It would not fall of itself, in any wise."

"And when he went again you sneaked up Sungun Brook and hid away." Her tone scorched him.

But Fred was a slow man, not given to quick words; so now he only lifted his head and looked at her again. She was, he marked absently, more beautiful than she had used to be.

He answered evenly: "It was agreed between us. It was the plan of Jean."

"Aye," she replied. "Jean was never afraid."

He moved, faintly impatient. "Had you word to say, while I wait here?" he asked.

"Why should you not wait?" she challenged. "Must you run away up Sungun Brook again?"

He considered this for a little while, then opened the door and said to her over his shoulder, "Good-by, then!"

"Where?" she challenged.

He gave her no reply in words; but his eyes said plain enough for any woman to read: "I will speak of this matter with you again, when I have more to say."

She tried to laugh; did manage a bitter smile. Then the door closed behind him gently, and he was gone. When she crossed to the window she perceived that the sun had set; the purple of night was thickening in the valley below the little cabin; and there was a fading red glow along the western hills. Fred went up the road away from her, toward the hillside where the dead lay; and she wished to call him back, and moved toward the door, but stopped without opening it, leaning against its panels; so at last she leaned her face in her arms and wept.

For her first cry had been for Fred; and now Fred was come, and gone.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

SMALL-TOWN HOMES

(Continued from Page 27)

the advertising man for a corporation in a very small town receives $4600 a year.

There is more to the story than a comparison of incomes, but for the moment look in again on young Jack Doe, the bank teller who wants to get to New York, and who now earns about $157 a month. This happens to be under the maximum of tellers' salaries in the forty-one towns—their average running from $146 to $174. Not included in this average are ten instances of salaries from $175 to $250 a month. But, considering his youth, Jack seems to be doing well; he still has a goal to aim at without pulling up stakes for New York.

Jack entered this bank when he left high school at eighteen, and worked six months on probation at $60 a month. Later he attained $110 a month for miscellaneous bank routine. The average for the forty-one towns for such routine is from $99 to $125. I am not attempting to judge the adequacy of any salaries; I simply state facts.

In New York, where I made careful inquiry into bank remuneration, men engaged in mere clerical work do not commonly receive more than $100 a month. In some of the larger banks there is an interesting type of young men, college graduates in process of intensive training, who receive for their first year from $75 to $100 a month. You will find hundreds of operators of adding and calculating machines at pay ranging between $65 and $100 a month, while clerks, after emerging from the work of pages, get $55 to $65.

Jack's Chances at Home

Back in his home town Jack probably has a far better chance for the cashier's desk than most of these New York bank workers have, and may come within the range of cashiers' salaries indicated by the replies from the forty-one cities—from $260 to $308 a month. A few instances of abnormally low salaries are excluded from the calculation.

Bank officers' salaries in New York depend on such varying conditions that comparisons are impracticable. A high salary may hinge on a reputation built elsewhere or on special responsibilities.

If after ten years Jack Doe's yearning for Manhattan persists, his best chance of landing will indeed be through a local reputation big enough to reach the ears of bank officials in the metropolis. In New York banks today are scores of executives from the smaller places who were invited by mail or wire to come in—often to their great astonishment. It is not uncommon for New York banks to recruit their assistant cashiers this way. A dozen of them have told me their stories in person. From $4000 to $5000 is perhaps the customary pay for an assistant cashier who is picked this way for New York. Men who grow into prominence in the smaller cities usually have a better foundation than those who labor up through the routine of a great organization.

Now we must not overlook Jack's brother, Fred, who is twenty-one and gets $87 a month as a factory clerk. The range of salaries in this class in the forty-one towns is from $94 to $117. Fred is not up to the average, which may be due to his youth, lack of application or other causes. How lies the land in New York? Well, an employment agency today lists eight such jobs at $15 to $25 a week.

And finally in Doe's family group is Miss Janice, with eager eyes on a stenographer's desk near a window looking down on Broadway or Wall Street. How much can she earn in such an exalted and romantic point of vantage?

Persons who live in the metropolitan district could give the names offhand of men and women stenographers who draw weekly $20 and $22 in New York. I found whole offices with only a few instances above $25. One girl told me she left a position at $22 believing she could do better, but had searched New York for weeks. Yes, there is another group, relatively small, who tell a different story. There are private secretaries at $10,000 a year.

The range in the forty-one towns is $81 to $101 a month for women stenographers and $109 to $127 for men. Men seem to be more in demand because matrimony does not affect their permanency.

Walter X is a store salesman in one of the forty-one towns. He and his brother, Rufus, began ten and twelve years ago respectively in a general store, and earned during their first year around $15 a week apiece. When the war came they were making between $20 and $25.

Both entered the service, and both returned from France and reentered store salesmanship—Walter in the home town and Rufus in Chicago. Since then their rate of earnings has been about equal, something above $150 a month, including commissions. Walter has had steady employment, however, while the other has been idle during considerable periods.

Salesmanship shows erratic extremes wherever you attempt comparisons. Here and there in the most unexpected places you find men earning $100 a week perhaps, made up largely of commissions and bonus. Nor must you go to large cities for such instances. The information from the forty-one cities corroborates this statement. Without embodying these high-water figures in the averages, the salary range in these cities for store salesmen, including juniors, is from $108 to $140 a month. In many instances these earnings are amplified by commissions.

It is impossible to say what proportion of such workers is made up of youths or girls in their teens, but if the older sales persons could be listed in a group by themselves the average earnings no doubt would appear much larger. There are decided indications in all this information that the day of microscopical pay in the small communities has gone.

Out in another of these smaller cities lives a young man—Walter Y, let us designate him—who has recently built a new frame house. On his income of $2000 a year in the technical end of a manufacturing plant he has saved enough, in his opinion, to marry and set up housekeeping; and his six-room house now represents an investment of $4200.

Caught in the Machine

Walter Y, in describing his new house, puts it in the category of "homes that are suitable for the family of a small merchant, salesman or person of this general type." It has a fair location and possesses electric light, gas, running water and sewer. He makes no attempt to compare his house architecturally with possible six-room houses elsewhere, nor does he talk about cabinet finish; but he says that "a six-room house anywhere may cost $10,000 or more, depending on what the owner demands."

In and about the great cities men of the better associations cannot or do not build six-room houses for anything like prevailing costs in these small cities. In a certain new development in Greater New York a young executive in a large company has gone enormously into debt for a house. His topheavy investment is in some degree necessary to the maintenance of his position, but in a small city he might reduce it one-half without the slightest injury to his caste. "I am caught in a machine I cannot control," he said to me.

In another one of these little cities a newspaper man has just built a six-room frame house for $4700, on a lot that cost $500. He has lived in Chicago and says that a lot corresponding in size and location in that city would cost him at least $2000, and even then he would have to pay local transportation. As it is, he walks.

The highest cost given in most of these forty-one cities for a new six-room house is $7000. Apparently this represents the extreme of public opinion, unless we go above the medium-income families into a wholly different group which we are not characterizing here. One man who built a six-room house for $6800 is a leading lawyer in his community, corresponding to the type that would pay from $15,000 to $20,000 for a home in a great city.

The lowest cost given for a new six-room modern house is $2600, and the owner is a

(Continued on Page 103)

The Art of Giving

To find a gift that is original and useful often means a long search.

When you are looking for a present that will combine these qualities, buy a box of Sunshine Sugar Wafer Dainties.

There are so many different kinds of wafers, such a variety of flavors in this box, that everyone will surely find something to enjoy.

These Sunshine Sugar Wafer Dainties are packed in two sizes in airtight packages. The large size is shown in illustration; the *junior* size contains twenty-five of these assorted wafers.

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The box below contains

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Sunshine Pet-fet-to Sugar Wafers, crisp and golden, with different flavored cream fillings
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If not at your grocer's, send 20c in coin (Pacific Coast States and Canada, 25c) with this coupon and we will send junior size package containing twenty-five assorted Sunshine Sugar Wafers carefully packed and postage prepaid. Address: Sunshine Biscuits, Dept. A, Long Island City, N. Y.

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TRY THIS PUMPKIN PIE

1 1/2 cups steamed pumpkin	1/4 teaspoon cloves
2 eggs	1/4 teaspoon ginger
3/4 cup sugar	2 tablespoons molasses
1/2 teaspoon salt	5/8 cup Pet Milk diluted with
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon	5/8 cup water

Beat eggs thoroughly; add sugar mixed with salt and spices. Then add pumpkin, molasses and diluted milk. Stir until well blended. Line a deep pan with plain paste. Pour in mixture and bake in moderate oven.

Milk at its Best

Write for the Pet Recipe Book, Free.

THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE

(Continued from Page 100)

widow who invested $3000 of $7000 insurance money in this house and lot. The income on the remaining $4000 will go a long way toward food for the family. In New York or Chicago the whole $7000 would be swallowed up in a crowded and commonplace home. In every instance except one, all the examples given were houses with gas, water and sewer.

Artisan labor does not appear to suffer in these towns, considering the lower cost of their own homes and other items. The average pay for carpenters in the forty-one cities is $6.63 for an eight-hour day, but running around $7.20 in many cities. William S, who says he has carpentered thirty years in one town, owns a $7000 house, mortgage free, and goes to work in his own car. Occasionally he takes a flyer in contracting, beginning in the fall and getting the house inclosed so that he and his sons are assured work during the winter.

Masons show an average of $8.26 a day; plumbers, $8.16; skilled machinists, $6.46; machine tenders, $4.32; truck drivers, $4.26. Laborers, excluding extremely low instances in the South, average $3.13.

A family in a Western city of 75,000 bought an old eight-room frame house for $1800, and after putting $400 into repairs had a suitable home and two extra rooms which were rented furnished for ten dollars a month each. In New York two teachers pay together $45 a month for one small furnished room near Columbia University.

As long as the supply of existing houses holds out it is much cheaper to buy than to build. If a man is willing to sacrifice something of class for the sake of getting a home of his own, he can often buy in the smaller cities at a price that surprises us.

Significant is the observation from a Western city, "In some of our less-popular districts old frame houses may be purchased from $1800 to $2500, being very satisfactory to the wants of a great many people."

This phrase, "satisfactory to the wants of a great many people," might well be the text for some useful philosophy. In the great cities and suburbs it is more the habit to try breaking into home ownership from the top, by the big-mortgage route. Within twenty miles of the center of New York you will find great numbers of new but mediocre two-family houses—two-story flat buildings—from $12,000 to $20,000.

Thirty Per Cent Better Off

In one of our Western cities a two-family house, described as in the best location, was bought for $6400 by an accountant, who plans to occupy one of the flats and let the other pay for the building, as he said. His project appears feasible, considering the investment. But to the big-city man on an income no larger than this accountant's, a two-family house at two or three times this price might be a dubious undertaking. For one thing, the city man who himself occupies quarters at an inflated investment tries to fool himself.

Other houses sold recently in these forty-one cities at prices ranging from $1500 to $7000. For $2900 a newcomer from a large city bought a six-room house with steam heat and a sleeping porch. For two years he had lived in an apartment at $65 a month, which he heated himself. The monthly cost of his present home, including 6 per cent on his money and maintenance and depreciation, is less than half his former shelter expense.

"I don't want to defy the small city," he says. "There are things here I don't like—but where I came from there are worse things as well as better. Financially, I am 30 per cent better off here."

All these are homes of substantial American citizens, many of whom represent the flux of labor and capital. This medium-income class of home owners is one of the stabilizing influences in political and economic affairs. They are the bulwark in every community against Bolshevism. When a man's home is in danger he reacts against radicalism. The people of the farms, towns and small cities must be the sentinels of American institutions. The vast growth of the metropolitan centers—which is fast reducing the percentage of individual home owners in those cities—is one of the great menaces to the nation. New York City, embracing all its boroughs, shows only 12.6 per cent of home owners, according to the census of 1920. Manhattan Island has only 2.1 per cent.

Nearly 80 per cent of the foreign-born population is classified as urban. Here again we have an influence threatening Americanism. The outstanding fact all through is that the owning of homes—although accelerated temporarily by postwar influences—is extraordinarily difficult in the great cities. Even in some lesser cities, zoning commissions have had a fight to establish one-family districts, where a reasonable percentage of the population could have individual homes exclusively.

Granting that apartment houses and tenements have their proper place in the scheme of things, they can easily become a Frankenstein monster if allowed to monopolize a community. America means less to people who have no homes to defend, no sentimental traditions to uphold. The children of such families do not know their birthplace. I asked 100 ten-year-old boys in different parts of the New York tenement districts just where they were born, and only sixteen could tell.

Rents of Six-Room Houses

In a small city of the Northwest a family for several years had paid $50 a month for an eight-room house. The head of this family earned around $3000 a year, but considered $600 too much for shelter. In the course of events it was planned that the mother should take the two daughters to New York for a winter of study, and the local newspaper announced that they would take quarters in the metropolis. They gave up their rented home, the head of the house taking a room at his club, and the three others made the trip to New York. When they tried to find the anticipated quarters, however, they were horrified. Giving up the project of a winter in New York they went back and rerented the $50 house with a sense of relief.

For the most part these small-town house rents, high as they are relatively, are 40 per cent under the rents for individual houses throughout Greater New York and its suburbs.

In the forty-one cities the typical range of rents for six-room houses is from $32 to $38 a month, eliminating eight instances where rentals run from $50 to $75. For eight-room houses the average range is from $45 to $50; for ten rooms, $60 to $69. The shortage of houses is still acute, with slow improvement.

Parenthetically it may be interesting to examine living conditions in two villages of 2500 and 3000 people respectively, which happened to come into this research, but are not included in the ranges of income or outgo. These episodes are merely side lights, indicating a still lower scale of expenses without radical reductions in income.

In one town a man who earns $1800 a year pays $16 a month rent for his house, which has modern plumbing. Another man whose income is $3300 a year refuses to pay more than $25 a month for shelter, and is able to get an excellent house at that price, with most of the modern features.

There is a store salesman in one of these villages who for many years has earned an average of more than $25 a week, and has saved and invested so successfully that he has recently built a California-style bungalow, which is paid for. His daughter is a saleswoman in the home town at $16 a week and commission. The local bank employs two joint clerks and stenographers at $22 a week, one of whom formerly did stenographic work in Philadelphia at salaries ranging from $20 to $25 a week. With her present position her living costs are reduced 50 per cent.

In these towns the bank tellers get from $30 to $35 a week. Factory clerks earn around $20.

Many of the people in these villages imagine their living expense, aside from rent, to be on a par with that of the big cities. In reality an immense percentage of saving comes under miscellaneous items such as local transportation, taxicabs and drayage, garage rent, taxes, entertainment of visitors, maids, nurses, home laundry, often doctors and dentists, and a constant succession of innumerable other outgoes. A whole book could be written on the inflated amusement cost of great cities.

These villages have half a dozen factories, and many families have grown into financial independence. Here, too, substantial social standards and the beatitudes of life are as much in evidence as in the average large community.

In a city of some 40,000 population now reside a certain mother and daughter, both widows and earning their living in business. The daughter has a small child, whose care during the day devolves upon an aunt. Up to last winter this family lived in a tiny five-room New York apartment, the rent of which was $100 a month. It opened only on a court, and all the rooms except the kitchenette were dark. The space into which the door from the corridor opened - humorously called the foyer by the agents of the building—was always dark as night so far as outside light was concerned.

Unable any longer to bear the financial burden, these two women secured employment in this small city at virtually the same income. Today they pay $60 for a five-room light apartment with double the floor space, in one of the best buildings in town. This rent is regarded by the people of the town as up in the sky, but these new tenants think it low.

In most of these forty-one cities there is a small sprinkling of apartment houses, the rentals today averaging from $12 to $16 a room with heat. One Eastern city of 18,000 has apartments that rent from $7 to $8 a room with heat; a Western city of 9000 has suites renting for $10 a room, including heat. A New England city of 14,000 and a Southern city of 25,000 report no apartments. In all, the supply is short.

In three high-class New York apartment buildings families are paying as follows: For two rooms and kitchenette, $1900 a year; for four rooms, $2400; for six rooms, $6100; for ten rooms, $8000 and $10,000. Of course these are out of the medium-income class, but illustrate what New Yorkers call the best location.

Ten years ago an ex-salesman from Chicago, with $1500 capital, opened a general-merchandise store at a virtual crossroads in the Far West. Today he shows a net worth of over $40,000. In the meantime he and his family have lived well and two sons have gone through college.

Similar instances that came through this investigation led to the query: Were these merely episodes out of a dead past or is it still possible for men to do things of this sort? I put the question to thirty-odd wholesale concerns in different parts of the country, and quite a number of them gave me facts and opinions—all of which I have in writing over their own signatures. Some of these do not agree with the accepted view that retail lines are hopelessly overcrowded—though such is unquestionably the truth in congested regions.

An official of a wholesale-grocery company in the West says there is no business known today in which a young man with from $2000 to $5000 capital can get greater return than in the retail-grocery line properly conducted in a small town tributary to a large jobbing center well located.

Small-Town Merchants

He adds that in such location the local retailer need have only two or three weeks' supply on hand at any time, heavily cutting his stock investment. Laconically he inserts the proviso that such merchant must work and attend to his business.

Probably many a grocer would hold up his hands at the statement this wholesaler makes: "It is easy to get a turnover of at least twenty-six times per annum."

Out West in a mining town of under 10,000 a general store has annual sales of $375,000. One of the partners is an exminer who never struck it rich until he got into merchandising. Another partner is a tenderfoot from an Eastern farm who went West with some $3000 in his pocket, to look around, he explains. Their incomes were in excess of $10,000 a year each for quite a period, but a year or two ago business slumped. Today they earn at least $5000 apiece, and see good times coming.

I quote the following from a wholesaler: "We have three towns between 10,000 and 25,000, and sales of retailers range from $250,000 to $450,000. The first represents a combined agricultural district and college town. A $300,000 store is in an agricultural district, while a $400,000 store is in a coal-mining center. In good periods, when there are no strikes or other troubles, this may run as high as $600,000.

"We have only two towns in our district between 25,000 and 50,000 population. Here the range of retail sales per annum is from $400,000 to $700,000. The first is in a resort town; the second is the center of a large manufacturing business.

"We have very many places under 5000 population, particularly those ranging from 2000 to 4500, where retail business from $50,000 to $120,000 in the grocery line is not unusual."

In the Southeast a merchant has three small grocery stores in separate towns, averaging sales of approximately $2500 a week, with a gross profit of 20 per cent. He says he gets a good net on his investment, and adds that of all lines groceries—because of quick turnover—will give him more clean money at the end of the year than any other line he could enter. He was formerly in the grocery business in a larger city and in four years accumulated a net profit of $9000; but by moving to these smaller cities he is able to make even a better profit. He is satisfied that the large centers are not the best money-making places. Even though the volume is bigger the net results are apt to be smaller because of excessive overhead.

But don't take these episodes to mean that any man can pick up such a business anywhere. We are not viewing averages now, but extremes. Men who are properly equipped can do these things—but among the masses the curve of everyday things runs fairly true. Circumstances of themselves chain the great body of men to more modest accomplishments.

Escaping From New York

And so the following from another wholesaler may have more significance to the majority: "The merchant in a town of 5000 people who does a business of $60,000 to $70,000 is really successful. In towns of 10,000 people the $100,000 business should be successful. The chances are that the man uses his family in his business, and if he makes a living for himself and family he is doing well."

He might have added that making a living for himself and family should include at least a home bought and paid for, and modest provision against disaster. These stories of family finance from the forty-one towns and some smaller places surely indicate that men have a better chance in such communities to get homes of their own than in the big cities. And after a man passes forty a home becomes increasingly an anchor of security for his family. Men have better chances outside the big cities, too, for independent business, in which members of their families can find steady employment and in due course inherit enterprises that may be continued. This is as true of manufacturing as of selling.

Any material redistribution of population must, of course, follow a readjustment of manufacture and distribution—necessarily a slow process. Yet ten or twenty years may see tremendous changes.

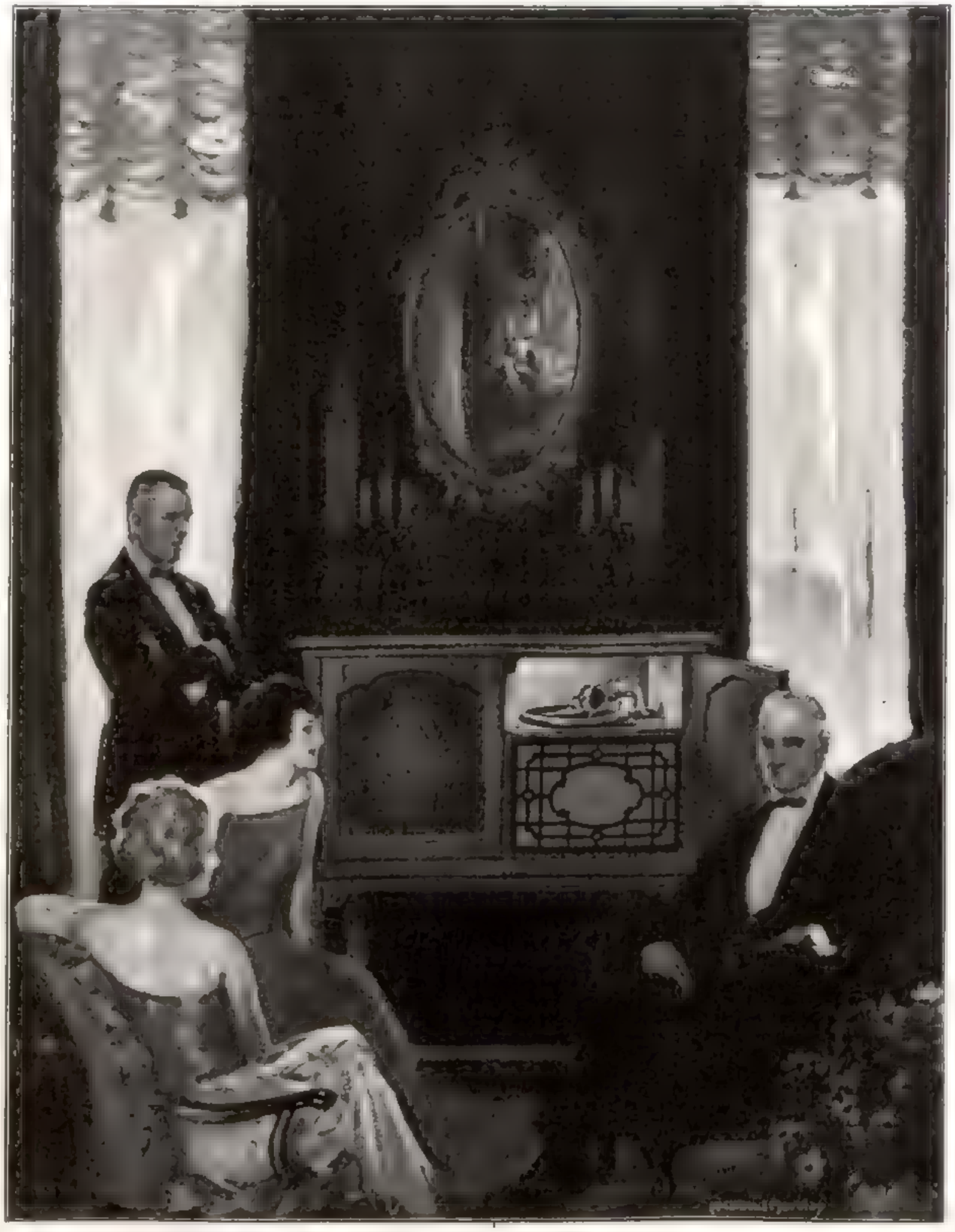
One man who extricated himself from New York after ten years of submersion in its currents says he found three prerequisites necessary.

He already possessed the chief of these—he had faith in his own ability in a given line of activity. The second requirement was a little capital, which he lacked; the metropolis had consumed his earnings as fast as they came. This problem he solved by borrowing $800 among half a dozen friends—putting the situation up to them frankly. The third prerequisite—and one he found extremely important—was reasonable knowledge of conditions in other parts of the country; he had no intention of jumping from the frying pan into the fire. So he spent his evenings for a considerable time in the public library, studying the periodicals which reflected local conditions throughout the United States. He communicated with chambers of commerce in different parts of the country, and put himself in touch with all the possible avenues of approach to the goal he had in mind. And when the time seemed ripe to take the chance he took it boldly, transplanting himself and family to a distant state, with nothing really tangible in sight. In a pinch his wife saved the situation by engaging temporarily in room renting.

Ultimately this man landed on his feet. He was stronger than the circumstances that had engulfed him.

The solution of any given family's problem of location must be largely individual. Except in scattering instances no succoring hand will reach down and transplant it. The heads of the family must work out the enigma themselves. This is commonly less difficult than it seems when the adventure is first contemplated.

The reason of



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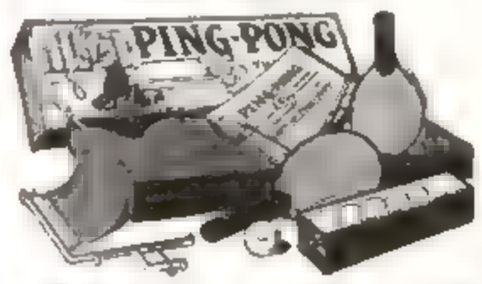

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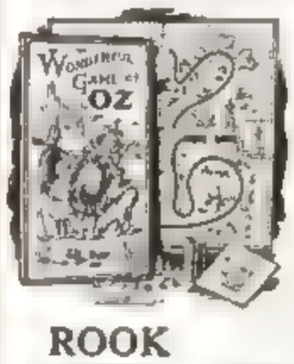

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THE SELF-MADE WIFE

(Continued from Page 34

"Not if you want to," replied Corrie dryly, casting a disapproving glance at the long Russian cigarette which Dood was lighting.

"Have one?" Dood asked, holding out the case to Miss Vincent.

"Not now, thank you."

"Tim?"

"No, thanks. I'll have a cigar later."

"Well, if I'm the only one—don't watch me! I can't smoke so very well yet," Dood admitted frankly. "Gets in my eyes. Takes time to learn to do it doggily."

She coughed, and waved the smoke away with a fat ringed hand.

"Lay flat on my back half a day tryin' to learn to blow rings," she said regretfully. "Takes a certain knack, I guess. Say, but there are some girls in New York are experts! J. D. and I saw one the other day in a restaurant, smoking while she ate soup. Takes some practice to do that!"

"Why would you want to smoke and eat soup?" Corrie asked.

"Oh, I don' know. Looks doggy. They say the women in England are usin' pipes. Fancy! Well, I don't know if I could stand a pipe"

Dood inadvertently swallowed some smoke, and grew purple with her efforts not to cough.

"I give up," she wheezed in a strangulated voice. "I can't even mix conversation with smoke."

Miss Vincent laughed for the first time that evening, and looked at Dood with real liking in her eyes.

"But why do you smoke at all if you really don't like it?" she asked in a friendly voice.

"Oh -it's bein' done, you know," Dood explained vaguely. "Might as well be dead as dowdy."

"I wouldn't do anything I didn't like, no matter how many other people did it," said Corrie.

"No, Corrie, I know you wouldn't. But I haven't got your strength of character," said Dood. "An' I'm darn glad of it!"

"Why?" Corrie demanded, bristling.

"Well, it's a mighty uncomfortable thing never to be able to just drif' with the tide, as the saying goes. Why, Corrie, you're like the person learnin' how to swim, who thrashes out so hard with their feet and hands they sink. Now—me, I'm fat enough to float."

Corrie joined in the laugh against herself. Like most stubborn people she was rather proud of her failing, although she knew quite well that it hurt herself more than others.

"Dood wants me to go in to New York with her tomorrow, Tim," Corrie said. "And she's mad because I'm acting stubborn about that, I s'pose."

"But aren't you going?" Elena asked.

"I—I don't think so."

"Oh, Mrs. Godwin, why not? I'm sure you would enjoy it," Elena said.

It seemed to Tim that Elena was deliberately trying to oppose him in every way tonight. She knew that he didn't want Corrie's friendship with Dood encouraged.

"It's too hot in New York to enjoy anything," he objected feebly, not being able to think of a better argument.

"It may be cool again tomorrow," Elena said. "One can never tell what's going to happen—in April."

"It was very hot today. If it's as hot tomorrow I don't think—I don't think it would be good for Corrie."

"I'm not an invalid!" Corrie retorted. "I guess I've stood a good many worse things in my life than a little warm weather, Tim Godwin!"

Dood looked keenly interested, but, making an elaborate show of tact, she coughed and changed the subject.

"What do you do in New York, Tim?" she asked. "Corrie said you'd made your pile in oil. Are you on the Street?"

"No. I'm a lawyer."

"You don't say! Well, you can get me a divorce sometime, maybe. I'll come down see you about it soon. What's your number?"

"I don't handle divorce cases."

"Say, I was jokin'. Did you ever see anyone so serious about everything, Corrie?"

At this echo of Elena's words Tim started, and looked toward the lady who had originally uttered the verdict. She smiled at him.

"Mr. Godwin is a corporation lawyer," Elena explained. "He's with Digley, Digley & Ives."

"Who?" Dood asked sharply, as if something in the name had forcibly struck her attention.

"The well-known firm, Digley, Digley & ——"

"Oh!"

Dood's mouth flew open. She shut it as quickly by clapping a fat hand over it. A startling change had come into the expression of her eyes as she looked at Elena.

"What's the matter?" Corrie asked, surprised by Dood's sharp exclamation and her round staring eyes.

"Nothin'," Dood mumbled. "I—I jus' remembered something."

"Do you know someone in the firm perhaps?" asked Elena coolly.

"No—I—I jus' remembered somethin' about -about my own lawyer," Dood explained feebly and unconvincingly. "I—I got to see him in the morning -about -some—property—you see. Think if I'd forgotten that!"

There was a slight uncomfortable pause while Corrie and Tim and Elena stared at Dood

Then Corrie, with one of her rare attempts at tact, attempted to ease things by the remark, "Mr. Digley was real nice to us when we first got to New York."

Tim looked at Corrie in surprise.

"I didn't think you liked him, Corrie," he said bluntly.

"Yes, I did," Corrie replied. "I guess he didn't like us though." She flushed deeply.

"Why?" Dood asked.

"Oh—well, I guess he could see we were from the country."

"I'm sure people from the country are just as nice as city people," Elena said. "Often much nicer. And a man of Mr. Digley's acumen would be sure to see that."

"I didn't know that you knew Mr. Digley!" Tim exclaimed, surprised.

Dood leaned forward, looking intently at Elena.

"Do you know him?" she asked.

Elena hesitated.

"I know who and what he is, of course," she said. "He is very well known to everyone."

"There was a big picture of his country place in the Sunday paper," remarked Dood, who was a devoted reader of the highly tinted supplements which supply the public with an intimate knowledge of the fashionable rich. "There's lots about him or his family in the society columns. Has Mrs. Digley called, Corrie?"

"No."

"She hasn't!"

"She was abroad when we first came here," Tim explained.

"Well, she's come back since," Dood stated positively. "I read it in the paper. I think it's a shame, Corrie. And she only twenty miles away."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, they've got a place at Rosedale Manor. That's only about twenty miles from here. That's the one was in the Sunday paper. Swell—stunning place, I mean"

"There's no reason anyone should call on me," Corrie said stiffly. "I don't want 'em."

"Mr. Digley has gone to Europe himself," Tim hastened to explain. "He sailed about two weeks ago."

"And Mrs. Digley went back with him," said Elena. "She was here for only a very short while; else I'm sure she would have called on Mrs. Godwin."

"How do you know she went with him?" Dood asked bluntly.

Elena hesitated a moment, then smiled mischievously.

"I read it in the paper," she quoted.

"H'm," Dood replied darkly, giving Elena a penetrating look. "Well, I imagine Mrs. Digley is stuck up. She looks it, from her picture. Handsome woman, though. What was that story I heard about her? Or did I read it in one of the Sunday magazine sections?"

She paused in deep thought, wrinkling her brow as she mentally reviewed the many snappy stories she had enjoyed in her favorite paper.

"If I were you I should not believe all that is printed in the yellow journals," Elena commented crisply.

"It's first-hand information," Dood retorted indignantly.

"Pardon me, but it is just the contrary," Elena replied coldly. "The people who write those atrocious stories often have neither an acquaintance with nor knowledge of the people they describe. Much of it is servants' gossip, I suppose."

"Well, who knows you if your servants don't?"

"And who would listen to a servant's story?" Elena asked disdainfully, setting down her coffee cup with an unsteady hand.

The tiny cup trembled in its saucer. Tim looked from it to Elena. Her gray eyes were darkening into blue, as the sky does before a storm.

"Well, this story was very interestin' if I could jus' remember it," Dood went on placidly. "It was somethin' about Mrs. Digley's father no, her mother—anyway it was some scandal in the family. Oh, now I remember! Her father wanted ——"

"Mr. Godwin!" Elena's quivering voice cut across Dood's words like the flick of a whip. "Mr. Godwin! Will you allow this—your friends—in your own house?"

She had risen, trembling, white.

Startled and alarmed, Tim rose, too, and went toward her. But Elena Vincent put out her hand to stop him, murmured something unintelligible, and hastily left the room.

"Oh, gosh! What've I done?" Dood cried. "I didn't mean any harm. What's it matter to her anyway?"

"You've insulted Miss Vincent somehow. That's what you've done!" Tim roared at her, maddened and perplexed. "Why couldn't you stop when she asked you to?"

"I'll apologize," the really kind-hearted Dood mumbled miserably. "Gosh! I didn't mean—I'll go now."

She rose to follow Miss Vincent, but Tim stopped her.

"No, leave her alone," he said brutally. "She couldn't bear the sight of you."

"I'll go," said Corrie quietly. And she left the room before the astonished Tim could speak.

"Why did you insist on raking up a lot of gossip no one wanted to hear?" Tim demanded of Dood.

"Look here, Tim Godwin," Dood retorted surprisingly, coming close to him and looking him straight in the eye, "there were things I didn't want to let on about before Corrie. But now she's gone I can tell you."

"What?"

"I've seen that Miss Vincent before."

"Well?"

"And now I remember where it was."

"Well?"

"I remembered as soon as she told me the name of your firm."

"What are you getting at?"

"I saw Miss Vincent one night at Montmartre—with Mr. Digley!"

"Well?"

"With Mr. Digley, Tim."

"What of it?"

"Alone. They sat at a table together She was there alone with him."

"And is that any affair of yours?" Tim asked, white to the lips.

"No." She looked at him steadily. "But I thought it might be—of yours."

"Miss Vincent's door was locked," said Corrie, coming back into the room. "She said she has a headache, and asks to be excused."

"We can excuse her, all right," said Dood grimly. "Come on up, Corrie. I'll help you get your suitcase ready to go to New York in the morning."

"I haven't said I'll go yet," Corrie replied, smiling, and liking to be urged.

"You are not to go, Corrie!" Tim exclaimed sharply.

Corrie, startled, flung up her little head, and the bright color rushed into her cheeks.

"I'm not your slave, Tim Godwin! I'll go with Dood if I want to."

"He might have known that was the best way to make you," Dood muttered as Tim flung furiously out of the room.

On the terrace Tim stood with clenched hands, looking out over the dark woods to the pale gleam beyond, which was the river. A shudder ran through the trees and they tossed in the wind, to the left, to the right, forward and down, like dancers, rhythmically swaying.

(Continued on Page 109)

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Now think of something as familiar as your pencil, and which really does contain lead.

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Lead is so useful in so many ways that it gets into a surprising number of different articles and products that add to the comfort of civilized life.

There is one use of lead that is more important than all the others. Wherever you may be at the instant you read this—whether ashore or afloat, indoors or outdoors—you can almost certainly see and touch the most important of all lead products—paint.

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White-lead is the principal factor in good paint, and white-lead is pure metallic lead, corroded, and mixed with linseed oil. Think for just one minute of the painted surfaces, large or small, which you look at every day, from skyscrapers down to the numbers on a freight-car and you will begin to form some idea of the vast quantities of metallic lead that are used in making the white-lead that enters into good paint.

White-lead gives to paint its durability and working qualities. Some manufactured paints contain more white-lead than others—but all good paint contains some white-lead. Painters generally use straight "lead-and-oil," which is white-lead thinned by the addition of pure linseed oil. They know that this kind of paint gives satisfaction because it looks so well and lasts so long.

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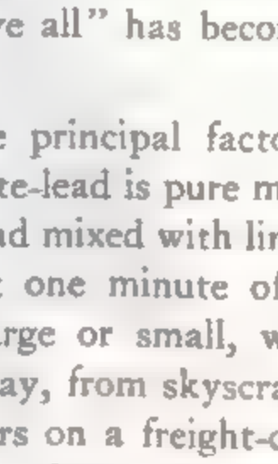

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Dutch Boy Solders	Music Plates
Lead Hammers	Pinking Blocks

(Continued from Page 108)

Tim took no delight in their beauty. His face was set. His mind felt cold, blank, hard, light.

Lies! Nothing but lies since he had known her.

He had kept up appearances before Dood. Pretended to be calm, unsurprised, unhurt. But he was deeply, incredibly hurt. Soon the anæsthetic of surprise would wear away, and he would suffer.

Strangely, he wanted the comfort of Corrie's arms. His heart turned toward her in trouble, blindly, instinctively. For once there had been mysterious healing magic in her arms.

Another woman had hurt him. And he wanted to go to his wife for comfort. He recognized the irony of that.

Yet, like a lost child, his heart turned back to Corrie. For once there had been mysterious healing magic in her arms.

x

AT NOON the next day heads were turned to watch the entrance into a fashionable hotel of a very pretty woman, and a very extraordinary one—although New York is the city of strange and beautiful women. And as the two went down into the grill, more heads were turned and more comments made, although Dood and Corrie shared the honors of the stairway with a famous motion-picture actress, a noted publisher, and a woman who had just divorced her third husband.

Dood was more spectacular than ever in a costume of gray crêpe romain and amber chiffon, huge silver-fox scarf, drooping hat, and stockings so thin that her great pink legs seemed bare; while Corrie, beautifully dressed and perfectly groomed for the first time in her life, was astonishingly, uniquely pretty.

Her straight little frock and cape of beige crêpe, her hat of thin dark brown braid with a soft fold of beige velvet—all the artful simplicity of her costume, brought out the youthfulness of Corrie's figure and the beauty of her coloring: red hair, milky skin, rosy lips.

Corrie's chocolate-brown eyes were wide open and shining, her pouting, childlike mouth pleased. She went down the stairs with her head well up, moving a little stiffly, like a brand-new mechanical doll. And she was an irresistibly charming toy in a city where women as a rule have eyes that are a little too cold, lips that are a little too hard, and manners more than a trifle too assured.

Corrie's hesitating air, her small, surprised, delighted face seemed to beg everyone to like her, to assure her that she was not mistaken in her new opinion of herself, not deceived by the new and charming reflection in her mirror. "Am I really pretty? Tell me! Tell me!" her big eyes pleaded. And men's admiring glances answered her.

Only a woman can know the terrifyingly strong reaction of clothes on personality. Corrie in a Jenny gown and a Lewis hat and tiny French-heeled sandals could neither move nor gaze nor speak as Corrie of the dowdy clothes had done. Of course her character had not changed—deep down somewhere, hidden beneath layers of deliciously caressing silk, was the same proud, willful, stubborn Corrie. But the outward manifestation of her character was inevitably altered. It is difficult to be brusque in soft materials. It is only natural to look sweet in a sweet frock. Has anyone ever heard of a woman who committed murder in a new white satin ball gown? Clothes are a drug that transports the wearer to a land of dreams; with each new costume she assumes a different rôle. A daring hat may transform a prude into an adventuress. So Corrie the wife had become Corrie the ingénue.

If her three children had appeared beside her on the stairs, no one would have believed that they could belong to the pretty little doll. And if Tim had come upon the scene to express the things he was thinking at that moment about the gentle-seeming Corrie, every man present would have denounced him as a brute.

Dood and Corrie were shown to a table, and Dood ordered their luncheon. She seemed quite undisturbed by the stares that followed them, and Corrie was absolutely silent. She was obeying literally and desperately the advice which Dood had given her that morning: "When you're scared, Corrie, don't do anything; when you don't know what to say, don't say anything."

They had come away from the Godwins' country place very early that morning, after a rather disagreeable breakfast with Tim. He had repeated his order to Corrie not to accompany Dood, and she had defied him again. Miss Vincent had not come down. She had sent word that she still had a headache and would take breakfast in her room. Tim looked worried and undecided. He wanted to talk with Elena but did not know how to accomplish it. Dood read his thoughts, the significant look she gave him making him aware of it.

Before he left the house Tim handed Corrie an envelope.

"Here is some money, if you are still determined to go with Dorothy," he said coldly.

"I don't need it," Corrie replied. "I've got that money in the bank."

Tim had deposited ten thousand dollars in a local bank for Corrie several months before.

"You'll need some cash besides your check book," he said. "I don't want you to let Dorothy pay for anything."

Corrie took the envelope without looking at its contents.

"Thanks," she said stiffly. "But I wasn't going to let Dood give me anything. I'm not that sort. You needn't worry."

"Well, good-by," he said.

He did not offer to kiss her, and he did not ask when she would return.

As she got into Dood's car Corrie felt listless, dreary. What was the use of going to New York to shop if Tim was no longer interested in her? She wished, now, that she had stuck to her bitter resolution not to make any further attempts to please him. But, weakened by Dood's sympathy the night before, she had shown her discarded wardrobe; and then had been overpowered by Dood's arguments and flattery.

"Might as well hand all that stuff over to the Salvation Army," Dood had decided after a quick inspection of the clothing piled up in Corrie's room. "We'll get you a new outfit tomorrow."

"No, I've made up my mind not to buy any more clothes," Corrie replied firmly.

"Never?"

"No. Never."

"Well, you won't be allowed to run around in a fig leaf, you know."

"I'll have some more ginghams made."

"Now look here, Corrie, what's the use acting so silly just because you made a few mistakes at first? Why, my land! Anybody is liable to do that!"

"Did you?"

"You bet I did! I use' to buy the most awful clothes till I learned how. Don't you look at me, Corrie Godwin! I know what you're thinkin'—that I'm wearin' awful clothes now. Well, they ain't so awful. They just look awful on me. Besides, I got good taste for other people, even if I do dress myself up like a circus horse."

"How do you mean?"

"I know what's refined all right. And refined clothes would suit you. They're your style. But you look at me. I haven't got any false ideas about how I look. I'm just a great big cow no matter what I put on. So I might just's well wear the clothes I really like."

"Why, Dood!"

"Aw, I don't kid myself. I use' to struggle desperately to look like somethin' in Town and Country. But it isn't any use for a person my size an' disposition. I use' to torment myself buyin' white note paper when I really wanted violet, and a sort of quiet matronly hat when I really wanted somethin' so loud you could hear it a block. But all I could ever do was to make myself look like a highly respectable washwoman—so I gave up refinement. An' now I'm happy."

"Oh, Dood. You ——"

"Don't worry. I can fix you up all right. I know the shops. I been through 'em all, like most hicks see Grant's Tomb an' the points of int'rest. I know where to go if you want to look like a minister's wife, or Billie Burke, or somethin' in the diplomatic service, or the queen of the Peekaboo Girls. That's me. J. D. says I get myself up like—well, you know. It ain't a nice word. But I've noticed that a man would rather you'd get stared at for anything than not to get stared at a-tall."

"Your husband too?"

"Sure. Husbands more than anybody. Shows he hasn't got stung, if you can attract some attention. My, Corrie! But you could make all their heads turn!"

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"Me!" exclaimed Corrie, in honest surprise.

Her vanity had long ago evaporated under dowdy clothes, her self-confidence had been destroyed by her lack of friends and social life.

"You're just as pretty as you ever were!" Dood exclaimed. "The pity of it is you have to wear any clothes at all."

Corrie was ready for bed in a white cotton nightgown, her plump milk-white arms bare, her hair flowing over her shoulders in a bright flood, astonishing fiery waves, glistening in the light like liquid gold, falling almost to her knees, transforming little Corrie into the princess of a fairy tale.

"Gosh! If I could look like that," Dood sighed, "I'd pretend to be an invalid for life, or get a part in a bedroom farce, or sit in a drug-store window advertisin' tonic! Anyway we can order you two dozen French hand-embroidered an' real lace nighties. Nothin' bolsters up a woman's self-respect like the proper lingerie."

When they reached Dood's apartment, which occupied an entire floor of a Park Avenue building, Corrie was turned over to Dood's maid.

"Manicure Mrs. Godwin, Celeste," Dood ordered, "and do her hair. You don't have to marcel it. She was born with a permanent wave. Don't some folks have all the luck! Have those things I telephoned for come?"

"Yes, madame."

Those things were beautiful sheer linen lingerie.

"We can get you some more later," Dood explained, "but I phoned for these because you got to try on dresses this morning. I ordered you a dress an' hat, too. There's no use shoppin' unless you look like you don't need to. Try the dress on Mrs. Godwin, Celeste. See 'f it fits."

It did. Corrie was one of the fortunate few who are made as dressmakers would have them.

"The hat's not so good," Dood decided. "We'll get you another one right off. This is just to start out with."

"Tim gave me money, and I've got more in the bank," Corrie said, beginning to feel elated.

"Oh, you mustn't pay for anything!" Dood exclaimed, shocked at such ignorance. "I'll introduce you at the shops and you can open charge accounts. They don't respect you if you pay cash."

Dood had the grand manner in shops. Saleswomen might smile behind her back but they smirked into her face. She upset a shop, devastated it, came out clutching the best of its spoils, spent an hour selecting exactly the right hat for Corrie, and ordered two dozen pairs of stockings in a minute; amazed everyone with the absurdity of her own appearance and her unerring good taste in what she chose for Corrie.

"Want to call it a day? Tired, Corrie?" asked Dood as they finished their luncheon.

"Oh, no!"

"You can go up to my place an' take a nap if you want, while I finish with a few things. I'll get you some silver slippers. I got your size. You needn't come."

"I'm not too tired, Dood," Corrie insisted

"Well, I want you to look your best for my party tonight."

"Oh, I can't stay to any party!" Corrie exclaimed in sudden panic.

"Why not?"

"I've got to go home."

"Why have you? Promise Tim?"

"No."

"When did you tell him you'd be back?"

"I—he didn't ask."

"There, you see! He doesn't care when you get back."

"I—guess he doesn't."

"We can call him up and ask him to the party, too, if you want," Dood offered reluctantly.

"No."

"Well, maybe we can have a better time without him," said Dood with a sigh of relief. "He don't seem to understand my ways."

"Tim wants everybody to do his way," said Corrie, feeling an obscure pleasure in being disloyal.

"Tim's a little stiff," Dood observed judicially. "You'll like J. D. But promise not to vamp him."

"Oh, I won't—I wouldn't!" Corrie cried, distressed.

A thickset, white-haired man at a distant table, who had been trying for some time to attract Dood's attention, now caught her roving eye. She smiled and nodded energetically, and he came over to their table.

"Mr. Hotchkiss, my girlhood friend, Mrs. Godwin!" Dood announced dramatically.

Corrie was about to acknowledge the introduction with her accustomed phrase of "pleased to meet you," when she remembered that Elena had never responded with anything more than "How do you do?"

So, "How do you do?" said Corrie, with schoolgirl primness.

"H'are you?" Mr. Hotchkiss answered, his bulging eyes taking an admiring inventory of Corrie.

"I'm throwin' a little party for my friend tonight," Dood said. "Want to come?"

"Thanks, Dood. That'll be great. I been trying to meet you, Mrs. Godwin, ever since you two came in. Couldn't eat my lunch for staring."

His eyes bulged at Corrie again. She smiled shyly, a delicate pink creeping up under the whiteness of her skin.

When he had gone Dood looked at Corrie in triumph, much as she might have looked at a prize-winning doll she had dressed for a bazaar.

"There now, Corrie! What'd I tell you—once you were fixed up right? You knocked him cold! An' he's a connysoor. Man about town, as they say. Friend of J. D.'s. Not exactly what you'd call a society man—you know what I mean—but doggy!"

Corrie smiled—the new smile that had come with the new clothes—a surprised, hardly-daring-to-come-out smile, which lifted the corners of her small red mouth ever so slightly.

"It'll do you good to see a little life," Dood told her doll. "Adventure! That's what you need."

Corrie looked into the mirror of her blue enameled vanity case and delicately powdered her nose.

"Oh," she said, smiling at her reflection. "Oh, he's too old and fat!"

"Humph!" Dood exclaimed. "Seems to me you're mighty particular for a woman who hasn't seen any man but her husband in ten years."

XI

"WELL, Corrie, how you like it?"

"It tastes bitter," said Corrie, sipping her first cocktail. "Beer's bad enough. It stings your nose. But this is worse than a spring tonic."

Dood frowned, and winked at her guest across the drawing-room. But Dood's husband roared. He was a small, round, too elaborately tailored man, whose almost bald head, with its fringe of dyed black hair, smelled of eau de cologne. His cheeks, as low hanging and red as the wattle of a turkey, shook when he laughed. And his round oily eyes played over Corrie's white arms with a sort of gustatory delight, as if he rolled a sweet morsel under his tongue.

Corrie shrank from those eyes. They seemed to touch her like greedy fingers. And yet she felt that she was ungrateful in her dislike for J. D. He had been so very cordial; so much nicer to her than Tim had been to Dood.

There were five at Dood's party—Corrie and Dood and J. D. and Mr. Hotchkiss and a long, slim, pale youth called Mr. Allerdyce.

Corrie knew now where Dood had picked up her pseudo-English accent. Mr. Allerdyce! But Dood was a poor pupil, for Mr. Allerdyce really did the thing imposingly.

"'Pon my wahd, Mrs. Godwin," he enunciated with languid precision, "do you raily mean to tell me that you have never tasted a cocktail befaw?"

"No," replied Corrie, turning her happy brown eyes upon him.

She was looking lovelier than even Dood had thought possible, so lovely and young in her simple straight white dress, that Dood felt the first sharp clutch of envy. Corrie's bright hair was parted in the middle and coiled low on her neck, rippling over her ears in shining close-lying waves. Her temptingly soft, alluringly white arms were bare. Fortunately the fashion of the moment spared Corrie the embarrassment of extreme décolleté. The neck line of her frock showed only her throat and a glimpse of white shoulder. Dood had loaned her pearls.

"Most extrawd'n'ry," murmured Mr. Allerdyce, looking at Corrie.

"And the little lady doesn't smoke, either?" asked Mr. Hotchkiss, bending over her, bulging his eyes.

(Continued on Page 113)

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(Continued from Page 110

"I never tried," said Corrie.

"Want to learn now?" he asked, opening his cigarette case of striped and monogrammed silver.

She shook her head.

"Aw, Corrie, don't be a hick!" Dood implored, annoyed that all her coaching had been in vain.

As they had dressed for dinner she had instructed Corrie in the ways of her set, and now Corrie was disobeying all the rules.

"You got to be a good sport," Dood had told her. "I've learned to do a lot of things I don't like, to please J. D. You got to keep up with the men, I'm tellin' you, Corrie, or they'll find someone else who will."

And now Corrie was not only disobeying the lords of creation, but they actually seemed to like it, for all three of them were bending over her with fatuous smiles.

"Did you know there was one left in the world?" cried Mr. Hotchkiss with his old man's imitation of sprightliness. "Honestly, J. D., ol' frien', did you know there was an ingénue left in the world?"

"No, I didn't," confessed J. D., his cheeks shaking. "Even the kids now'days are tough! Say, Corrie, where's hubby been keepin' you?"

"We live in the country," answered Corrie, blushing.

"I knew it! Shuts her up in the country so's she can't see another man. Well, can't say as I blame him, eh, Hotchkiss?"

He nudged his friend and winked. They laughed.

Mr. Allerdyce, turning his back on poor Dood, leaned upon the arm of Corrie's chair, draping his supple length gracefully, as he murmured, "Extrawd'n'ry! I cahn't believe you have a husband."

"I've got three children," said Corrie.

The egglike blankess of Mr. Allerdyce's face underwent a startling change. He looked tragically aghast, made a gesture of distaste, and walked rapidly away.

"Now, Corrie!" exclaimed Dood, vexed.

"What've I done?"

"Shocked him. He's so sensitive."

"What've I shocked him about?"

"I told you not to talk about your children."

"I suppose you think it isn't—doggy to have children!" Corrie cried indignantly.

"What you girls fightin' about now?" asked J. D. jovially, as he patted Corrie's arm.

Dood moved after Mr. Allerdyce. He had taken refuge in one of the deep windows, posed in an attitude of woe against the peacock-blue silken overdraperies.

"You'll have to excuse Corrie," Dood said. "She's pretty, but something of a hick."

"Pretty—yes," he admitted. "But oh, so bourgeois!" he added with a shudder.

Dood felt comforted.

And dinner was announced.

Corrie got through dinner much better than she had expected. Elated by the frank admiration of J. D. and Mr. Hotchkiss, as women are exhilarated by flattery even of men they dislike, Corrie forgot to be afraid of making mistakes. And though she was annoyed by what she considered the excessive attentions of the servants and was considerably startled by a musical nut dish—Dood's latest concession to her love of the rococo—Corrie left the dining room in a state of satisfaction with herself and with the world.

"Allie is an author!" said Dood as they were putting on their wraps—Dood's a shimmering affair of lipstick pink, high collared in taffeta roses, to match her gown; Corrie's straight and white, with ermine softly swathing her neck.

"Allie? Mr. Allerdyce?" asked Corrie, powdering her nose and looking with great pleasure at her reflection in the mirror of Dood's dressing table.

"Yes; Allie, I call him," Dood replied. "He writes pretty nearly anything he wants to—poems and movie scenarios. And he's an actor too! Sings. Plays the ukulele. Oh, he's awf'ly talented. He's a director, an' invented a new kind of stage lightin'! I don't understand it exactly, but it's awf'ly artistic. The managers are too jealous, though, and ol'-timy, to buy it."

"M'm," replied Corrie, who was holding a diamond bar pin in her mouth while her hands were engaged in adjusting her wrap in various ways. Then she asked: "Would you wear this high or low, Dood, and would you fasten it with my new pin if you were me—I?"

"No," replied Dood, taking the pin away from Corrie. "You can't wear everything you bought all at once, unless you want to look like a Christmas tree."

"It's kind of fun to dress up," Corrie confessed. "Can I take my fan, Dood?"

"Sure. Hand Mrs. Godwin her fan, Celeste."

The maid gave Corrie her fan, and she spread it, waved it, as pleased as a child in masquerade.

"Allie's gettin' up a art theater down in a basement," Dood said, pursuing her favorite topic.

"Where are my gloves?" asked Corrie.

"Don't look. Celeste will wait on you," Dood admonished. "An' listen about Allie. I want you should understand him so's you won't make any more breaks."

"If you were me—I, would you put on rouge?"

"No. It don't suit you. Allie wants to build a art theater, but he hasn't got the money. Really artistic people never have. They don't care about it. That's why the c'mercial theater can give 'em such terrible opposition with their filthy ol' money!"

"Why, Dood, I didn't know you thought money was filthy."

"Well—er—lookin' at it artistically," Dood murmured vaguely.

"I use' to not like money, myself," Corrie admitted. "But now I see there's something in it, after all."

"I wish you would listen about Allie," said Dood crossly.

"Well, what about him?"

"I'm goin' to build the theater for him!" Dood whispered excitedly, "if I can get the money out of J. D. We'll have a repe'-tour comp'ny, an' only high-class plays. An' of course Allie will be the director."

"Oh!"

"He says we'll both feel recompensed to know we've given our lives to art," said Dood, using her lip stick.

"Do you mean he's going to work for nothing?"

"Why, no! But don't call it work anyway. Of course he'll have to get a salary. What you expect the poor boy to live on?"

"Hasn't he got a job now?"

"People like Mr. Allerdyce don't have jobs, Corrie."

"Well, why are you going to build the theater for him?"

"He's my robin," said Dood proudly.

"Robin?"

"Sure. Tame robin. Haven't you ever heard of 'em? That means a man who's crazy about you, but just willing to hang around quietly an' give no trouble, y'understand."

"No, I don't."

"Well, he—it's like this. Most men are so—sordid, Corrie. You know. But tame robins ask nothin' of a woman but just to be near her, understand?"

"Oh."

Corrie thought for a moment.

"I think tame robin is a very good name for Mr. Allerdyce," she decided gravely.

"Yes, isn't it? I got it out of a society novel. English. They have such cute names for things. Glad you like it, Corrie. You can use it, too, if you want. Though of course as a rule I don't like others to copy me."

"It's because he picks up crumbs," said Corrie surprisingly.

"What?"

"That's why I thought robin was a good name. He's so busy picking up crumbs."

"Why, what on earth are you talkin' about, Corrie Godwin? Mr. Allerdyce is a perfect gentleman if I ever saw one. I never saw him pick up a crumb at the table in my life!"

"Oh, Dood! I mean—don't you see how it is? He's working you!"

"What? Why ——"

"Getting money out of you, Dood. That's all he wants."

"Corrie Godwin! How dare you!"

"With all those theaters and things, Dood."

"It's art! He's doing that for art!"

"Isn't he going to get a big salary?"

"Oh, you don't understand."

"Yes, I do. You're too good-hearted, Dood."

"Well, you are too mean—an'—an' c'mercial, Corrie Godwin! You're—boorjwar! That's what you are. Boorjwar! It means not understandin' about art."

"All right," said Corrie, holding her pretty head high. "Call me all the names you want, Dood. But if it was mine I'd wring that robin's neck."

"When I want your advice I'll call for it," retorted Dood sharply.

"You didn't wait for me to call before giving yours," said Corrie.

As the two ladies rejoined the gentlemen there was an atmosphere of visible constraint.

Corrie did not enjoy the play—a musical comedy with more than the usual amount of legs and lingerie. The costumes themselves would not have offended her, but the comments of J. D. and Mr. Hotchkiss were not the sort Corrie had supposed were made in public. She tried to explain their excessive freedom of speech and loudness of laughter by the fact that they had had a great deal to drink at dinner. Corrie herself had refused everything after the first cocktail. But some of their insinuations disturbed her more than she would have confessed.

A new world was opening up to Corrie in confused half glimpses. Her scheme of moral values was being rudely disarranged by what she saw and guessed and, more than all, intuitively sensed, in this new atmosphere. Loyalty, fidelity, trustworthiness—things that Corrie had taken for granted as existing among self-respecting people—were taken for granted as nonexistent here. The lack of these qualities was treated as a jest. Things that seemed tragic and terrible to Corrie were laughed at. Things that she had regarded as out of the ordinary, never touching average family life, never happening to nice people, were accepted by her companions as commonplaces.

Corrie, shut away from the world, and unacquainted with modern literature, had preserved something of her girlhood innocence—certainly most of its illusions and touching faith.

The atmosphere which so vaguely troubled Corrie was intensified in the dancing place to which they went after the theater. It was a dimly lighted, smoke-filled, pink-hung room, with tables so close that it was impossible to move between them, and a dancing floor so crowded that the dancers were wedged into a solidly revolving mass, swaying helplessly like logs jammed in a river. Here the notables of the theatrical world and of the half world, and a very few of the social world, and as many as could squeeze in of the sociable world might be seen. And Dood had reserved a table that Corrie might observe it all properly.

Mr. Hotchkiss and J. D., and even Dood's robin, who had looked artistically bored in the theater, seemed to be delighted to enter the noisy stifling place.

Dood pinched Corrie's arm delightedly, and whispered, "Now you're livin', Corrie!"

They sat down and extracted their private stock. Each man had concealed as many flat silver flasks about his person as his pockets would allow; and Dood had managed to secrete one in a large mesh bag, and two in her wrap, which had inner pockets designed for that particular purpose.

"Of course you can get it anywhere you go," J. D. explained to Corrie, "but I'd rather trust my own cellar. Some of this stuff you get upsets the stomach terrible. Mine's imported."

"I've got a surprise for you!" Mr. Hotchkiss announced importantly, his prominent eyes beaming with pride. "Hope you won't mind my butting into your party, Dood, but I've arranged with the head waiter ——" He lowered his voice until Corrie caught only rumbles: "Champagne—imported—you can trust him—known him for years—none of this homebrew."

The whole party with the exception of Corrie then engaged in a lively and interminable discussion of hooch. Its desirability, scarcity, price, tricks of the trade, jokes about people who couldn't get it, jokes about people who got too much of it, yarns about famous bootleggers, boasts of private bootlegging enterprises, boasts about how much one could drink, humorous anecdotes of what one had done when drunk—Corrie was amazed at the fascination and the inexhaustibility of the subject, amazed, also, at the new point of view. Drunkenness, she had thought, was a disgrace. She felt more ignorant than ever.

Her elderly admirers had quite forgotten her. She was no longer the center of attention. And no longer stimulated by flattery, she began to feel shy, out of place, forlorn and a little homesick. This was the first night she had spent away from home in ten years. Her glance, wandering aimlessly about the room, encountered the direct gaze of a man who reminded her of

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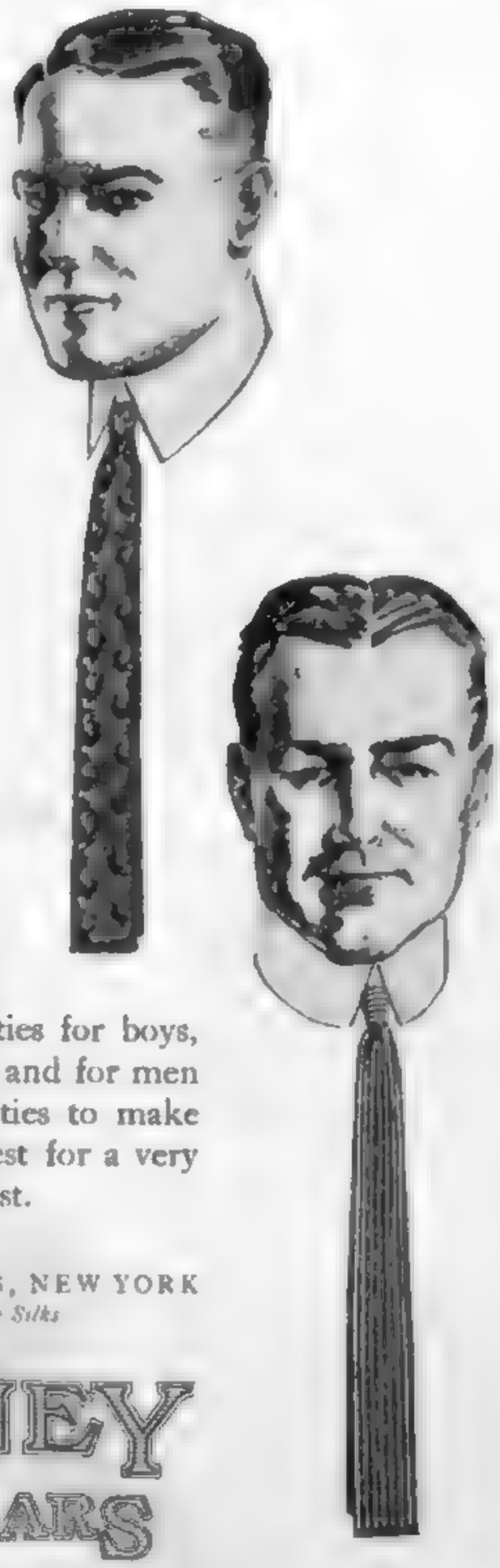

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Tim. He had the same searching blue eyes and square shoulders. The man smiled. Corrie looked away hastily. He was not like Tim! Trying to flirt with strange women

Then something in the atmosphere of that hot, overscented, overcrowded place, filled with the sensuous rhythm of syncopated music and the sensuous flowers of women's beauty, bright colors, full lips, dancing eyes, bare flesh, meaning glances, significant laughter, crept through Corrie's senses, jangling her nerves. The insinuations of the theater, the conversation of her companions, the sight of this crowd mingled in one indefinable impression that frightened her. And she remembered things that Dood had hinted. But Tim was not like these men! He was no more one of this crowd than she. What had any of this to do with herself and Tim?

"Would you care to dance, Mrs. Godwin?" asked a languid voice. Mr. Allerdyce, propelled by violent nudges from Dood, had done Corrie the honor of asking her to engage in the struggle going on before them.

"There doesn't seem to be any room," Corrie murmured.

"Oh, don't be a goose, Corrie!" Dood commanded. "Mr. Allerdyce is a marvelous dancer."

"Well, I haven't danced in ten years," said Corrie.

Mr. Allerdyce looked aghast.

"Now, Corrie, I told you not to say that!" Dood cried, finding her guest extremely difficult. "Besides, you had a lesson this afternoon. I sent for a dancin' teacher to come up to the apartment," she explained to Mr. Allerdyce. "Twenty-five dollars an hour. He ought've been good. Anyway, you learned a lot, Corrie; go on and try."

Corrie rose reluctantly and went with Mr. Allerdyce, who looked as if he were on his way to the electric chair.

They came back in a few moments, before the music had stopped—Mr. Allerdyce pale and grim, Corrie flushed and angry.

"One raily cawn't keep one's self-respect in that mob," Mr. Allerdyce exclaimed. "It's raily impossible to know with whom one is dancing. I found my arms about a totally strange young person in a vulgar gown, while Mrs. Godwin —— What did become of you, Mrs. Godwin? Where did you go after you had decided not to follow me?"

"I followed you as long as there was any room to follow you into," Corrie replied wrathfully. "You ran me into a post, and it got between us."

"Allie never runs his partner into things," Dood said indignantly.

"Well, I don't see any use coming to a place that's so crowded," Corrie said crossly.

"Well, an' I wouldn't pay my good money comin' to any place that wasn't!" Dood retorted, expressing a peculiarity of the public that all good restaurant keepers know.

"Here, honey, drink a little of this and get cooled off," Mr. Hotchkiss urged Corrie.

Corrie took a sip from the glass of champagne which he held out to her, and though she did not care for its taste she found it refreshingly cold. So she finished the glass, while Mr. Allerdyce and Dood struggled toward the dancing floor.

J. D. and Mr. Hotchkiss again devoted themselves to Corrie. And as she ate the excellent supper they had ordered, and absent-mindedly continued to drink from the glass which Mr. Hotchkiss kept refilled, it seemed to Corrie that she had misjudged these two gentlemen, who now appeared not so ugly and old and vulgar as she had thought.

She grew animated again, laughed a great deal—although a little confused about the subject of her laughter. And a most agreeable feeling stole over her—a feeling of comfort and content, of well-being and of satisfaction with the world. She was surprised that she could have wanted to go home only a few moments earlier. The place was really pretty—not so noisy as it had been—the music seemed farther off.

Her head was spinning a little—from her dance with Mr. Allerdyce, no doubt. But all at once she felt as if she would like to dance again! She expressed this desire to Mr. Hotchkiss, who laughed, and winked at J. D.

Corrie walked lightly toward the dancing floor—so lightly she was surprised; floated into the dance lightly—again surprised. The floor seemed far away, she was touching it with only the tips of her toes. It was rather jolly to bump people! She felt Mr. Hotchkiss' arm tightening about her, leaned against it heavily, seemed to sink in his arms. People whirled past in giddy streaks of color. The music stabbed like needles through a mist.

"Here! Better drink a little coffee," J. D.'s amused voice was saying.

She was back at the table, a coffee cup at her lips.

"Well," she murmured, smiling weakly, "I guess I—must have sort of fainted, didn't I? Funny. I didn't feel bad."

"No, indeed, little lady. You were feeling all too good!" Mr. Hotchkiss exclaimed.

Corrie gulped the coffee. Her head was clearing. The meaning of his words came to her; and a scarlet flush so deep it burned ran over her neck.

"I wasn't you don't mean —" she gasped.

"Aw say, it's nothin' to be ashamed of. You ain't used to it, that's all," J. D. comforted her. "Stick around with our crowd a while, an' you can pretty soon drink as much as anybody."

Corrie looked at him helplessly. He didn't understand! Her head was clear now. But she felt lifeless and dull. Tears were close to her eyelids.

She didn't belong anywhere. Neither with this rowdy wild life nor in the quiet life of home. Here she didn't suit Dood and at home she didn't suit Tim. The thought of Tim now made her angry. He had wanted her to dress up, be idle, spend a lot of money. Did he want her to be like these people? Yes, he must have wanted just that! All right, she would be as silly and worthless as they were. An idea of revenge against Tim crept fascinatingly into her confused thoughts. She would show him. She would become just as silly and worthless as these people.

"Why, where's Dood?"

Corrie seemed to wake up after a long period of sitting and staring dully at J. D. across a tableful of glasses.

She had not taken anything more to drink; but the heat, the smoke, the noise and the unaccustomed lateness of the hour had put her into a kind of stupor.

Dood had been dancing first with Mr. Allerdyce and then with Mr. Hotchkiss for what seemed hours to Corrie. Corrie, who had resolutely refused to dance again, had been sitting at the table with J. D., who grew more and more silent as he consumed greater and greater quantities of Scotch. Finally conversation between them had entirely ceased. J. D. drank slowly, slowly set down his glass, stared with his greedy eyes at Corrie, drank again. Several times he leaned across the table, pawing at her fingers vaguely with his stubby, elaborately manicured hand, covered with short black hairs. Corrie shrank away each time. And then he would laugh vacantly, staring, staring—his too intimate eyes seeming to touch her white flesh.

The tedium of this companionship had been relieved every now and then by the presence of Mr. Hotchkiss or Mr. Allerdyce or Dood, who sat down for a few seconds, but rose again as soon as the music started. For the large heavy Dood was an expert dancer, light on her feet and tireless in the pursuit of her chief pleasure.

But now they had all gone! Corrie searched the room with her eyes. Dood's huge bulk was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's Dood? Where are the others?" she asked louder, and leaning toward J. D.

He seemed pleased at her attention and snatched her hand. It fluttered in his, like a white moth caught in a hairy spider's web. He chuckled.

"H've drink?" he mumbled hospitably.

"No! Where's Dood?"

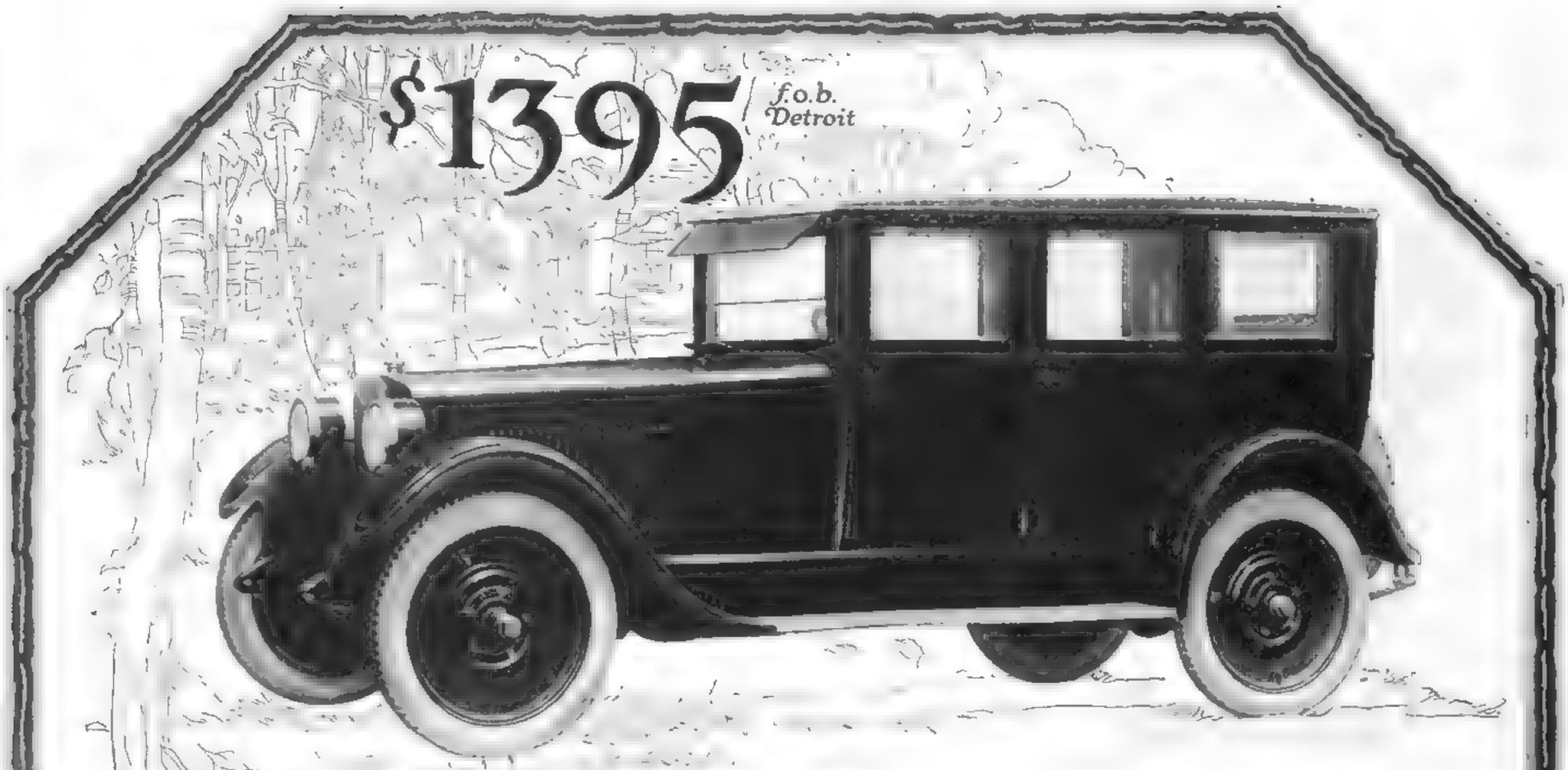
"Dood?" He seemed to be trying to focus his eyes on the name in his struggle to remember its connotations. Then he brightened. "Oh—Dood! Yeh! Oh, well—Dood. Who cares 'bout ole Dood? Le' go—le' 'er go."

Corrie, looking helplessly about, discovered Mr. Hotchkiss at a near-by table, talking to a pretty girl. She beckoned, and he came over to their table somewhat reluctantly.

"Where's Dood, Mr. Hotchkiss?" Corrie asked.

"Oh! She told me to tell you. I forgot. Sorry. She and Allerdyce have gone on to the Palais Royal. She said for us to join them. But since you and J. D. are having such a good time here ——"

(Continued on Page 117)



This Fine Sedan At An Open Car Price

A really practical car for year-round family use is this Columbia Light Six Sedan.

In it are combined the desirable qualities of a powerful, high grade Six with the comfort and convenience that can be had only in the better enclosed cars.

Yet this six-cylinder, fifty horsepower, four-door, metal back Sedan costs no more than the majority of six-cylinder open cars—a price made possible not by lowering quality but by applying the advantages and economies of specialized production as, we believe, no other automobile builder has ever done.

The Columbia Light Six Sedan compares in vital units with enclosed cars that average over $2900 in price. It has a Continental "Red Seal" Motor, Timken Axles—every vital unit, in short, bears the name of a *specialized* maker—a name known for leadership and dependability wherever automobiles are driven.

Here is a car designed and built to bring to the average family the enjoyment of a finer type of transportation, without the premium of high price that has heretofore made such a car a luxury for most people.

Columbia dealers are showing and demonstrating the Light Six Sedan. See this car at the showroom of our dealer in your city.

Vital Units of a $2900 Sedan

	Columbia Light Six Sedan
Average price of Sedans with Continental "Red Seal" Motor	$2921 $1395
Average price of Sedans with Timken Axles	3409 1395
Average price of Sedans with Durston Transmission	2318 1395
Average price of Sedans with Auto-Lite Electrical equipment	2294 1395
Average price of Sedans with Borg & Beck Clutch	2583 1395
Average price of Sedans with Fisk Cord Tires	3481 1395
Average price of Sedans with Spicer Universal Joints	3041 1395
Average price of Sedans with Gemmer Steering Gear	3303 1395
Average price of Sedans with Harrison Radiator	3947 1395
Average price of Sedans with Stromberg Carburetor	2943 1395
Average price of Sedans with Same Make of Body	2177 1395

General Average $2944

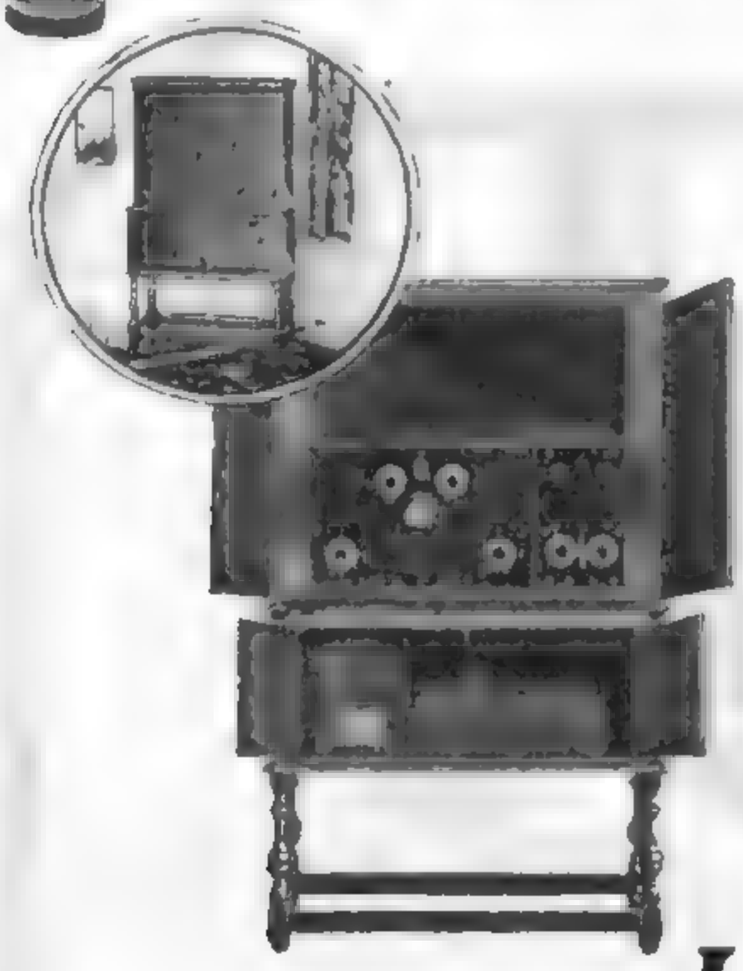
A well and stoutly built sedan body of seasoned wood and sheet steel. Tightly fitted joints. Snug fitting doors, safeguarded against rattling. Wide windows of extra heavy plate glass Curtains at sides and rear. Heavy gray velour upholstery. Unusual leg room Handsome body hardware. Dome light. Conveniently placed instruments and controls. Barrel type lamps with special non-glaring lenses. Cowl ventilator. Deep drawn crown fenders. Six-ply cord tires. Wheelbase, 115 inches. Body finished in Columbia Blue, with black hood and fenders.

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

Columbia Light Six

CONTINENTAL RED SEAL MOTOR TIMKEN AXLES

Starts Nov. 1st Red Seal Battery Contest Closes Nov. 15th



The Prizes

First Prize—$725.00 Complete Kennedy Radio Set

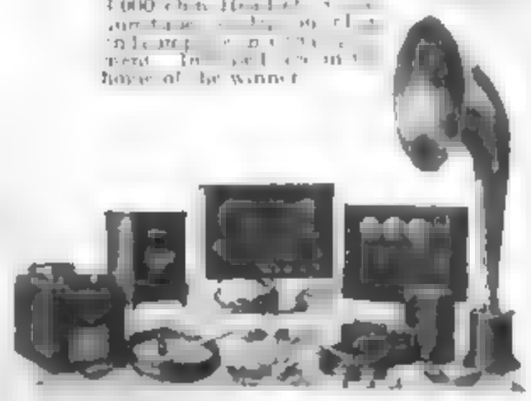
This Cabinet Type complete Radio Receiving Set is one of the finest and most up-to-date Receiving Sets yet produced. The cabinet is walnut and stands 58 inches high. Range from 400 to 600 miles for wireless telephone and 2,000 to 3,000 miles for wireless telegraph. Contained within the cabinet are all batteries, a Radio Homcharger De Luxe and a Magnavox Loud Speaker with special horn. Installed free, in the home of the winner anywhere in the U. S. A.

Third Prize—$256.50 Complete Grebe Radio Set

A complete receiving outfit made up of the well known Grebe C R 9 Regenerative Receiver with two stage Amplifier Magnavox Loud Speaker, Storage Battery Radio Homcharger De Luxe "B" Batteries, one Manhattan 2,000 ohm Headset, 3 electron tubes, 2 telephone plugs and complete antenna equipment. Installed free in the home of the winner

Second Prize—$408.50 Complete Westinghouse Radio Set

[illegible] Westinghouse Radio Receiving Set, [illegible] Storage Battery Charger De Luxe "B" Batteries, one Manhattan 2,000 ohm Headset, 3 electron tubes, 2 telephone plugs and complete antenna equipment. Installed free in the home of the winner



50 Other Prizes

[illegible] Loud Speaker equipment, a Manhattan Storage Battery Radio Homcharger De Luxe, a Manhattan 2,000 ohm Radio Headset and a complete antenna equipment. These head sets have great sensitiveness to opera and high amplifying qualities.

Last Few Days

to win a complete Radio Set FREE

Act fast and you still have plenty of time to send in your answer. "It takes only one to hit it," as they say in baseball.

On the stroke of midnight, next Wednesday, Nov. 15th, the great Red Seal Battery Contest for radio prizes closes. All entries bearing the post mark on the envelope dated after midnight, November 15th, will be thrown out, having failed to qualify under the Rules of the Contest.

Act now. Hustle out to the nearest store showing the Red Seal Battery Contest Window Display (pictured at the right) and get your free Contest Blank.

What These Prizes Mean to You

With the powerful First Prize Radio outfit you can sit in your home with your friends and "listen in" on the world of broadcasting. You will enjoy concerts, opera singers, famous public speakers, last minute news reports, etc., etc. For example, if President Harding "broadcasts" one of his speeches in Washington and you live near Philadelphia, New York, Pittsburgh or Richmond, you will hear every word as though you were sitting at the speaker's table.

You can pick up messages from ships on the high seas, in fair weather or in storm; you will hear the voices of distant nations flashing their telegraphic messages through the air.

"I listened to the Eiffel Tower and to Berlin last night" is the startling announcement that can be made by you if you happen to win the First Prize Radio Set offered here.

How to Enter the Contest

Simply read the information and instructions on the Contest Blanks given away by thousands of stores all over the country, Nov. 1 to Nov. 15. You will recognize these stores by the Red Seal Battery Contest Window Display pictured below.

Open to Everybody

No technical knowledge is necessary in order to enter the contest. Nor is previous familiarity with Red Seal Dry Batteries and their uses a requirement.

You are probably using "Red Seals" right now in your home! Red Seal Batteries buzz the dining room buzzer that calls the maid; "Red Seals" light your Christmas tree; "Red Seals" are the batteries usually specified for radio receiving sets; "Red Seals" furnish ignition for cars, motor boats and farm engines. Wherever dependable electrical power in handy compact form is demanded, there you will find Red Seal Batteries on the job.

Red Seal Battery Contest Window Display

Look for it in Dealers' Windows, Nov. 1 to Nov. 15. It identifies Dealers who will give you free Contest Entry Blanks.

Important to Dealers

Duplicates of the 53 Radio prizes are to be given to dealers having the BEST CONTEST WINDOWS. Write us at once for full information and free window display material if you haven't already done so.

"Finish-the-Sentence"

The prizes will be awarded for the most appropriate answers for completing *in your own way*, in not more than ten words, the following sentence:

The Red Seal Dry Battery is best

1. because it is the all-purpose battery—and

2. because .....

Your answer may be descriptive of the Red Seal Dry Battery or it may describe some use. For example: "It never fails on land, air or sea." Another. "It never starts what it can't finish." Another "It is dependable because it is always fresh."

Note:—Only those answers written on official Contest Blanks furnished by dealers will be considered.

In case two or more persons submit winning answers, of equal merit, prizes identical in character with those offered will be given to all successful contestants.

All answers must be mailed before midnight Nov. 15 to: Red Seal Battery Contest, Manhattan Electrical Supply Co., Inc., 17 Park Place, New York City.

The Judges

The winners will be selected by the following judges: Mr. Llew Soule, Editor of "*Hardware Age*," New York; Mr. Howard A. Lewis, Manager of "*Electrical Merchandising*," New York, and Mr. Joseph A. Richards, President Joseph Richards Co., Inc., Advertising Agents, New York.

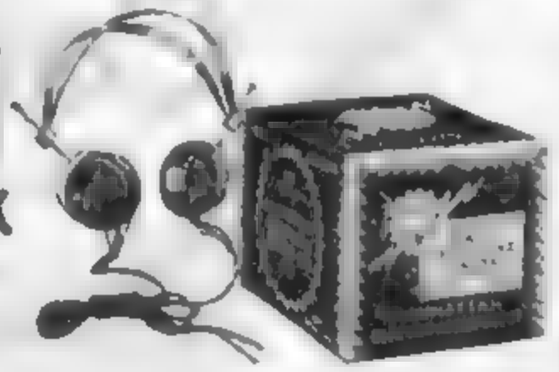
Announcement of Winners

The names of the winners will be published in *The Saturday Evening Post* as soon as possible after the contest closes.

MANHATTAN

ELECTRICAL SUPPLY CO., INC. NEW YORK

Makers of the Famous Red Seal Dry Batteries and Manhattan Head Sets



(Continued from Page 114)

"I'm not," Corrie said. "I want to go."

"Oh—er—well, all right, Mrs. Godwin. I'll take you, of course."

He forced his voice to be cordial, but he looked back toward the pretty girl, who was watching them.

"Old friend of mine," he explained as Corrie's glance followed his. "Just happened to run across her again after some time. World's a small place after all, eh, Mrs. Godwin?" He laughed nervously.

"You better stay here with her," Corrie said. "J. D. will take me."

"Sure!" J. D. cried, waking up from a little nap. "Sure I take Corrie!" He waxed indignant. "Who you think y'are, Hotchkiss! 'S my place take Corrie! I her—nat-natch'l'tector. Bla' coffee, waiter. Funny. Feelin' li'l' sleepy."

The coffee revived J. D., and he and Corrie left Mr. Hotchkiss to his new-found old friend.

"Better take taxi—Dood's got car," J. D. said in his telegraphic style. "Where'd Hotchkiss say they went?"

"Why, I—didn't you listen?" Corrie stammered.

"No. I thought you listenin'," J. D. replied, aggrieved.

"Well, I did, but it was a name I'd never heard before," said Corrie. "Somethin' French. I couldn't quite get it."

"They's lots French places," J. D. said sulkily. "Drive roun' t'all French places," he added as the taxicab that the starter had called for them came up.

"Where, sir?"

"French places—Flench. French! Y'idiot!"

The doorman and driver looked hopefully at Corrie. She shook her head.

"Drive around a bit until he makes up his mind," the doorman advised.

"Yes—good 'dea. C'mon," J. D. cried, leaping into the taxicab, and dragging Corrie after him.

It smelled of horses, as taxicabs so strangely do. Corrie sank on the lumpy seat beside J. D., and he slid an arm about her.

"There, li'l' girl, don' cry," he murmured comfortingly. "Drive roun' bit 'n' get your head clear, 'n' then you can remember where you goin'."

Corrie wriggled away from the arm.

"My head's all right," she said indignantly, "but I don't know French."

"Well—how it start?" J. D. asked hopefully

"Why, I—let me see—it was—Pal—Pal—Pally—it was something about pals, I think."

"Oh! Sure! Sure. I know the place. Pally Royals. Sure. Tell driver. It means Good Ol' Pals, guess, Corrie. Crazy 'bout you!"

"Take your arm away!"

"A' right. A' right. Don't be 'greeable. Hol' han's?"

"No!"

"You don' love me, Corrie," he said pathetically.

"Of course I don't!"

"A' right. Have to take 'nother drink then."

He extracted his flask.

They had not found Dood at the Palais Royal, although the head waiter said that she had been there. So Corrie and J. D. took another taxicab, and drove to the Park Avenue apartment.

Corrie, who had found J. D.'s increasing affection more and more difficult to restrain, was greatly relieved as the door of Dood's apartment was opened for them.

"Has Mrs. Sears come in yet, Parsons?" she asked.

"Yes, madame."

He went ahead of them and turned on the lights in the drawing-room.

"Oh, you needn't do that," Corrie exclaimed. "I'm going to my room."

She tried to pass J. D. and go down the hall, but he clutched her arm and forced her into the drawing-room.

"No. Wait a minute, li'l' Corrie," he muttered, squeezing her arm so hard that she wanted to scream with the pain.

She tried to draw away, but J. D.'s fingers tightened. And the servant was looking at them.

"All right," Corrie said, sitting down in an armchair of blue velvet. "I'll stay just a minute if you'll let go my arm, J. D."

She looked at the servant, and then a phrase she had heard Elena use came into her mind.

"That will do, Parsons," she said with dignity.

"Yeh! Go 'way, Parsons," J. D. ordered.

Parsons left them alone.

J. D., still keeping hold of Corrie's arm, bent over her.

"Love you, li'l' Corrie," he whispered intensely, pushing his face close to hers, his eyes devouring her.

For the first time Corrie felt frightened.

"Go away!" she exclaimed in a sharp whisper.

"No. Crazy 'bout you."

He bent lower. His face was almost touching hers. He was going to kiss her. She felt sick. What if Dood should come in!

Springing to her feet Corrie wrenched her arm from his grasp with a violent, painful twist.

"Go away! Go away!" she cried, still whispering, edging away from him along the wall, trying to reach the door.

He stepped in front of her, cutting off escape, pushing her back against the wall. His face, no longer maudlin and silly, was dark with the quick rush of blood.

"Go away!" she whispered again, turning away her head, sick with the thought that Dood might hear their struggle, desperately sick at the thought of his lips touching hers.

He made a dart at her; she stepped aside. He clutched at her shoulder, and her dress ripped with the screaming sound of silk as she desperately tore herself from his grasp.

He clutched at her again, and his unsteady fingers caught in the pearls around her neck. The string broke, and the pearls showered over the floor, rolling and pattering like rain.

Corrie fell on her knees, frantically scooping up the jewels.

"Help me! Dood's pearls! Dood's pearls!" she babbled.

She felt his breath on her neck as he, too, bent down.

"Bother the pearls!" he cried. "I'll buy you a string tomorrow."

Then Corrie struck at him with her little clenched fist, and all the force behind her pretty arm—the arm that had washed clothes and carried heavy babies. There was a sharp report as her fist squarely met his cheek.

He staggered back.

"Wildcat!" he cried, coming nearer.

But she had sprung up, dodged him; ran frantically down the hall, struck at Dood's door with both hands, stumbled into the room, panting, disheveled.

Dood, who was just getting into bed, jumped out again.

"What's the matter? House afire?"

Corrie held out her hands.

"Count 'em!" she gasped. "Your pearls! See 'f they're all there. The string broke. Count 'em, Dood."

"Pitch 'em on the bed an' calm yourself," replied Dood, sitting down and yawning. "They're only paste. My real string's in the bank. Too many holdups now'days."

Then her eyes fell on Corrie's arm, and her mouth flew open.

"For cat's sake!" she cried. "What's that?"

Red marks, rapidly turning blue, the unmistakable print of fingers, boldly showed on Corrie's soft white arm.

"I—I ——" Corrie stammered, lost in horror that Dood should understand, unable to think of a lie that would spare her friend.

Dood burst out laughing.

"Why, Corrie Godwin! Look at your hair! Ain't you ashamed!"

Corrie could not speak.

"Who was it—Hotchkiss?"

"No. Yes! I ——"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I want to go home!" wailed Corrie

"What happened anyway?" Dood asked with a twinkle in her eye. "Hotchkiss kiss you?"

"He he tried to."

"And what d you do?"

"Hit him"

"Hit him!" Dood cried indignantly. "Well, I might have known it."

"You—you don't think I ought to have hit him?"

"Why, of course not! You've disgraced me with all my friends. First Allie—and now Mr. Hotchkiss."

"You think I ought to let your friends kiss me?"

"No. But there's more ladylike ways of getting out of it than hitting, Corrie."

Ellis Parker Butler

Notice: This is the fourth of a series of six advertisements appearing weekly in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, written by Ellis Parker Butler, world-famous humorist and author of "Pigs is Pigs," telling America about a new screen play, "East is West." Mr. Butler accepted this commission only on condition that he be permitted to say exactly what he pleased on the subject.

"I speak only dignified American language; get me, Steve?"

Seeing this "East is West" motion picture has increased my interest in the screen just about 99%. By nature and profession I am a humorist and I have sometimes felt that no humor but pie-slinging humor could be put on the screen successfully. This "East is West" picture satisfies me that *any* humor can be filmed. Given the right treatment, humor can be as laughable on the screen as on the stage or in a book. I see that now.

"East is West" is the story of an averted tragedy, but it has humor from start to finish. Not a pie is slung, and yet the laughs are innumerable. Ming Toy (Constance Talmadge) causes many of these by the entirely legitimate means of being a charmingly innocent little Chinese maiden who picks up astonishing slum manners under the impression that they are the manners of "99% American-girl," and shows she is proud of them—as when she greets Charlie Yong haughtily with "I speak only dignified American language; get me, Steve?" And Charlie Yong—a humorous character! While we are detesting him for his black heart we are laughing at him as a conceited Chinese fop and saying "I have seen a dozen just like him!" This is art, and first class art, because when the athletic young American Billy Benson comes to the rescue you have a sharp swing from laughing at a villain you hate to welcoming a hero at whom you do not laugh. The humor in "East is West" arises from the situations and characters—and that is as it should be.

(More about "East is West" next week)

Ellis Parker Butler

Joseph M. Schenck presents

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

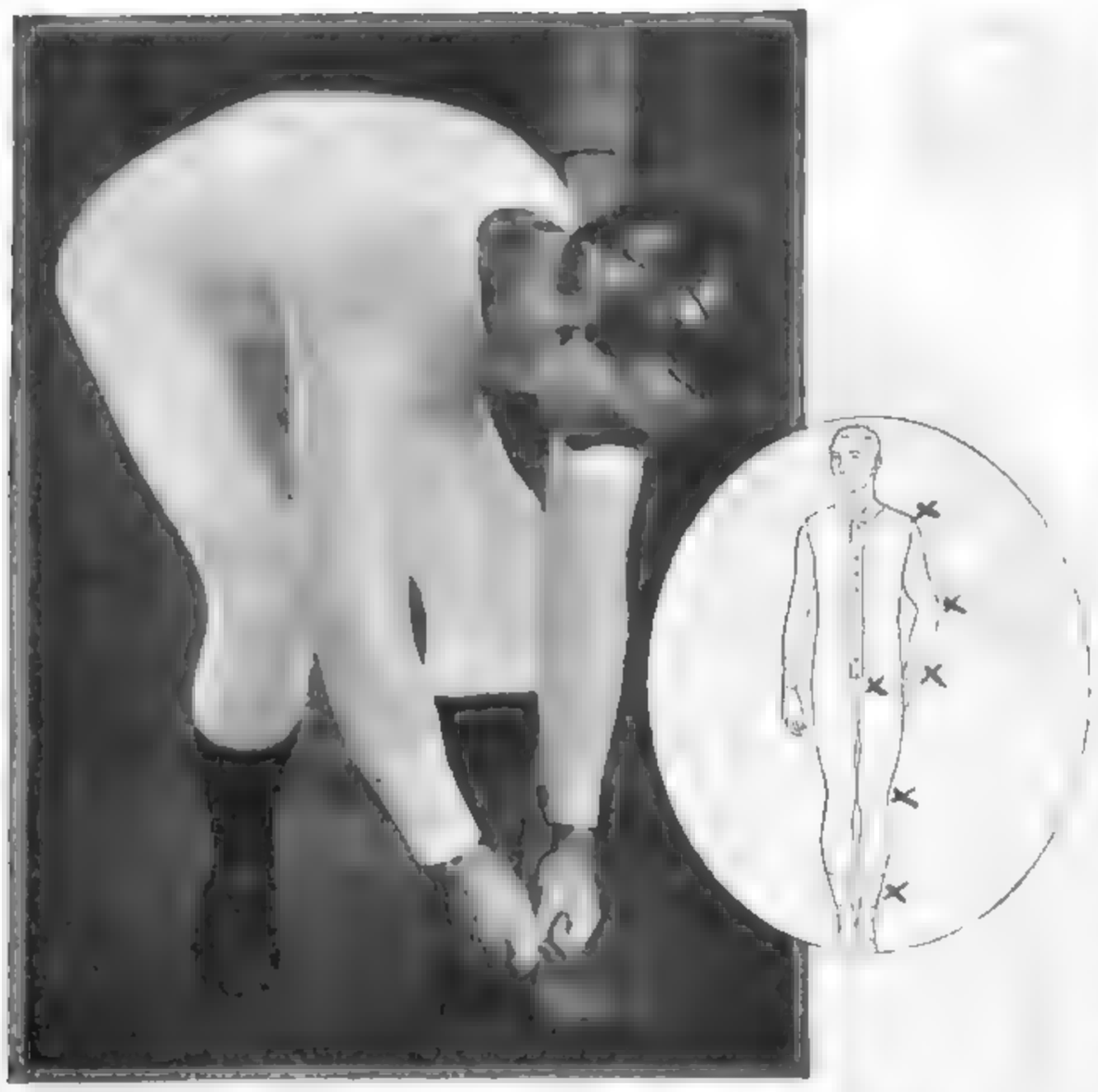
in

"EAST is WEST"

Directed by Sidney Franklin

Adapted by Frances Marion from the play by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer. Originally produced by William Harris, Jr.

A First National Attraction



The diagram shows the places in ordinary underwear where sagging, binding, lap-over, etc., result from its failure to retain its original shape

What are *your* underwear objections?

How the faults that most men find in underwear have been overcome in Carter's

Are you one of the many men who keep out the cold by bundling up in bulky, shapeless underwear? The kind that fits well enough the first time on, but which sags and stretches into a perpetual misfit after a few weeks of wear?

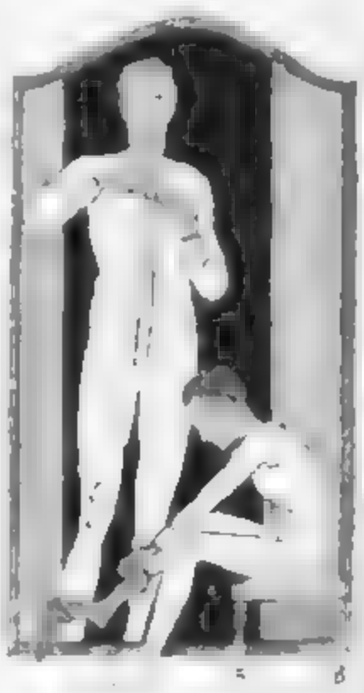
You need not do it. Carter's is knit to fit the figure for keeps! Take hold of it, stretch it hard, let go suddenly! Back it springs into its original shape, even after months of steady wear and washings. At shoulders, elbows, knees—Carter's refuses to stay stretched, no matter how much you strain it. It fits snugly, comfortably, and you don't have to overlap the ankles or take up slack at the waist with safety-pins.

In every suit of Carter's every detail is right. Seams lie flat—you don't know they exist. And the seam-ends are budded—they can't rip out. Buttons are double-stitched on to *stay*. Every yard of material in Carter's is knitted, then thoroughly washed before it is tailored to fit the form. No Carter suit ever squeezes up on you through shrinkage.

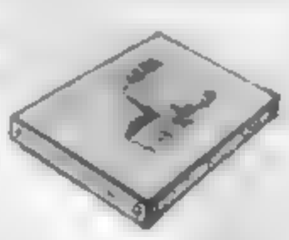
Carter's Knit Underwear is made in all weights and styles, to fit all weights and styles of men.

The leading stores in every city sell it.

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY
Home Office: Needham Heights (Boston District). Mills also at Framingham and Springfield, Mass.



Warm, soft material, in full length, with its special elastic knitting makes Carter's the ideal underwear for active boys, as well as men



Carter's KNIT Underwear

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

"I'm going home," said Corrie in a small, steely voice

"Are you crazy? Three o'clock in the morning."

"I'm going home."

"Aw, don't be such a little prude."

"Prude! You think ——" Corrie's overwrought nerves gave way. "Oh, I hate it! I hate it here!" she cried chokingly. "I wouldn't live like you do -I hate it! I'm going home "

Dood rose majestically.

"You poor silly little prude!" she said in a voice quivering with anger. "I do my best to make you pretty, an' give you a good time, and this is the thanks I get for it! Spoiling my party, acting like a perfect stick. And now making such a scene with Mr. Hotchkiss."

"I'm going home."

"All right! Go home! Carrying on so about an innocent flirtation. What do you think Tim Godwin is up to—and you making such a fuss over a silly little kiss!"

Corrie turned pale

"What do you mean, Dood?" she whispered

"I never would have said anything if you hadn't made me mad! But I don't know but what you should have your eyes opened. I don't know but what it's my duty."

"What do you mean? What do you mean?"

"There's none so blind as those who won't see!"

"Oh, tell me what you mean!"

"Why should I have to tell you? That Miss Vincent "

"No!"

"How you could have swallowed all their lies—going on right before your face too! I ——"

"It isn't so! Dood! Dood! It isn't so!"

"Oh, Corrie, I—don't look so miserable. I don't know anything I only guessed. Come here. I'm sorry. Oh, Corrie, poor child. Poor child!"

Dood had her arms around Corrie; sobbing, patting Corrie's shoulder, smothering her in a repentant embrace. But Corrie did not weep. She pulled away from Dood's arms. Her face was frozen, white.

"I'm going home," she said dully.

"Please don't go, kid; I'm sorry. Please don't go "

Corrie shook her head.

"Wait until morning and I'll go with you "

"No."

"You can't go now. It isn't safe."

"I'm going home."

"All right. If you're determined nothing can stop you. I know that. I'll get dressed "

"I'd rather go by myself."

"You're mad at me, Corrie."

"No. But I want to go by myself "

"You won't let J. D. take you?"

Corrie shivered and turned away.

'All right, Corrie. The only way I can show I'm sorry is to let you do what you want. My chauffeur's reliable. You can trust him. He'll drive you out."

"Thanks, Dood."

"I'll wake up Celeste. She'll pack your things."

"Thanks."

Dood put her arms around Corrie again.

"Try to cry a little bit," she whispered. "It helps."

CORRIE did not cry on the long homeward drive through the darkness. She had never doubted Tim's loyalty. It was unbelievable that she could doubt it now. Yet fear was gripping her heart with actual physical pain. She sat huddled up in a corner of the car, afraid to move or to think. She would not think! Thoughts came crowding. She buried her face in the cushion, closed her eyes. She would not think! She would count. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten ——" They had been married ten years.

"Oh, please let me have Tim," burst from her in a swift, unconscious prayer. "Let me have Tim—always!"

The sun was just coming up as Corrie got out at her door. Her ringing brought the maid

"Will you get me some coffee, please?" said Corrie, going into the breakfast room, ignoring the girl's surprise.

When the maid brought the coffee, fifteen minutes later, she found Corrie still sitting perfectly motionless, her elbows on the table and her face in her hands

"There was a telephone message for you last night, Mrs. Godwin," the maid said, pouring out the coffee

"What was it?" Corrie asked dully.

"It was Mr. Godwin, saying that he would have dinner in town and might not get out until quite late."

"Oh, was that all?"

"Yes, Mrs. Godwin. But I thought I should tell you now, since Mr. Godwin hasn't come in yet."

Corrie looked up at her.

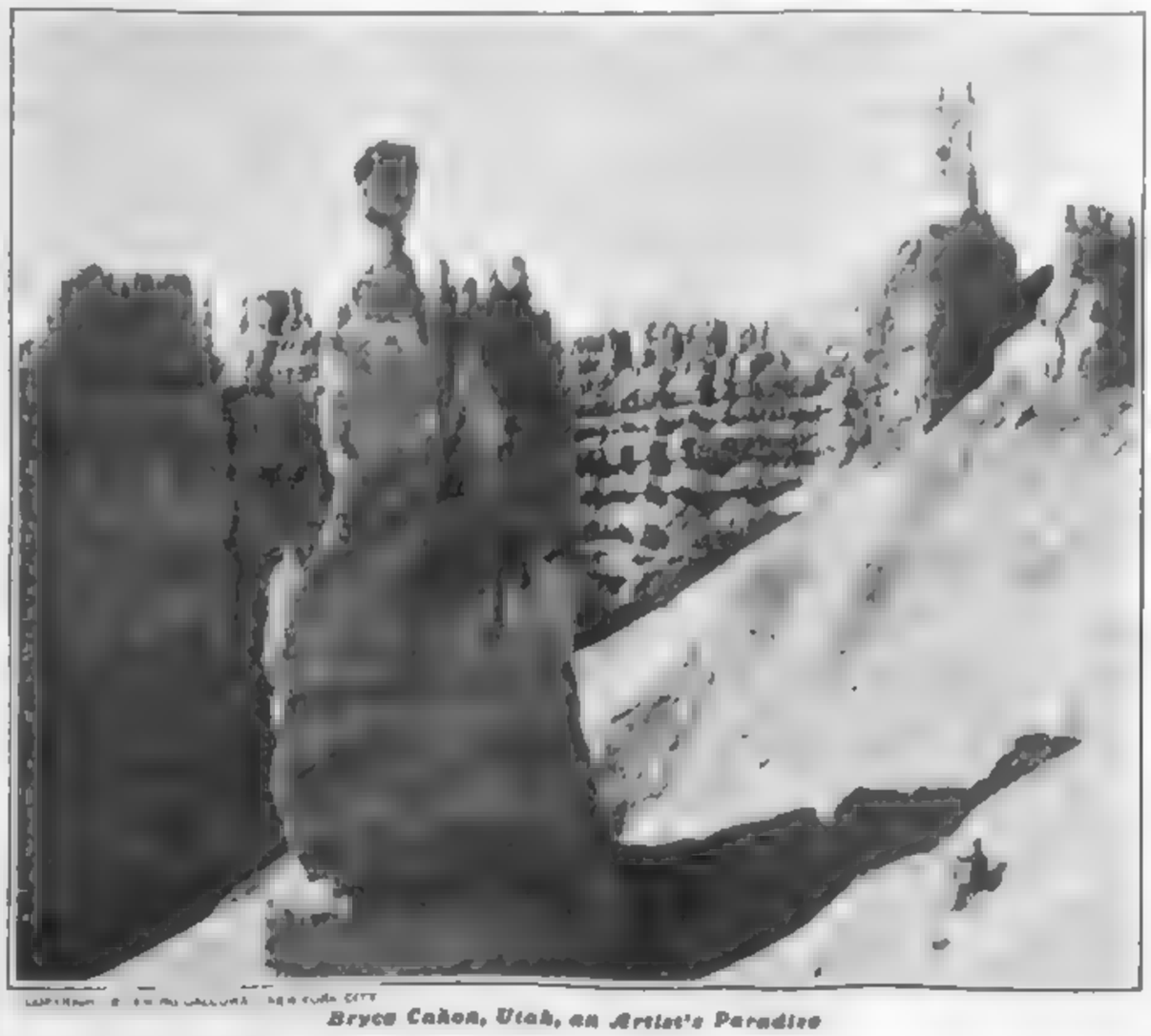
"Oh, I'm sure there's no occasion to worry, ma'am. He must have missed the last train. That's why I told you now, so you wouldn't worry, ma'am."

Corrie put down her cup and rose slowly

She walked toward the stairs without knowing what she did. As she mounted the stairs slowly, her feet felt heavy and she clung to the banister. She felt as if she had received a terrific blow in the breast that caused no pain but left her dizzy and weak. She had never been so calm. She, who had raged and screamed over trifles, was now quite calm; utterly quiet, cool and calm.

She went down the hall to Elena's door and knocked. There was no answer. She tried the knob. It yielded easily under her hand. The door swung open. The room was empty.

TO BE CONCLUDED



Bryce Canon, Utah, an Artist's Paradise

THE BOUNDARY INVISIBLE

THROUGH METROPOLITAN BOSTON winds an unseen line of demarcation. Through neighboring communities it stretches, a barrier intangible, yet unsurmountable. In Boston suburbs it separates adjoining homes as surely as though a wall were built between.

Keepers of this boundary are the shades of Boston's past. Old customs and traditions hold the line and keep unceasing watch upon the folks within. And so it is that Boston newspapers find their readers confined by limits beyond which they may not trespass.

IN the selection of media that shall carry his message to the people of Boston, it is imperative that the national advertiser consider the boundaries that define the circulations of Boston newspapers.

A natural process of evolution has divided Boston's population into two groups. The same process has caused a similar division in Boston newspapers, with the result that successful advertising in Boston depends upon a method of newspaper selection that has no counterpart in any other city.

The manufacturer who sends the story of his product to Boston aims for complete coverage of the Boston market. It is his intention to use those newspapers that will most economically and effectively reach every prospective customer in metropolitan Boston. And it is the proper selection of Boston newspapers that will largely determine the success of his campaign.

Without an understanding of Boston's divided population and the consequent division of her newspapers it would be but natural to be guided in the selection of media largely by volume of circulation. Forearmed with such an understanding, the advertiser knows that to cover completely the Boston market his message must be carried in the papers that reach both of Boston's groups of people.

He may reach one of these groups through one or more of several Boston papers. But only through the Herald-Traveler can he reach the other group—the most important and responsive section of the Boston market.

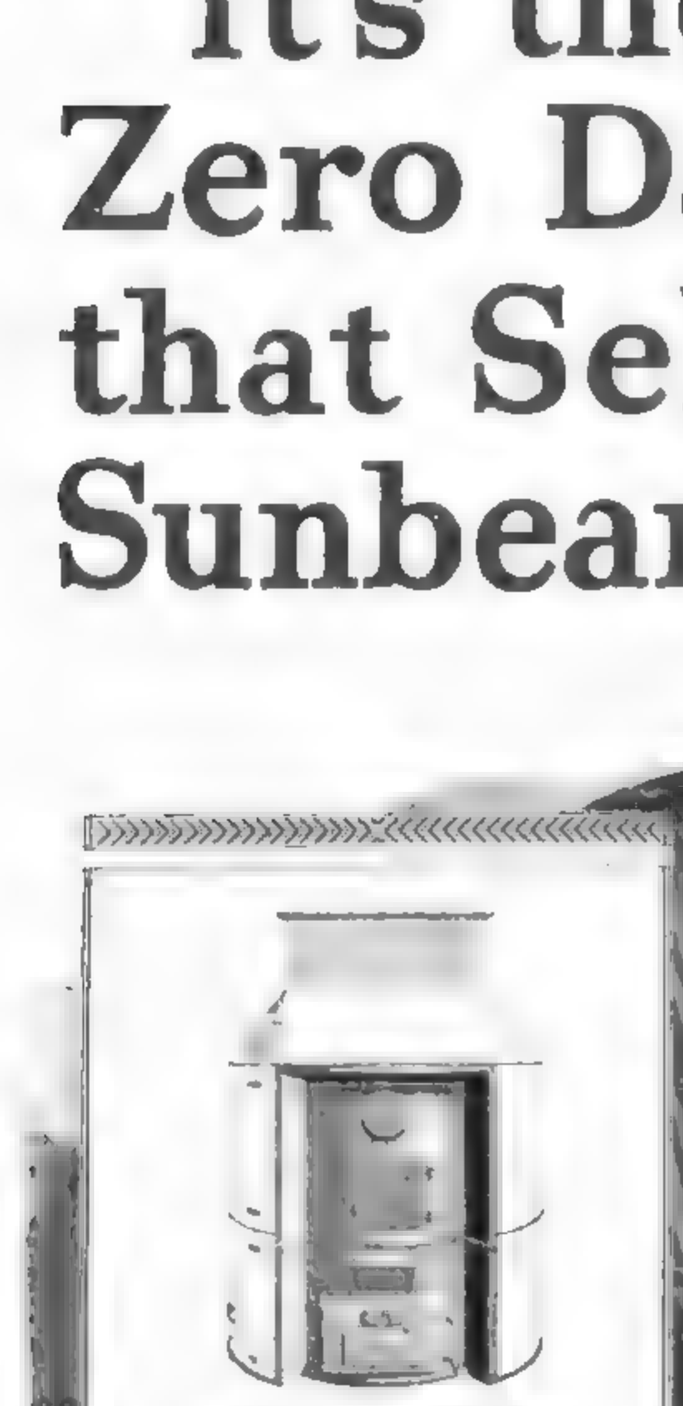
Any statement regarding newspaper circulation should be supported by facts and figures. The Herald-Traveler is prepared to submit this important information to every interested person. The booklet entitled "The Road to Boston," giving in detail the reasons for Boston's two group status together with facts concerning the proper merchandising of the Boston market, will be sent promptly upon receipt of a request upon business stationery.

But more significant to the manufacturer than any analysis of circulation—more significant than any compilation of figures—is this one fact:—from Monday to Saturday the Herald-Traveler carries to its readers a greater volume of national advertising than any other newspaper in Boston.

There have been many advertising campaigns in Boston whose success has been made certain through the help of the Herald-Traveler Sales Service Department. This department has no counterpart in any other newspaper. Through it the Herald-Traveler forms a partnership with every advertiser, and shares the responsibility for the success of his advertising in Boston. This department is described in detail in the booklet, "The Road to Boston."

THE BOSTON HERALD-TRAVELER

It's the Zero Day that Sells Sunbeams

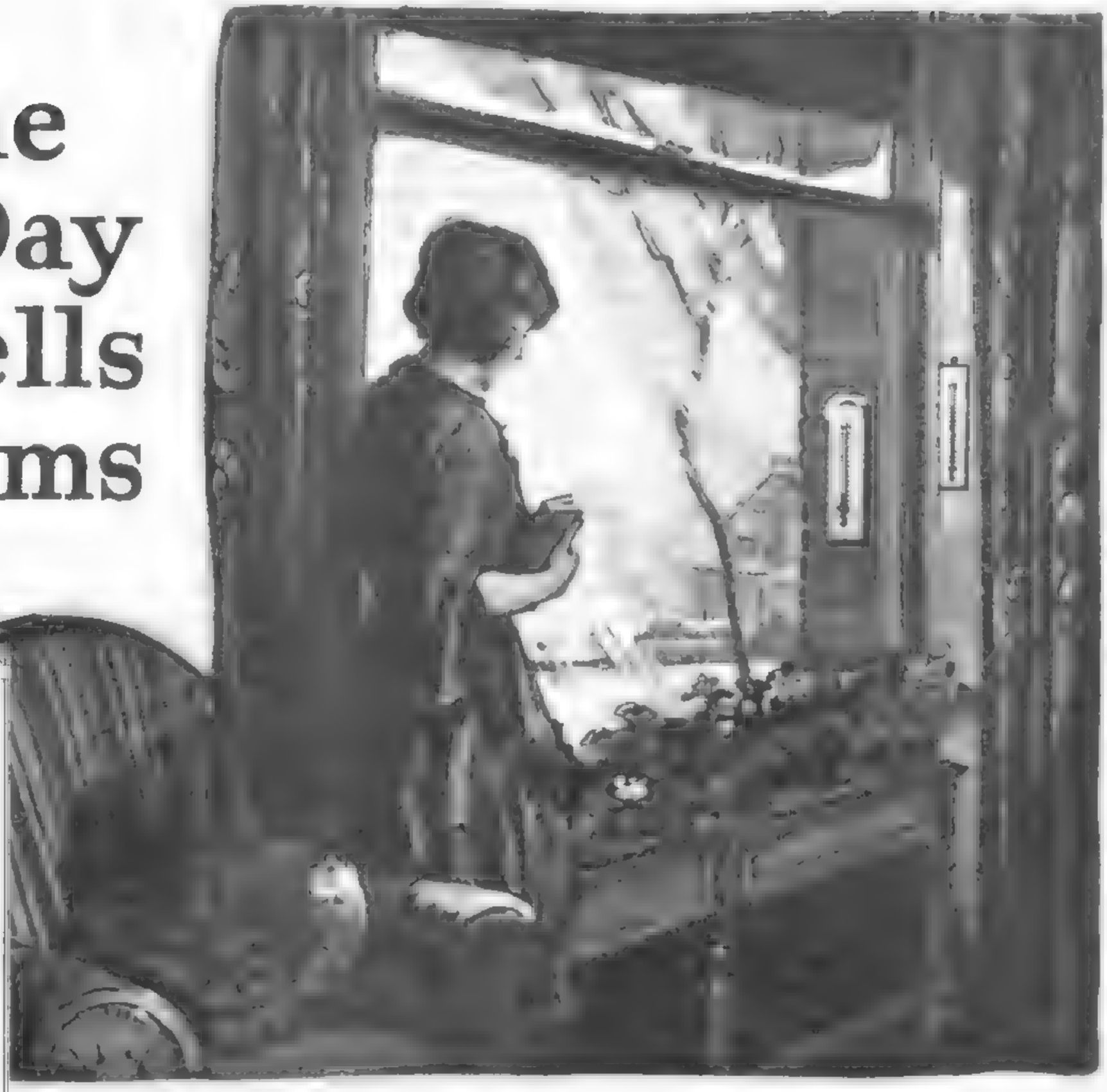


The Sunbeam Pipeless Furnace

The Sunbeam Pipe Furnace

Sunbeam Furnaces are built in two types—Sunbeam Pipeless or Single Register Furnaces and Sunbeam Pipe Furnaces, both based upon the warm fresh air system of heating that provides perfect, healthful ventilation

Sunbeam Furnaces are made in many sizes to fully meet the heating requirements of every type of house from the eighteen-room home to the four or five-room bungalow. Both the size and arrangement of your building will determine the kind and size of Sunbeam Furnace that will best meet your needs. Through long heating plant experience the Sunbeam Dealer can help you make the right choice and insure years of comfort and fuel saving



When the thermometer is below zero, when the cold winds are howling outside, when a warm, comfortable home is a luxury—then is when the dependable action of a Sunbeam Furnace is most appreciated. It's the zero day—the true test of a heating plant—that sells the "Sunbeam System."

Ordinary heating plants might perform when the days and nights are mild, but you buy a furnace for "extreme weather service." You expect it to respond instantly on a chilly morning, you want results in zero weather, you want a warm welcome when you come home from the theatre, you want dependable warmth. And you want just such good heating service coupled with low fuel costs *Your "Sunbeam" will give you all these results*

Past heating experience will surely impress you with the importance of selecting the *right heating plant* in your new home or for replacement. There is a Sunbeam Furnace—Pipe or Pipeless—to *exactly* meet your needs. Before you make a decision on this vital question of home heating, see the Sunbeam Dealer.

The "Sunbeam Book" will give you a practical picture of "Sunbeam" efficiency. It's free. We'll gladly mail a copy upon request. Use the coupon today

THE FOX FURNACE COMPANY, ELYRIA, OHIO

The Fox Furnace Company,
Elyria, Ohio

I am interested in heating and would be pleased to have a copy of your "Sunbeam Book."

Name —

Street Address —

City and State

S. E. P. 11-11

SUNBEAM

PIPE *and* PIPELESS FURNACES

THE SURVIVAL

(Continued from Page 7)

He beamed with pride. Uncle Hi assented reluctantly. Though he didn't like the Strusky boys, either of them—they were too fresh, too pushing; they returned from school in their city clothes and patronized old-timers like himself—he could not deny they were making progress. One had already been graduated from the Harvard Law School, the other was at Boston Tech, and he recalled scraps of talk about scholarships and other honors which he did not understand and so had dismissed from mind.

"Maybe I've been too easy on Hi," he admitted slowly. "But I always had to rustle so dammed hard myself, Ber——"

"Sure, I know. I get the feelings too, ain't I? Me, didn't I rastle? You will believe me, I did. But that is what made us, Mr. Garrett, me and you. And so I says to Rose, 'The boys must work,' and they have turned out good boys. But when a boy is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, it is finished for him nine times out of ten, Mr. Garrett."

As he drove back to the Lazy L headquarters that afternoon Uncle Hi was profoundly dejected. For the first time in his life he felt old, almost helpless. It was growing harder for him every day to cope with the new order. Life had become so complex—no longer the simple problem he had fearlessly faced in his youth, when a man protected his interests with the strong hand, worked hard, drank hard, made big money or went broke with a noble crash. A man could not do business that way nowadays; he must pinch every dollar. He must scrimp and save, and make his family scrimp and save too, or else——

"If he don't they'll run him out of business!" he cried, so savagely that the horses lunged. "They've bust most of the old-timers already."

By "they" he meant Ben Strusky, and Barney Hadjianestis, the Greek who owned the Kandy Kitchen, and Joe Patate, the dago who had started with a half-portion fruit store and now conducted a wholesale and retail grocery that supplied the country round about for thirty miles. There were others on a lesser scale, and more coming in all the time. The best farmers in the county were Austrians, Germans and Swiss, and a couple of Rooshians had even gone into the cattle business.

A disastrous irrigation project which Hi Junior persuaded his father to undertake left more of his acreage plastered with mortgages. Then the war broke out.

It looked like the chance of a lifetime to the cowman. He sold several hundred horses at high prices, but cattle did not soar so quickly as he had expected and drought took toll of his herds. However, conditions improved during the next two years and Uncle Hi was beginning dimly to see daylight ahead when the United States joined the Allies.

At first that meant little to Doghole and vicinity. They were so far away the clangors of war reached them only in faint echoes, but presently the draft law and other preparations set the place to buzzing like a hive. Hi Junior went off to an officers' training camp; so did Strusky's two eldest sons. One of them being an expert engineer, he was selected for work in an ordnance factory; the other, the junior member of a law firm in Kansas City, went into the judge-advocate-general's department, after Ben had paid a visit to Washington. As Hi Junior didn't know a thing in the world but how to roll dice, and ride and shoot, and die if necessary, he received a commission in the infantry and was among the first to go overseas.

Strusky was a busy man those days. As buyer of hay and harness and mules and other war supplies for one of the Allied governments, he was reported to have cleaned up several hundred thousand dollars. Now he obtained contracts of various kinds from Washington. His activities had long since outgrown Doghole. True, he accepted the chairmanship of the board of the First State Bank there, but he was too occupied with larger affairs to give much attention to it and maintained his connection as a matter of sentiment. Besides, the bank occupied the lower floor of the new three-story brick building he had erected at the Main Street corner of the square.

In 1918 came a tremendous boom and Uncle Hi was able to scramble almost out of debt. Farmlands, too, shot upward to absurd values and he determined to sell out half the ranch, but being slow in coming to a decision, another dry spell hit the Lazy L about the time he was ready to put it on the market, and land couldn't have been given away in those counties.

One evening, on his return from a trip to town, he did not come in when the supper bell rang. Growing impatient, Mrs. Garrett went out to the porch to summon him.

"Dad! Oh, dad! Didn't you hear the bell? Supper's gettin' cold."

He did not answer. Then she noticed how he was huddled down in his rocking-chair.

"What is it?" she demanded, going to him with long strides. Uncle Hi lifted a haggard face and opened his mouth, but the words would not come. His lips trembled pitiably, and he turned away from her.

"What is it?" she cried fiercely, shaking him by the shoulder. "Tell me, do you hear? What's happened? Is it—Hi?" Maternal love imparted a sort of animal ferocity to her. She shook her husband as though she would drag the truth out of him, and her voice rose, harsh and flat. "Don't sit there like a fool! Tell me!"

Slowly he extended a crumpled telegram which he had been holding in his hand.

"Hi—they got him," he mumbled.

She stared at him a moment, then at the telegram, her eyes wide—and suddenly sank down beside his chair.

"Mamma," said Uncle Hi brokenly, placing his big freckled hand on her hair.

She rested her forehead against his knee; he could see her quivering, but she did not cry. It was late that night before tears came to her relief.

The loss of his boy seemed to take the heart out of Uncle Hi for a while. Then he plunged into his business with redoubled ardor, as though he would bury his grief under an avalanche of work. Prices were sky-high; one could buy cattle at almost any figure and be sure of turning them over at a fine profit within the week. Hitherto Garrett had been content to raise and sell them; now he began to speculate. The feverish activity of old age when it first realizes how short a time remains took hold of him.

He bought and sold, bought and sold. Several speculations on a comparatively modest scale yielded easy returns. He decided to go into it big and make a killing.

However, the banks unexpectedly gave him the fishy eye. They listened politely but coldly—the warm enthusiasm with which they had backed his earlier ventures was entirely lacking. Uncle Hi himself fairly burned with eagerness and confidence, but could stimulate no responsive glow. Plainly something had alarmed them; perhaps they had seen storm signals in the sky which he could not discern. Finally he gave up wasting time on men who talked to a fellow with finger tips together in front of them.

"No, I won't, Mr. Garrett," announced Ben Strusky when Uncle Hi laid his needs before him. "That's goin' awful strong, y'understand, and I think the market's far too high."

"But I got to do something with my range, ain't I?" protested the cowman. "It's way understocked. I could run ten thousand head more right now, Ben. Y'see, I sold out near everything I had in that last rise."

"Better to have idle grass than go broke," said Ben sententiously.

"Ain't I cleaned up in every trade I've made lately? I tell you the market's bound to go up, Ben. It can't go down with Europe needin' beef to feed her starvin' people."

"Huh," grunted Strusky. "Can't it? Maybe I ain't seen it do monkey shines before, Mr. Garrett, hey? What people need in the way of beef, Mr. Garrett, and what you get for your cattle is two different things entirely. And prices of everything is too high. It can't last."

However, he yielded in the end to Uncle Hi's greater experience and agreed to finance his killing. In this venture he undertook slight risk, however, for the money he put up was secured by a deed of trust to most of the Lazy L ranch—Ben explained that he could not take a mortgage on the cattle under the existing uncertain conditions, and as the banks had told Garrett the same thing, he raised no objection. Uncle Hi bought ten thousand to stock his range and thirty thousand as a speculation, to be held where they were.

Within sixty days he was bankrupt. Hardly had he received the cattle when the soaring prices stopped, wavered a while, began to recede. Then everything hit the toboggan and cattle tumbled farther than most. He soon stood to lose ten dollars a head and the bottom did not appear to have been reached yet. But refusing to believe that the market would not quickly recover, he hung on desperately, despite Strusky's urgent advice to let go. Ben argued that worse and more of it was to come, and what money he had above his loans to Garrett he was putting into U. S. Government 3½ per cents, tax exempt, buying all he could at every relapse.

A day came when shortage of grass, a feed bill he could not pay, and a host of other claims made selling obligatory. From all over the country distress cattle were being shipped to market, due to the banks taking alarm and calling loans. And of course each day's shipments further depressed prices. Uncle Hi closed out his speculation with a net loss of thirty-eight dollars a head on forty thousand cattle, and after that transaction was wound up he still owed one million two hundred thousand dollars. When a man has to pay 10 per cent interest, misfortune soon eats him up.

"Well, we're wiped out," he told his wife, trying to say it in a bluff, resolute tone as though it could only be temporary and he would speedily get on his feet again.

In the dull, patient voice of a woman who has had similar experiences before, she inquired, "How much?" The figures staggered her.

"But that means we'll lose the ranch, Hi!" she cried. "Does that mean we'll lose the ranch?"

"I reckon so. It belongs to Ben Strusky now—if he wants it."

She collapsed weakly into a chair; her figure drooped. Poverty did not frighten her and hard work was still her daily portion—having toiled from dawn to sunset most of her life, Mrs. Garrett could never bear to be idle, even with plenty of money at her command—but she broke down at the thought of leaving the ranch. They had lived there so many, many years; it had cost them so much, so great sacrifices; it was inseparably bound up with the only tender memories she had—of Hi Junior as a baby and toddling boy, and Maybelle from the cradle to womanhood.

Seeing her thus—suddenly crumpled and broken in spirit, an old, old woman—blind rage boiled up in the cowman.

"It ain't right!" he cried, thumping the arm of his chair. "It ain't right, Annie. Here I've worked and sweated for fifty years to build up this ranch, and along comes a li'l' hungry buzzard who don't know the difference between a steer and a cow and gets it away from me. Yes, he does—he pinches and scrapes, and watches and waits, and gets the best of a bargain every time. The more bad luck other people have, the more he makes. Ain't it so? Look what them drouths brung him—all those farms. And now it's my turn. I see it all now. And if it wasn't for you I'd go get me my gun and settle with Ben right now."

His wife roused and, sitting up very straight, said severely, "Don't talk so foolish, Hi. Ben Strusky's been mighty good to you. You know he has. He's lent you money often when he didn't want to. You told me yourself he advised you not to borrow it this last time."

"Huh!" was all Uncle Hi could think of in the way of defense.

"And what if he has made a lot of money? It's just because he was cleverer'n the rest of 'em, I bet. Ben ain't stingy—leastways not any more, since he got rich. Look at the way they live, and the things he buys for Miz Strusky and the children! That woman's clothes cost a fortune. And he's given more to the hospital than anybody else, by far. Ben pretty near built it, I reckon. And who puts up most whenever Doghole needs a fund for somethin' or other?"

"Well, what of it? I admit it. But that ain't the point," cried the cowman passionately. "Ben's all right in his way—he's a pretty good feller. But what I got

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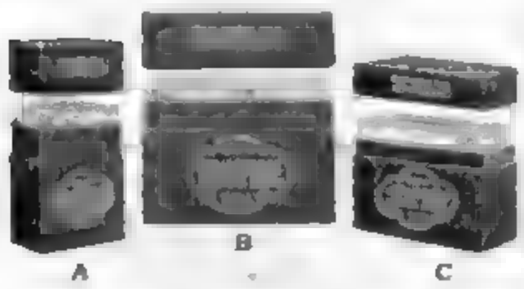

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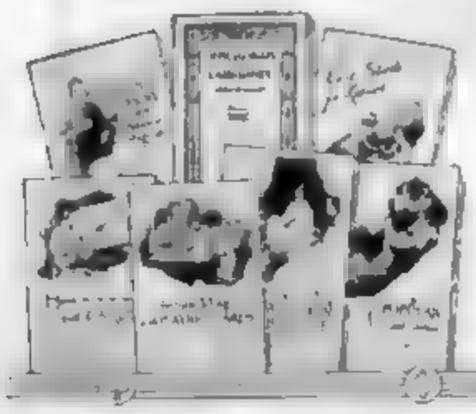

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against him is this: You didn't see Ben Strusky round here when there was no pickin's except what you got by fightin' or sweatin' out on the bald prairie, did you? No, ma'am! Me, I come here and fit the Injuns and rustled for a livin' when about all a man got out of it was sweat. You know what it was to win this country; you know it as well as me, or better. We take our lives in our hands and make the country—make it with the very blood and bones of our bodies—and then along comes Ben Strusky and gets it away from us trades us out of it, that's all, trades us out of it! That's what I got against him. He don't do the pioneer work, but gets the profits from those who do. It ain't right, I tell you—it ain't right."

During this tirade Mrs. Garrett listened patiently, yet with an air as though she were looking past and far beyond her husband, and when he paused she was silent awhile. Then, "That's true, too, Hi," she agreed in her patient voice. "It's hard. But it's history—evolution, or whatever you call it. You know what I mean."

"The hell I do!" broke out Uncle Hi indignantly. "How is it history, or evolution, or what-d'you-call-it?"

"Well," she replied, looking him fearlessly in the eye, "you took it away from others, you know. First you run the Indians off ——"

"And why not? I had to, or they'd of run me. And d'you mean to say we'd ought to've left this land to a lot of lazy scoundrels who never did anything with it?"

"Perhaps Ben Strusky figures the same way—figures he can do a lot more with it than we've done, Hi."

"Go on," said her husband, choking with rage.

"And how many nesters have you run off in the last forty years, Hi? You or your gunmen?"

"That's different. That's fightin' man to man, and none of this pinchin' and savin', and squeezin' a man when he's down ——"

"If it was me," said Mrs. Garrett placidly, "I'd ruther lose my land in a trade than have somebody steal it at the point of a gun. At least you got some chance then—you can pinch and save too."

Uncle Hi could only gape at her in amazement too great for words. Never in all the years of their married life had his wife spoken like this. Generally she had accepted his decisions docilely and with patience, even when rebelling at heart against them. About the worst he had ever suffered from her was lugubrious silence and occasionally a sort of mulish obstinacy—yet now she was telling him the right and wrong of things and taking sides against him!

"Anything else?" he inquired thickly, when he could command his tongue.

"No-o-o, I reckon not," she answered thoughtfully, "not just now, anyhow. That's all I wanted to say. It's the survival of the fittest, maybe, this business."

"Fittest?" exploded the cowman in an angry bellow. "Are you tryin' to tell your own husband Ben Strusky is a better man than what I am?"

"No-o-o, of course not, Hi. You was the fittest for those early days: Ben seems to be the fittest for these days. Leastways, that's the way it looks to me."

Purple in the face, Uncle Hi cried, "If he's a better man than I am, let him win, then."

"Well, he's winning."

No more was said until after supper. Then Mrs. Garrett broached the subject which lay nearest her heart.

"When do we have to give up the ranch, Hi?"

"We don't have to give it up a-tall if we don't want to."

She looked at him with sudden eager intentness, and her voice grew tremulous. "What you mean, Hi? What you mean? Why don't we have to give up the ranch?"

"Well, Ben says I can stay on here and run it for him if I like. He don't know any more about cattle than a baby, Ben don't, and he says he'd sooner have me run it than anybody else."

"How much?" she asked next, in a dry whisper.

"Six thousand a year until things get goin' right, and then ten thousand."

"And he'll give you a contract? He'll put it in writing?"

"Hard and fast contract in black and white—for as long as I live, Ben says."

It was too much for Mrs. Garrett. She put her head on her arms on the table and sobbed like a child.

"Why, that's better'n if we still owned it!" she babbled happily, wiping her eyes.

"Ma'am?"

"Don't you see, Hi? You'll always be sure of the money now. I'll know exactly where we stand and how much to spend. And there'll be no worry or fretting about notes to pay, or feed bills—why didn't you tell me all this in the first place, Hi?"

"Yes, but you don't understand, Annie. We won't own a foot of land any more, and I'll be workin' for somebody else."

"It's sure, though, Hi. It's sure."

And nothing he could say seemed to dim her satisfaction. Mrs. Garrett really appeared to be freer in mind and more contented than she had been in years.

"Well, anyhow"—Uncle Hi could not help chuckling—"anyhow, some of these lazy hounds who've lived off'n me for years'll have to go to work now. Ben says he aims to cut down expenses and give some of the boys their time. I been too easy with 'em, I reckon."

"No-o-o just careless."

This amendment extracted a grunt from Uncle Hi, but he did not argue the point.

"There's another thing," he said slowly, "and it was right kind of Ben to think about it, too—mighty kind. He reckons maybe you and me would like to take a trip to France, Annie, to see—Hi's grave Well, Ben'll give me time off and expenses. There ain't anything doing round the ranch just now."

Six weeks later the old couple returned to Paris from a tour of the battlefields. They were worn out, lonely and depressed. Mrs. Garrett took to her bed; the visit to her son's grave had upset her and all she wanted was to rest and think.

For a couple of days the cowman divided his time between his wife's bedside and mooning about the streets and the lobby of their hotel. Never a familiar face—not even a glance of interest cast his way. A couple of English tourists were stopping at his hotel and their presence in the dining room and lounge had the effect of making everybody talk in whispers. He grew horribly lonesome, longed for speech and contact with his own people, to hear again an unrestrained natural laugh, and exuberant spirits bubbling up in gay conversation

Well, why not? Of course! He was a fool not to have thought of it before! He bought a copy of the European edition of a Chicago newspaper and eagerly searched the lists of visitors to Paris to see if perchance somebody of his acquaintance might be there. There was a column and a half of names:

"Among recent American arrivals in Europe are Mr. S. Bogoljubov, Mr. and Mrs. I. Marogzy, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Doutelbaum, the Misses Florentine, Rosa and Yvonne Doutelbaum, and Masters Benjamin and Sidney Doutelbaum, all of New York; A. Kandachieff and Mr. Sol Laschober, of Chicago; Mrs. Giuseppe Spanti Gattuso and her three daughters, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. L. Stamoniskoff, of Butte, Montana; Mrs. Charles Estensoro and Miss Mayme Estensoro, of San Francisco; Mr. Joseph Gianotti, of Worcester, Massachusetts; Mr. and Mrs. Max Oettinger, Master Max Oettinger and governess, of Buffalo; Mr. Eli Wertheim, of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. A. Visanska, Mr. and Miss V. Casmeze, Mr. Dmitri Petrosky, Mr. and Mrs. Astorbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Solinsky, and Masters Lincoln and Roosevelt Solinsky, all of New York.

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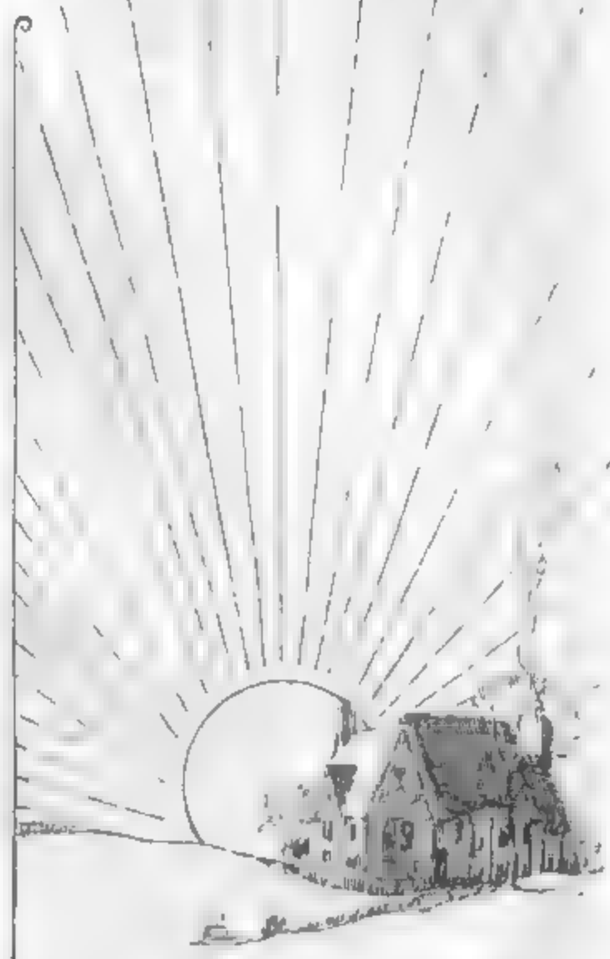

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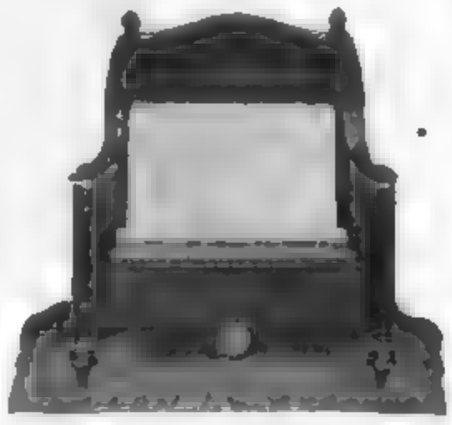

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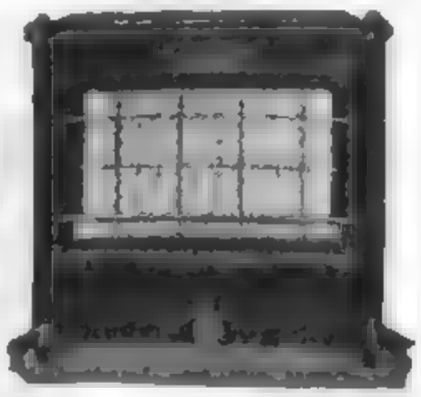

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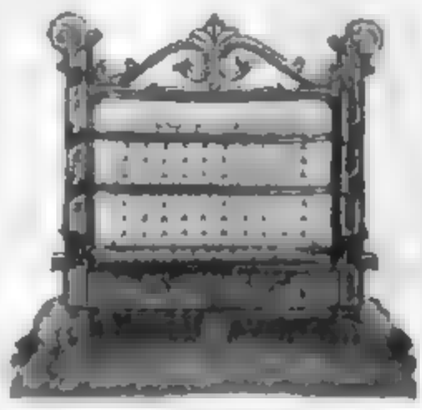

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THE ANTIFLAPPER

Continued from Page 15

"All right, then," she conceded, completely bored. "Let's go to the Pink Peacock and dance ourselves purple."

"Amy's an antiflapper," Mrs. Phœbe remarked gayly, as she picked up her cigarette case and the rest of her metallic equipment, preparing to start. "She's a victim of the higher education, and it's time she began to see some life."

Whereupon the six of them squeezed into somebody's four-seated car, with arms, legs, knees, elbows in intimate contacts, and Mrs. Phœbe perched on Wally's lap; and the party slanted southward toward the Pink Peacock, where the Saturday-night fighting and kissing had just begun.

It was five o'clock in the morning when Mrs. Phœbe and her child came home. They had visited two cabarets, and one midnight-to-dawn dance hall. When Amy Hobson drew her curtains upon that night of feverish, pseudoerotic banality, a crystalline dawn was rising over the tranquil lake, bringing in the clean restful traditions of Sunday, and her mother was rattling about in the bathroom, mixing with uncertain fingers a cooling draught.

A sudden ache of homesickness for her dormitory room at college came over the girl as she drooped into bed, and her sleep was restless with a phantasmagoria of cabaret impressions—of male hands that pawed at her; leering allusions; the strident laughter that followed stories of cryptic double meanings; the stark pale faces of dance-delirious girls, the glazed eyes of sweating young men, weaving endlessly about in coupled rhythms over the huddled floors; and the throbbing, crooning, aphrodisiac music that troubled the nerves like an audible poison.

Amy rose at twelve, had a swim before breakfast, and found a girl of her own kind in the lobby who was ready for a game of tennis. Mrs. Phœbe got up at four o'clock, with no appetite, complaining that the gin of the night before had been too young.

And thus Amy's introduction to life, according to her mother's terms for it, began. It progressed and expanded through the full ritual of Phœbeism—cabarets, nocturnal gardens, Saturday-night routs in hotel ballrooms, bohemian cafés that affected an artistic atmosphere, road houses in the outer belt of motor routes with chop-suey restaurants, spaghetti kitchens, cheaters' clubs of all kinds, little gatherings in the Merivale suite for cocktails at six o'clock, other little gatherings in other hotel rooms for nightcap drinks at any hour from one to four A.M.; first-row seats at summer musical comedies, games of auction now and then for intellectual diversion; babble about bootleggers and recipes for synthetic gin, chatter about newspaper scandals in high life or Hollywood, craps and toddle-top when there was nothing to gossip about.

A gay life, to be sure, if you didn't weaken, according to one of the jaunty sayings of Mrs. Phœbe's crowd, and that lady never showed any signs of faltering in her pace. A futile and a vulgar life, Amy found it, except for its occasional athletic diversions; a life of parasites greedy for cheap little diversions, of unimaginative and uneducated people who seemed to have no permanent ties or spiritual backgrounds; of noisy bores who, striving for amusement, achieved only the incessant, disorganized activity of a swarm of sand flies around a street lamp.

Occasionally her mother or the ever-present Wally would point out to her in the pageant of the cafés people of achievement and distinction—actresses of note, writers whose books or articles they had read and admired, merchants of magnitude, lawyers who had tried famous cases, high financiers. And she would puzzle over them.

"It can't be as stupid and as dreary as I think," she told herself, "if such worthwhile people enjoy it."

But she knew that she was wrong; that these people had professions to devote themselves to, careers to advance and direct, ambitions to strive for, the next day and every day thereafter; that absorbing interests, passions of the mind were theirs; that they had their roots in the realities of life, and that for them these nocturnal adventures were merely an incident.

"They can make something out of it, perhaps," Amy concluded in her meditations, "for they have something to bring to it. They are looking on at a show in which we are the professionals, and no doubt they are smiling in their sleeves at our crude technic. What a feeble lot of wasters this crowd of mother's is!"

It was natural, no doubt, that in adapting herself to Mrs. Phœbe's crowd Amy should drift into a more or less comradely affiliation with its youngest man. She had too much individuality to permit herself to be dragged through these expeditions toward amusement merely as her mother's daughter. The power of her charm, the instinct of her young womanhood, compelled her to have an attentive beau; and she chose Freddy Orcutt, out of the miscellaneous assortment of men who liked her dancing, as a symbol of her feminine authority.

He approximated her own generation, being much under thirty, and although he was striving earnestly to be a hard cold man of the cabaret world, after Wally Streeter's style, he had not yet reached the age of cynicism. Freddy was ingenuous and volatile, a mighty talker with little to say, a steady grinner even when there was nothing to smile about; and in spite of the fact that he seemed to derive all his ideas from Wally and the elder sportsmen, he contrived to be, in Amy's eyes, the only one of them that wasn't tedious. There was something faunlike about Freddy—a high, boyish animation; a quick enthusiasm for every pretty face he saw; a zest for pleasure that was too pagan to be vulgar; and these are infectious qualities even for an antiflapper. Amy enjoyed Freddy's companionship as she would have enjoyed the friendly gambolings of a playful collie, and she found him almost equally useful to fetch and carry for her. As for the young man himself, he was comprehensive in his devotions to the other sex; he cultivated soubrettes and chorus girls assiduously, and was given to boastful talk about his conquests, but when Amy was at hand he seemed to be all hers.

Mrs. Phœbe noted this growing cordiality between them, and beamed upon it. Freddy, so she informed Amy in a gleeful manner, had oodles of money and a social-register pedigree.

But Freddy was not the only man with whom Amy formed a friendly alliance. She was often to be found on the hotel verandas in the early evening enjoying the calm marine view which the Boulevard Shore had as a background, with Dr. Felix Bard as her companion.

He was a part of Boulevard Shore life, but far removed from Mrs. Phœbe's phase of it. He was, in fact, the house physician, and he passed among the pleasure seekers and the money spenders with an air of tolerant detachment, like a father confessor who knew all their sins and was not inclined to exact harsh penances. Doctor Bard was gentle and reserved; he never put aside the austerity of his professional manner. From behind his pale scholar's mask and his firmly scientific eyeglasses, however, there was a strong, steady upwelling of that attractiveness which for want of a more vivid and spiritual phrase is called personal magnetism.

He was the most popular man in the hotel, yet he kept himself apart from every group, suavely avoiding every hospitable assault upon his serene loneliness. The dowagers of the lobby hovered over him fondly with their eyes whenever he appeared on view, and yearned to rush to him with the story of their symptoms and to make him the confidant of their favorite worries. They had invented a romantic story to account for his unwedded state. He had been stricken in youth, they maintained, by some terrific love disaster, and hurled into a tragic gulf of celibacy from which he was unable to emerge. But in spite of this sentimental myth Doctor Bard was merely a middle-aged bachelor; a patient observer in the laboratory of life; a scientist with an inspired touch at the strings called nerves, which moved the human marionettes who were his patients. When these strings became twisted he untangled them swiftly, with an insight that was almost as much a priest's as it was a doctor's. In that caravansary of idle neurotic women he often served as a form of benign destiny.

Amy had met Doctor Bard when he had been summoned to the Merivale suite to soothe Mrs. Phœbe after a party that had been too good for comfort the day after.

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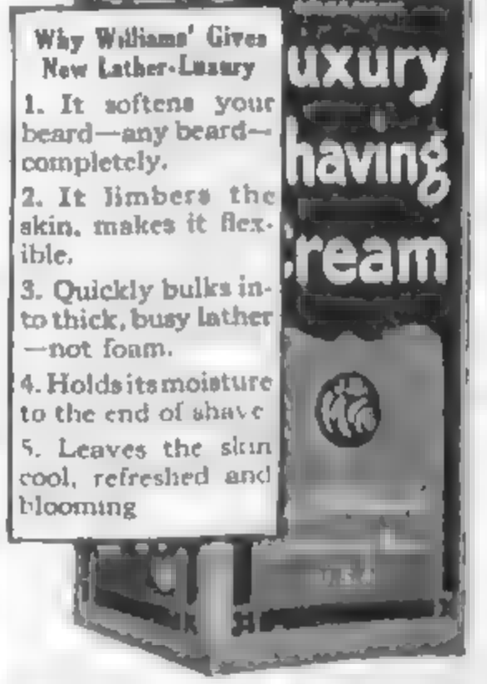
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He had glanced at her reading table, found there some Anatole France in the original yellowbacks, and the bit of casual book talk into which he dropped was like the sign of brotherhood passing between members of a secret society. For the first time since her return from college Amy found someone who could speak her own language.

One night when the summer was far gone Doctor Bard came across Amy, meditating alone in a tête-à-tête swing on the esplanade, and dropped down beside her with a mild avuncular air. She welcomed him gladly, but had no small change of conversation to offer.

He enjoyed his cigar silently for a while, and then remarked, apropos of nothing, "Tired?"

"No, I'm not tired," she protested.

"Not physically tired, of course. I meant tired of it—of this"—he waved his cigar toward the hotel—"of us."

"Of them, you mean," Amy corrected bluntly.

He beamed upon her through his spectacles and waited. After a sullen pause she began to talk, rather intensely.

"Of course you would know. I don't need to make any daughterly pretenses to you. I'm glad you asked. Yes, I am tired of it and them. Beastly, beastly tired."

"But you will be going back to college in a few weeks, I think?"

"Yes, and it will be like going home. I yearn for it. I'm sick for it. The other girls will be coming from their homes with stories about their families, their neighbors, their baby brothers, and their dear deserted chow dogs; but I'll be sorry for them. It will be their turn to be a little homesick then, maybe, but I'll just take that whole collection of Gothic architecture and every tree on the campus to my heart and whimper for joy."

"Not even wondering if Freddy Orcutt will write?" he asked quizzically.

"Not even. You know better than that. Freddy is like a too eager partner at a prom. Flattering but monotonous."

"But with this adventure of happiness before you, this vision of alma mater in your imagination, you should not be unhappy," he suggested.

"I have only one more year in college," Amy answered slowly. "And after that, what? Oh, yes, I know you are thinking that's looking too far ahead — "

"Not at all—if you don't let the glance into the abyss frighten you," he interjected.

"But I'm worried about it, just the same. Principally because, in addition to everything else, I may be afflicted with another stepfather."

Doctor Bard did not need to ask what she meant. He merely advanced an opinion that Wally Streeter was not a marrying man.

"No, he doesn't seem to have made a habit of it," Amy admitted. "No doubt"—a touch of the cabaret tone colored her precise voice—"no doubt he hasn't needed to marry his women. But mother—I say it with horror-struck admiration—is a marrying thing. Every once in a while she simply has to get married. The divorce urge comes on later, with equal strength. Do you know that I've had three stepfathers already?"

The doctor had not been aware of this abundance of Amy's blessings, and was impressed.

"I can't remember my real father, for a very good reason. I was posthumous. He was elderly, and mother was a mere child when they were married, and he died about a year afterward, leaving me to arrive as a post-mortem souvenir. Mr. Hobson—it may sound queer, but I always call him that to distinguish him from my pseudo fathers, many of whom I knew quite well—Mr. Hobson was the only one of mother's husbands who ever made her a legitimate widow. He seems to have been a sound, reliable citizen who did things in a regular manner. The others were younger versions of Wally Streeter. There was Mr. Norrison, when I was six; and Mr. Starrett, when I was eleven; and Mr. Merivale when I was sixteen. When I saw that Merivale person I thought that mother had married the barber who bobbed her hair. It's true that they didn't last long, and I didn't see much of them even when they were extant. I was nearly always off somewhere at school. But they made my holidays hideous for me with their pretenses at affection when they were in a good humor, and with their glum disregard for my existence when they were on their bad behavior. Mother doesn't know how to pick out a man with domestic tact enough to win the heart of a stepdaughter."

Doctor Bard was a little overwhelmed by this revelation. The mystery he had divined in the relationship between Mrs. Phœbe and her daughter was clarifying itself for him, and the situation was too complex for casual advice or consolation.

"I tell you," Amy burst out almost fiercely, "mother can marry any man she wants to. She's perfectly wonderful that way, and I've got to hand it to her. She's inevitable. I see Wally Streeter's fate stalking upon him. I like him well enough, although he's an awful rounder. But I will not, I positively will not stand for another stepfather!"

The doctor wondered what she could do to help herself if Mrs. Phœbe should take a fancy to extend her experience in husbands, but he did not express his doubt. He persuasively changed the subject, with a touch of his professional air that intimated that Amy was letting herself get out of control.

"They're doing Lohengrin at Ravinia tomorrow night," he observed. "We've been almost starved of Wagner since the war, and I'm hungry for a taste of the good old-fashioned Teutonic music drama. Drop your crowd after dinner and I'll drive you up. You need an antidote to ragtime."

"I'd love it!" was Amy's emphatic answer.

Amy's method of achieving her respite from jazz the next night was unceremonious. She merely announced, "I'm going to Ravinia with Doctor Bard," and walked out to keep her tryst before Mrs. Phœbe could think of any objections or—what was more to be dreaded—attempt to wish herself and her faithful Wally into the party.

She reveled in the mystical adventures of the Knight of the Swan, had a soul bath in the shimmering Grail music, and returned in a mood of mild, comforting exaltation. Mrs. Phœbe was not sitting up for her, of course. She was not sleeping at the post of maternal duty either. As Amy had expected, Mrs. Phœbe was not there at all. She was out stepping as usual, proving again to the satisfaction of the habitués of the Purple Gables, the Pink Peacock, the Blue Moon or the Auroral Gardens that she was younger than her daughter. With a sense of pleasure in being alone Amy sat down to sample one of the books the doctor had lent her.

A few minutes later the telephone tinkled, and Amy, on answering, was vaguely annoyed to hear the voice of Freddy Orcutt in a high-keyed mood. Freddy was tremendously exigent—Amy was to get Mrs. Phœbe, and Wally, too, if he was around, and they were to fare forth immediately to Freddy's studio apartment, where an impromptu party was in progress. She could hear the thin wailing of a phonograph and bursts of dim laughter through his gayly alcoholic gabble.

"But mother isn't here. . . . I haven't the faintest idea where she is or when she will come back. . . . Well, I'm just ready to go to bed. . . . No, I'm not sleepy. . . . Let me think a minute. . . . All right, I'll come. What is the address? . . . No, don't bother about sending your car. I can get a taxi in a jiffy."

In other words, Freddy had insisted that Amy, since her mother was absent, should come alone; and Amy, after a brief debate with herself, had accepted the invitation.

A strange transition from the idyllic groves of Ravinia and the chaste romance of the Knight of the Swan. An odd midnight caprice for an antiflapper. Amy herself thought that the idea was a little dubious, but she was determined to see what would come of it.

The address toward which Amy's taxi headed was in that region north of the river and south of the park where Chicago's art bohemians have founded little colonies of striving souls, and have invoked the spirit of Greenwich Village, New York, to exalt their imaginations and depress their rents. They began by calling it The Village, in pathetic imitation of Manhattan, but now having found an individuality of their own they are trying out the name of Tower Town. In that environment, favorable to freedom, Freddy Orcutt, having informed his astonished parents that a man, even though unwed, should have a home of his own, maintained a bachelor's

Continued on Page 129

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For forty-three years, Wheatena has been the standard breakfast food of thousands of well-fed, clear-brained Americans. It can be prepared in a few moments by this popular method: "Into six cups of actively boiling, slightly salted water, slowly pour one cup of Wheatena. Continue boiling three or more minutes. The activity of the boiling process keeps it stirred." (Other methods described on package.)

Start using Wheatena tomorrow. All good grocers have Wheatena, or will get it for you. See for yourself how really delicious a cereal can be—how simply and easily it can be prepared. Write for free sample package and book of recipes.

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WHEATENA—ALL WHEAT, NUT-BROWN AND SWEET

(Continued from Page 126)

den in one of the studio buildings which the owners rent at fat prices to rich dilettanti, while the artists themselves camp out in old barns and communal rookeries.

Freddy's place had cost a pretty penny to furnish, and looked as if it had been equipped by a curio collector on a seven days' drunk. In this Casanovan interior Freddy loved to gather his bright young friends about him and sit down on the floor to shoot craps.

There they were, seated or sprawling in a vicious circle, solemnly chanting the occult phrases of their gutter game, when Amy arrived. Three chorus girls, two models, and more than enough tarnished youths to go around. Rum punch of piratical strength and huge ham-and-egg sandwiches imported from an all-night lunch counter near by were the potent refreshments of the occasion.

The party was unimportant, except for its aftermath. Let the curtains be drawn upon it, therefore, and let the deliberate indiscretions of Amy be veiled from scrutiny.

The next morning at nine o'clock Doctor Bard, breakfasting in his room with a copy of the Neurological Review propped up by the coffeepot, received a telephone call. It was from Amy and it was cool and businesslike.

"When mother asks about me," she said, "tell her I went to a party at Freddy Orcutt's studio after you brought me home."

That was all. He didn't understand it; he was slightly mystified; and it somehow caused the chronicle of neurological progress to lose its savor as a breakfast side dish.

An hour later, when he was in his office, Mrs. Phœbe visited him, also by telephone. Her voice was agitated, under a disguise of banter.

"So you are in your office, after all," she chirped. "I thought that you had probably eloped with Amy."

The doctor reassured her on that point, and to make conversation until he was sure of his ground he became instructive on the subject of last night's interpretation of Lohengrin.

"Oh, I've no doubt that you really went there," said Mrs. Phœbe brightly. "But what became of Amy when the lights went out? I'm paging my daughter, you see. She isn't here, and her bed hasn't been slept in. She's probably visiting with one of the girls in the hotel, of course. Who was she with when you last saw her?"

"She was with the elevator man, safely ascending," Doctor Bard answered truthfully. "But I've had a telephone call from her this morning. She gave me a message for you."

He repeated Amy's words with scientific precision.

It was a voice quite unlike Mrs. Phœbe's that said "Thank you" and then died out in the click of a suddenly disconnected line. It was a worried-looking, middle-aged little woman, only vaguely resembling Mrs. Phœbe, who bolted out of the hotel and into a taxi before she had used her lip stick or eaten her breakfast. But it was Mrs. Phœbe, nevertheless.

Now let the curtains be pulled back, permitting the accusing brilliance of the morning after to stream through the north-light casements of Freddy Orcutt's studio apartment in Tower Town. It mocks at the dust on the Oriental junk and bathes the stained, empty, finger-printed glasses that had been so frequently charged with rum punch. It gilds the tattered crusts that had once been portly ham-and-egg sandwiches. It discovers a dark corner where a pair of dice are nestling; it reads them and weeps.

Amy is there, fully clothed and in her right mind, to meet the morning fearlessly, and to face the acrid invasion of her mother with cheerful but inscrutable smiles. She evades the inevitable questions that pelt at her with the warning, "Sh! You'll wake Freddy!" She points toward an open door on the mezzanine floor from which there floats down into the arena of the recent revels the sinister sound of indubitable male snoring.

Aghast at such unmaidenly candor Mrs. Phœbe speechlessly followed the brisk ruins of her antiflapper daughter out to the taxi—which had waited because its fare had not been paid—and permitted herself to be taken home. She was almost as submissive as if she had been the one to be caught in the very act of something or other.

"Don't be pruny, mother," cooed Amy, over and over again, in exasperating mockery of Mrs. Phœbe's demands for an explanation. "I went there because I was invited by one of your friends. I stayed there all night because I wanted to. I decline to be cross-examined on the subject. I used to think you were broad-minded, but you're acting like one of those terrible Early-Victorian prudes I've heard so much about."

So saying, Amy would fix her mother with a Mona Lisa stare in which that worried lady felt she could read a horrible confession, and also an accusation, before which she quailed. "Pruny"—"broad-minded"—"Early-Victorian prudes" these were echoes from her own vocabulary. In her own history, if its pages were to be searched unkindly, there could be found episodes in which she, too, had been relentlessly overtaken by a new day in places where she should not have been. Amy's manner caused her to recall, with an almost idiotic insistence, a line from an old popular song—"You made me what I am today; I hope you're satisfied." For the first time in her life Mrs. Phœbe began to discover the existence of the still small voice that whispers to the conscience-stricken.

She found herself unable to rise to the demands of the situation with maternal authority. That power had apparently atrophied within her from disuse. She fumed, she spluttered, she endeavored to scold; but she failed utterly to make an impression on Amy's armor of indifference. She had a curious feeling of being a child impotently vexed with the high-handed misdeeds of a parent. Her suspicion became intensified as Amy prolonged her defense of silence, until she began to agonize for an explanation, no matter how improbable, which she could accept as restoration of her ideal of Amy's virtue.

At last she simmered painfully down to this false bit of consolation: "Well, thank heaven, you will be going back to school in a *few* weeks!"

"Perhaps I shan't go back after all," Amy answered.

Mrs. Phœbe turned a troubled face toward her daughter in a mute request for an interpretation of this new enigma. Years of the jazz life had not prepared her to contemplate with steady nerves the crisis so bluntly hinted at. She fled from her daughter's sight like a stricken creature, and went into retreat in her own room. There, at a glimpse of the silver-framed picture of Amy as a curly-locked innocent of six years, she felt the first surge of a storm of hysteria sweep over the dikes of her self-control.

Doctor Bard, called to the Merivale suite that evening by a pale and rather conscience-stricken Amy, found Mrs. Phœbe, looking like an old doll that had been tossed upon a bed, in a state of dazed febrile exhaustion. She was muttering to herself:

"She was a good child, but she had a rotten mother, and now look at the damned thing!"

He sent Amy away, administered a sedative, and then, holding Mrs. Phœbe's hot, limp hand, he began to talk in an ordinary dinner-table tone.

"Young Mr. Freddy Orcutt dropped in this evening to call on you, but of course you were too ill to be seen. So he and Amy and I had a cozy little visit together in my office. An ingenuous and candid youth, our Mr. Freddy. He seemed to think he owed you an apology or an explanation. About last night, you know. He had telephoned for both of you; you weren't in, so he persuaded Amy to come to his informal little party alone. Freddy had prepared some particularly potent devil's brew for the occasion, and sadly confesses that he had underestimated what he calls its kick. The affair broke up about 2:30, Freddy remembers, and he started out to bring Amy home in his car. Somewhere on the way his sins overtook him, and according to his description he blew up. Went out. Took the count. Down for the third time.

"I give you his own phrases for his condition. He had a dim vision of countless lights flitting by—the boulevard lamps, no doubt, for Amy was now at the wheel and driving the stricken one back to the field of glory. The next thing he remembers she and a friendly chauffeur from the taxi stand at the corner were hauling him into his studio again, and up the stairs to his room, where he again expired. That's all he knows, except that he seems to remember a ministering angel who put cold towels on his head now and then—which was Amy. She was afraid he might die, being unfamiliar with the symptoms, and kept watch over her patient until morning, like a good trained nurse. Freddy's gratitude, when Amy confirmed his suspicions on this point, was very touching."

Mrs. Phœbe received this revelation in a trance of happy wonderment. A shadow of skepticism must have crossed her mind for a moment, because she exclaimed strongly, as if hurling faith against the face of doubt: "I believe it!"

"Naturally," the doctor answered. "It merely corroborates Amy's story. She had told me the same thing before Freddy arrived."

"But why ——"

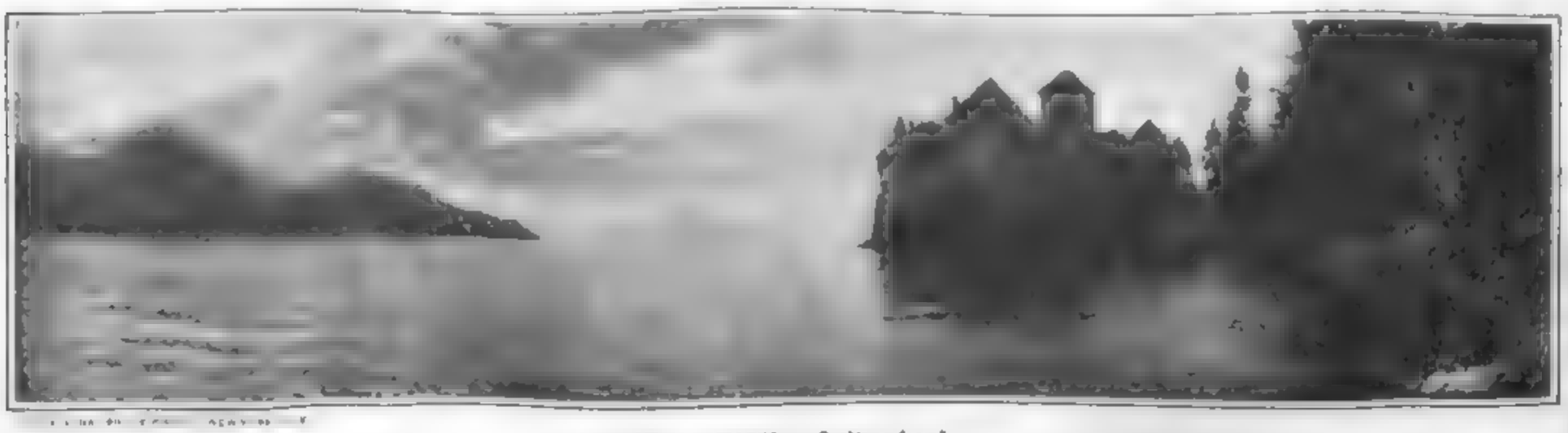
Mrs. Phœbe didn't finish the question. Her eyelids drooped; the strained, hurt look in her face smoothed away, and she fell suddenly into the deepest oblivion of sleep, still holding tightly to the doctor's hand.

Amy went back to college in September serene in the faith that she was not going to have Wally Streeter for a new stepfather. She and her mother had a long affectionate conversation on that and allied subjects, and were in full agreement. When they kissed good-by Mrs. Phœbe was full of enthusiastic ideas about moving away from the Boulevard Shore, buying a little house in a correct suburb, and joining an uplifting woman's club.

About six months later Amy, in college, received a telegram from her mother which read: "Have I your consent to marry Dr. Felix Bard?"

She answered, also by wire: "I thought I had reformed you, but I find you are incorrigible. Yes, of course. He can't say I didn't warn him. Bless you, my children."

Mrs. Phœbe never divorced the doctor. She was afraid that if she did her redoubtable daughter would carry out her dire threat, frequently uttered in a not exactly antiflapperish way, to marry him herself.



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Barton's Dyanshine is available in Black, Cordovan Brown, Nut Brown, Light Tan, White Canvas, White Kid.

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BARTON'S DYANSHINE
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

THE SUCKER

(Continued from Page 23)

who owned it. "Ah—a mine!" exclaims someone. The old, old story. It was not. This particular mine was unique. It contained neither gold nor silver nor copper nor precious stones. We had all read too much of frenzied finance not to shy away instantly from any proposition containing a taint of any of those basic metals. This mine contained a chemical which had become almost an international necessity—contained it in such abundance and in such purity that control of it assured practically control of a world market in this particular product. Operations had been discontinued for many years because the property had been tied up in litigation. It was now for the first time straightened out, but the owner had been left almost bankrupt and needed ready cash. She gave Madame X a six months' option for the purpose of selling the mine abroad. The latter offered to share all profits in proportion to the amount advanced to finance her trip to England, where she would be in touch with old and wealthy business friends of her late husband.

Let me say again there was nothing gullible about us. We demanded proof and we received it. There is not a particle of doubt but what the mine was as represented, that the owner had a clear title, that the option was sound and legal, and that a foreign market existed with which it was possible for Madame X to get in touch. The amount called for from each of us was small, the possible profits tremendous, and we were dealing through a friend we could trust. As I viewed it then, it came within the definition of a legitimate business proposition. To be sure, I was not in any position to lose without feeling it even the small amount I put in, but it looked like too rare an opportunity to let pass.

We sent Madame X over. From the day she sailed our hopes ran high. Personally I walked on air, looking forward eagerly to her first letter. It came, and was most encouraging. She had established herself in London and had secured an appointment with the English syndicate she expected to interest. The next letter showed that they were inclined to listen. In the third letter they reached a point where they were willing to send over an agent. This was disappointing because it meant a delay. It meant, too, increased expenses for her, and we all chipped in again. Six weeks passed and the agent was actually sent over and made a favorable report. Then followed a cable announcing that an agreement had been reached. The deal was as good as closed. Only a few details were lacking to make our dreams an actuality.

Off on a New Tack

Only a few details! How well I have come to learn the significance of that phrase. The last signature; the last stamp and seal; the last step before the actual deposit of real money! It seems as though all the long preliminary work is as nothing compared with those final few seconds. So much can happen in that brief interval. So much does happen. So much always will happen! Men will talk and men will promise, but the acid test in an affair of this sort comes when the certified check goes through the cashier's window of a bank.

The next cable explained that owing to the development of unfavorable business conditions in England the deal was temporarily off. We were still left with hope, but slowly as the weeks passed, that dwindled away like a stream cut off at its source. But ——

Madame X, anxious to make good, had sailed for Italy to some old friends there. Not long after came a new hope and a request for more funds. She had discovered there a man who had invented a wonderful new explosive. This was long before the war and was for commercial use. It was twice as powerful as any other powder, was as safe to handle as sand, and could be manufactured at a price that would bar all competition. Its safety, however, was its strongest feature. It was exploded with a special cap and without that could be hammered or burned with impunity. This did away with all danger in transportation. It was not an experiment, but was being manufactured on a small scale in Italy. The inventor was an Italian nobleman and he gave Madame X a short option on all American sales rights with the privilege of extension if she succeeded in interesting sufficient capital. She was sailing at once.

Instead of being more skeptical I think we were, to a man, more enthusiastic over this second venture. She arrived with data to prove every claim, but without any powder. The inventor was suspicious of American trickery and refused to part with anything that could be analyzed. He offered, however, to come over himself and demonstrate his claims, provided we paid his expenses. That sounded fair enough. It satisfied us that he believed in his own invention. So we chipped in again—a little more than before because he insisted upon bringing his whole family along.

Arrangements were made with the authorities building the Croton Dam to try out his powder there. The inventor was sent for and came—an alert, cultivated young man. We held quite a reception for him in a leading New York hotel and the press gave him considerable notice. He was loaned a laboratory in which to make up some of his explosive, and we succeeded in interesting several influential men to attend the celebration at the aqueduct. The affair was in the nature of a holiday. Madame X was elated. Everything looked rosy and continued to look rosy after the demonstration. He did with his powder everything he said he would do—pounded it with a sledge hammer, fried it over an oil stove, threw it into the flames and mishandled it in every other way anyone could think of. Then he put a charge beneath a rock and blew the rock to a thousand pieces. It was perfect. Several men thought to be connected with American manufacturers of powder inquired where they could secure some of the explosive for further experiment. Right here was where the trouble began.

A Temperamental Inventor

The inventor would not let go of an ounce of it. Madame X argued with him and we all took turns arguing with him, but the more we argued the more suspicious he grew. He would perform any experiments himself, but he would not allow others this privilege. Which, naturally enough, began to make the others suspicious. He was, as many have learned to their cost, that impossible personage—an inventor with temperament. It would have taken a Disraeli to handle him. No matter how valuable his invention, it was worthless as long as he had control of it. He finally went home in a huff.

Madame X was downhearted but not discouraged. A month after he left she convinced us that if she went over and dealt with him on his native soil she could bring him to reason. We agreed to send her. Come to put this down in cold print it sounds as though we were a pack of fools. But at that, I am not convinced this is true. We were simply still ignorant—blissfully unconscious of the difficulties and contingencies that lie behind big deals that look so simple.

The outcome of this venture sounds like farce comedy or poetic justice, according as one looks at it. Within a few weeks we received a cable from Madame X that our aristocratic and temperamental inventor had been blown into a thousand pieces while experimenting to increase the power of his explosive.

Well, we were through—or thought we were. I had lost several thousand dollars and was beginning to doubt my business acumen. At this point Madame X returned with another invention picked up in Italy. It is curious how well supplied with undeveloped inventions the world is. If one keeps one's eyes open while traveling it is possible to find something of the sort at almost every corner. This one was unique. Each one is. Otherwise it would not be on the market.

It was a sad and unresponsive crowd that listened at first to Madame X's exposition of her new find. But in less than a week we were all walking on air once more. This was really good and the field for its exploitation in this country unlimited. It was a new process for taking direct impressions from type upon a celluloid mat, doing away entirely with the expensive copper plate. In a few minutes and at a cost of a few cents a clear-cut impression could be

(Continued on Page 133)

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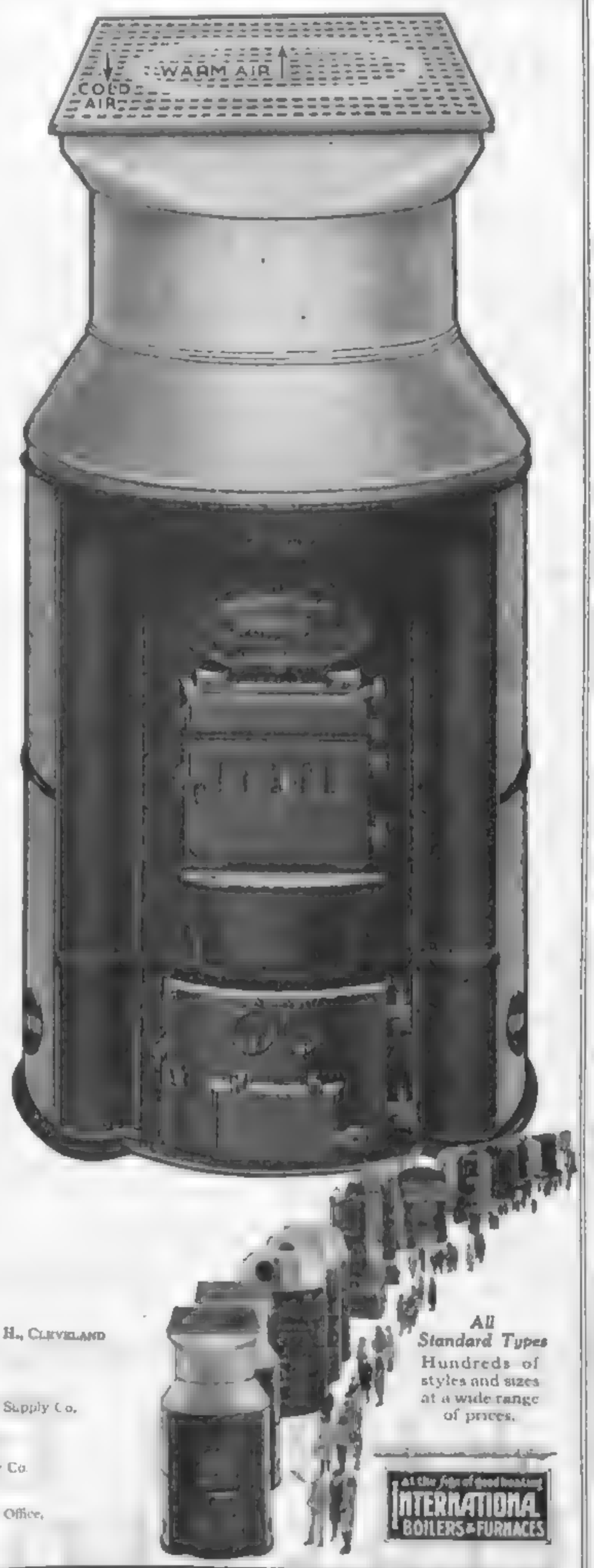

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Borrow this plan from State Street to develop more Farm Trade

ONE may question the ethics of the drummer who provided himself with various lodge emblems in order to wear the right one for each buyer—but his knowledge of human nature was sound.

From the dawn of civilization men have drawn together into tribes and clans and social groups. Witness the groupings in your town—Masons, Elks, Odd Fellows, church congregations, card clubs, literary societies, and many others.

And herein lies an opportunity for the livest merchant in each town to single out a group of people for a concerted sales drive and to derive substantial profit by "playing up" to their group interests.

It is an adaptation of the plan so successfully used by State Street, Chicago, and other city shops, of selecting a special group—names from the social register, for instance—for announcements of interesting sales, advance style showings, etc.

For the merchant who wants more farm trade there is one group which lends itself particularly to Group Selling. This is the prosperous farm group in each county—numbering at least one hundred, and as high as a thousand or more in the better farming regions—who are regular readers of Farm & Fireside.

Sell to this special group

Now here is the plan we recommend: Select some article of merchandise advertised in Farm & Fireside (see list below) and advertise a special sale, or showing, or demonstration of this article exclusively for Farm & Fireside readers. Feature the event for a day or a week—so that every Farm & Fireside family may have opportunity to visit your store.

Advertise it in your newspapers. Distribute hand bills wherever farmers congregate. Dress your windows with the product featured, with a reproduction of the current advertisement from Farm & Fireside and a neatly lettered card, "Special Sale for Farm & Fireside Readers." Announce a special discount, if you like, to those who bring in the advertisement.

Group Selling—a special sale to the Farm & Fireside group! Think what it means to go after the trade of one hundred, five hundred, one thousand farm families; think what it would mean to have their future trade. Try this idea and it will pay you, as it has other merchants.

$25 for a letter

Write and tell us of the results you get from Group Selling—to the Farm & Fireside group. Tell us of your success with Projected Selling—the personal visit plan of selling. Tell us of sales increases produced from Farm & Fireside window displays, of other plans which you have used successfully. For every letter which we can use we will pay $25.

To merchants who like to watch the advertising pages of Farm & Fireside as the great market place of the best merchandise we make a special offer: Pin a dollar bill to your letterhead and simply say, "Send me Farm & Fireside for three years," and we will do it.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Farm & Fireside Woman's Home Companion
The American Magazine Collier's The
Younger Boy's The Mentor

TIE *to these products advertised in*

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

Absorbine
Advance Cork Insert Brake Lining
Agricultural Gypsum
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A. M. F. Sickle Bar
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Iver Johnson Bicycles & Firearms
Jewett Cars
Kelly Springfield Tires
Lehigh Portland Cement
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
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Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
Overland Cars
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Pillsbury's Flour
Planet Jr. Implements
President Suspenders
Prest-O-Lite Batteries
Rayo Kerosene Lamps
Ray-Vac
Redwing Flour
Renfrew Dewonshire Cloth
Resinol Soap
Sargent
Sherer-Gillett Co.
Sherwin-Williams
Simmons Beds
Soft Mist Blankets
Swift Products
Texaco Gasoline
United States Tires
Vellastic Underwear
Vita Aluminum Ware
"Wear-Ever" Utensils
Willys-Overland, Inc.
Wright's Bias Fold Tape

(Continued from Page 130)

made from which printing could be done directly. It was needed in every newspaper, magazine, publishing and printing office in the country. It did away with high-cost labor and material and could be handled by a sixteen-year-old boy. Not only this, but direct impressions could be taken from material like lace, and the reproduction was as perfect as a mirror.

There was no question whatever about this. It did the work. We had it right before our eyes and if anyone was still skeptical a hand press was all we needed to demonstrate the truth of our assertions. It had long since passed the experimental stage and was in successful operation in Italy. What was more to the point, the inventor was perfectly willing to remain at home. We did not have him to deal with.

I will defy any average man to look at a proposition of this kind without a thrill. Again we had an option on all American rights and were called upon for only a few thousands each in order to set the thing going. Madame X's son showed his confidence in it by throwing up a good job which he needed in order to give his full time to the project.

In order to make my investment doubly sure I interviewed several printers, who looked at the work in amazement. To a man, they were enthusiastic.

"If it will do all you say there ought to be millions in it," they assured me.

Do what I would say? I made a plate myself. I had it put upon a press and saw the result. It was perfect. A question was raised as to how long the plate would last. A press was worked night and day, and the final impression was as clear as the first. If any proposition could be absolutely and unquestionably demonstrated it was this. Furthermore, this called for no great investment either from us or from the consumer. We were to sell upon a royalty basis and the machinery required was of the simplest. The mats we would at first import direct from Italy—having an iron-clad contract to insure our supply—and later would make ourselves, the formula being in the meanwhile held in escrow.

I dug down as deep as I could go, even selling what few securities I possessed. Some of the old crowd, discouraged, refused to come in, but we easily secured others. We offered this opportunity as an especial privilege. We parceled it out among our intimates. We opened an office in New York, had some impressive stationery printed and started in to secure orders and incidentally to interest a few big investors. But what we expected to accomplish in weeks began to drag into months and soon to threaten years. To exchange an old process for a new was not the simple matter we anticipated. We found big offices noncommittal. No matter how good the thing looked, they preferred to let someone else try it first before they disturbed their old arrangements. We were a young concern without much capital, and what assurance had they that we were to continue?

Learning by Experience

The invention itself, I was soon to discover, is not the only important item in an enterprise of this sort. If we had been in possession of the Bell telephone our path would have been just as rocky. Bell himself, as a matter of history, found it so. Few of the early stockholders survived those first years of trial when he and his associates were trying to install the system.

Once again I had the sad experience of seeing my hopes slowly dwindle away into nothing. We wabbled on for over a year, cheered up by bright prospects here and there, but, as I realize now, with not a gambler's chance with our limited capital and lack of business connections. Even Madame X was beginning to perceive this. Everything we tackled had possessed considerable merit, but that was hardly more than an unimportant detail. However good our product might be, back of it lay the basic problem of merchandising. And there is nothing simple or automatic about that. It calls for highly trained and especial ability. It calls for capital—so much capital that had we possessed what we required we would have been fools for risking it. Our position then would have been similar to the farmer who wrote to Chicago to inquire the price of a portable sawmill.

"We can furnish you with a very good portable sawmill for one thousand dollars," came the prompt reply.

Whereupon the countryman answered, "If I had a thousand dollars what in thunder do you think I'd want of a portable sawmill?"

This recital of the first stage of my business career as a professional man would hardly be worth recounting if it were not for the fact that it is more or less typical—if it did not represent a phase through which almost every man passes. I don't know a doctor or lawyer or school-teacher or minister or writer or dentist in my acquaintance who has not lost anywhere from one thousand to twenty thousand dollars in ventures of this sort. The sum total each year representing hard-earned savings must amount to millions. It has always been so, is so now, and probably always will be as long as men refuse to learn from others. Most of us must sow our financial wild oats, and a great many acute gentlemen stand ready to take advantage of the fact

I was perhaps a little different from some others inasmuch as finally I did awake to the facts. With that last experience I quit flat trying to break into big or little business. I had lost the savings of five years at an age when this same amount if invested in a bank would have doubled and trebled, possibly quadrupled. Furthermore, this increase would have come to me at a point where I was most likely to need it. Few young men realize that every dollar they save at twenty is in potential value worth four through no greater magic than the operation of compound interest, and that those four coming due at a time when their earning power falls off may be in protective value worth another four.

The Attitude Toward Stocks

I was thirty-five and I was through with high finance. After this I proposed to put my money into nothing but standard stocks—the listed, easily negotiable, firmly established old-timers whose earnings were based upon a long-established business. I knew what these were. Who does not? Year after year now these veterans have been quoted in the daily market reports. I had read their names ever since I was twenty and in a general way had absorbed some idea of what their par value was. I knew, I thought, that if U. S. Steel was selling for much over 100 it was high; if much below 100 it was cheap. I was equipped to judge in the same relative way of the price of American Telephone & Telegraph, of certain oil stocks, of certain copper stocks. I did not know, of course, what made them on different occasions high or low, but that, strictly speaking, was none of my business. Stocks had a way of going up and down owing to certain more or less obscure market conditions. As long as I was buying for investment these did not affect me. Such fluctuations were for the gamblers. And not for a minute did I consider myself in this class.

The mental attitude of the average man towards stocks is a peculiar one. Apparently he isolates them from every other class of investment. He imbues them with certain virtues which he refuses to assume for any other type of security. It is difficult to understand how this tradition persists, but it does. But even admitting that a good stock is basically sound, it is still subject to the vicissitudes of ever-changing conditions. That is obvious enough, and yet, to give a recent example, thousands of good people owning New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad stock went serenely to sleep and slumbered peacefully, satisfied if they had their certificates safely locked up, though the financial condition of the road was steadily going from bad to worse. It seemed impossible for them to relate that to the value of their holdings. Their unthinking confidence was pathetically that of a child in his father.

I myself put five thousand dollars into a sterling common stock without knowing anything more about it than that it was called a conservative proposition. That sounded reasonable because in a weak market the price was high. I made out my check as jauntily as though I were signing some minor club voucher. There is a point here. I have long realized that there is some psychological factor about a club voucher that throws a man off his guard. I have often indifferently ordered a three or four dollar dinner at my club at a time when I would have thought myself extravagant had I paid half that amount in cash at a downtown restaurant. Signing a slip of paper which is instantly removed from

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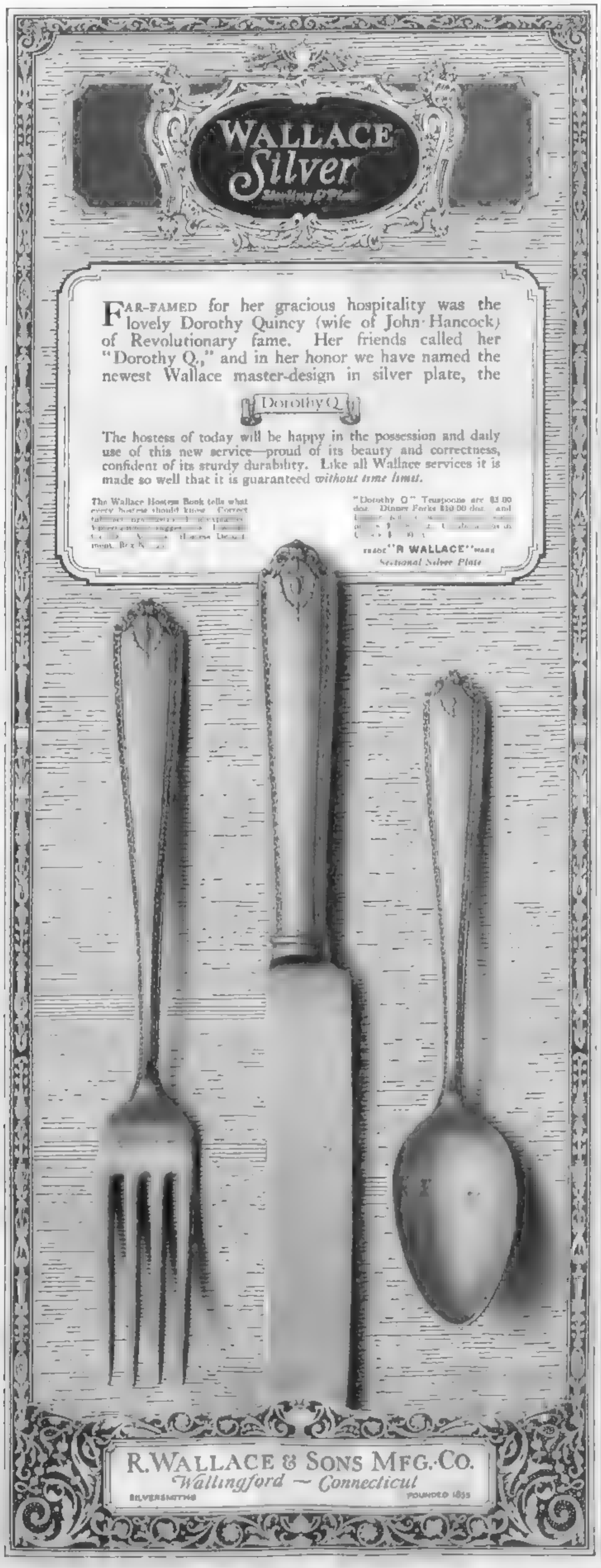
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sight is such a brief and passing incident that it is just as quickly out of mind. I have often wondered if a man paid for his stocks in one-dollar bills—five thousand of them—whether he would not be somewhat more cautious.

I made what I considered a gilt-edged investment. I paid 130 for the stock, which at that price netted me 6 per cent. That yield in itself gave me confidence. No man satisfied with this could be called a speculator. I placed the certificate in my box with a sigh of relief that here was one transaction about which I need think no more.

Yet I cannot conceive of myself as buying a house or a piece of real estate in any such fashion—buying blind with every spare dollar I had in the world and then calmly forgetting the whole business. I should feel called upon to do a certain amount of preliminary investigation, and after that to keep more or less closely in touch with my property. In this case, however, I did nothing of the sort. Beyond glancing at the daily quotations and giving no heed whatever even to these, I rested on my oars.

If I were unique it would be safe to call me a darned fool and let it go at that. But I was doing as much as most of my fellows. I was doing as much as a majority of stockholders are doing today. I was doing as much as perhaps it is possible for the average stockholder to do. I read the annual report that came to me, which is more than most people do, but it meant little. As for consulting my banker or broker, my experience has been that they are seldom any better informed than I or, if they are, will not take much trouble over as small an account as mine. Whatever inside information they may secure is saved for more important clients.

This particular stock advanced slowly to 135 and in the meantime I made a second investment—this time in copper. It was a small mine, but had long been a good producer. The thing about it that appealed to me was that par was low enough so that I could buy quite a lot of it. At the price I paid my return was around 10 per cent. I knew that copper stocks have a wider fluctuation than industrials, but with one anchor to windward I felt I was entitled to a little more freedom. I figured, too, that with the constantly increasing market for copper there would always be a steady demand for this metal. It struck me I was rather long-headed in going as deep as this into the matter.

Losses in Oil and Copper

My third investment was in oil. Here again, I reasoned, was a product for which there was a constantly increasing demand—a demand growing so fast that the wells were finding difficulty in keeping pace with it. This time I hedged a little by buying preferred stock. The company was an old-established enterprise, owning its wells, refining its products and marketing them. Par was 100 and I bought at 95. I flattered myself that I had made an assured five points.

Into these three stocks I put my entire capital with what I considered sound judgment. They covered three basic products, for which there was every prospect of an unlimited market. They had a record of unbroken dividends covering a long period of years.

The first break came in the oldest and soundest of the three stocks. From 135 it sagged to around 90. The columns of the daily papers spoke guardedly of the prospect of unfavorable legislation. There was a possibility, it seemed, of a decreased dividend. I grew scared and sold at a sacrifice of forty points, or two thousand dollars. I thought I was getting out luckily at that. The probability was that it would go lower.

I never lost two thousand dollars any easier or with any less discomfort. Not that I could afford the loss, but I could not seem to realize it. This was merely a matter of figures, not of dollars. It did not even affect my confidence. I took my three thousand dollars and bought more copper. The war was now on; metal prices were soaring. I had a chance to sell out and double my investment. But I did not. I was still an investor and I thought that with a depleted world market the demand for copper would continue. That would have been a fair argument in normal times, but I failed to take into account a great many other conditions—conditions of which I was ignorant. I was not alone in my miscalculation, but that is beside the point. My stock quickly dropped 50 per cent.

In the meantime unexpected things had been happening to my oil stock. It fell to 90 and then in a few weeks to 30. I was dazed and helpless. I tried to find out from brokers what the trouble was, but the most I could gather from them was the guess that this had something to do with new financing. As a matter of fact they were as ignorant as I. Whatever was going on was going on sub rosa, and though I had put into this company one-third of my savings I was no more in its confidence than the crowds outside the Vatican during a papal election. All I could do was to watch for the white or black smoke.

At this point my own earnings fell off, owing to the general market conditions, and I needed money. The only way I could raise any was to borrow at a high rate of interest and on a tremendously wide margin of security or sell at a stiff loss. I was as pinched as any trader.

Yet I had called myself an investor! I began to realize the tragic joke of it. I could not give the name of a single officer in any company to which I had so cheerfully and carelessly turned over my earnings. I knew nothing of their character or business ability. If I had, this would have done me little good, for it is possible for officers and boards of directors to change at any annual meeting, for which, without thinking, I signed proxies. Anyone could force this change by simply going into the market and buying up enough stock to gain temporary control with no other thought in mind than some gambler's trick. Those on the inside were able to discount any such move as this long before the facts came through to me.

The High Cost of Ignorance

Brokers had talked of trouble in new financing. I had known nothing about this impending difficulty, but the board of directors and their friends must have known and in all probability had discounted their knowledge. Someone had sold and someone had bought—all the way down to 30.

It seemed to me now all so crudely simple. There was nothing subtle in the situation. It was obvious. And there was not necessarily anything crooked about the affair. The company had been caught with high inventories and, obliged to accept a shrinkage, was having trouble with the banks, which perhaps saw in this an opportunity. But the difference between the officers and me was that they were privileged to look at all the cards. If anyone invited me into a poker game with the suggestion that he be allowed to examine every hand before making his bet I doubt if I should fall for it. And yet that in effect was what I had done.

I had called myself an investor. I might just as truthfully have called myself a lawyer or a doctor or a dentist. I was as well posted in the one profession as in the other.

No one took the time to teach me as a boy even the rudiments of sound investment, perhaps because at that time it seemed impossible that I should ever have anything to invest. More likely, however, because my father, being a professional man himself, did not know any more about the matter than I.

Well, I had learned my lesson and was through. I knew now that for the little fellow, who cannot afford to lose and who has neither the opportunity nor the training for investigation, such a thing as a sound investment is difficult except in United States Government bonds. And those have always been the hardest thing in the world to sell to the average man. In a country and at a time where business conditions and management can shift as rapidly as they do here, it is a nimble-footed man indeed who can step lively enough to prevent getting his toes trod upon.

I am through, and not only that but I am doing my best to prevent the next generation in my own family from paying the stiff price I paid for instruction. My twelve-year-old boy asked me the other day what a corporation is. With that opening I told him all I knew, and wound up with a frank recital of my own adventures in business as related here. I shall continue to repeat this lecture at least once every year until he is twenty-one. Then—well, God bless him and God help him. If he chips in to finance someone of his own generation to a pleasant winter month at Palm Beach or to a trip to the Azores in a private yacht it won't be my fault.

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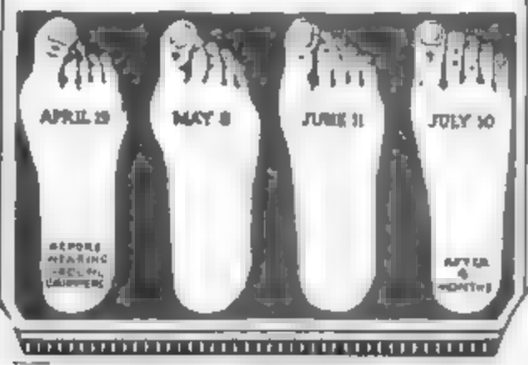

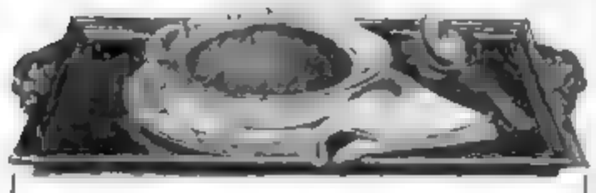

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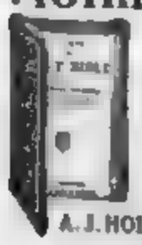

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WISH! YOU MAY GET IT

(Continued from Page 10)

Jane Austen, Stevenson, George Eliot. They do not call it the installment plan. No, these are subscription sets.

Thelma wrote home all about that, enlarged a good bit, I fear, on the importance and grandeur of her new connection. She even wrote to Ray Bowles to let him know how her career was coming on. That was because Ray had always grinned so when she talked about a career and being a leader of women. As a matter of fact she usually sat with the other typists and wrote form letters as fast as ever she could. But sometimes she was called to take dictation from old Mr. Hardy, and once or twice from Son. That was thrilling. Old Mr. Hardy was an ancient being, at least fifty-five, with bushy eyebrows and a deep rumbly voice, eyes as blue as chunks of sapphire, and sharp as pins. And Son, young William Hardy, was as handsome as Wallace Reid, and as fascinating as Richard Barthelmess, the two who had previously held first place as Thelma's ideals of mankind. Of course all Son ever said to her was: "Please take this letter dear sir in reply to yours of twenty-fifth ——" But then, he might say something else sometime, and his shirts were wonderful—real French cottons—and his ties were beautiful—English Spitalfields—and he had jade links, and his brown shoes were always polished magnificently, and his hair tried hard to wave, only any girl would know that he brushed it bitterly to make it straight. He was young and good-natured, too, and it was held throughout the office that old Mr. Hardy was rough with him.

Miss Martin and Miss Gilfoyle said that they could remember when Mr. William used to come in the office, a dear little chap with long curls, and such endearing ways, and now it seemed so strange to think of him as grown up and a member of the firm, and they did wish his father would remember that old heads are seldom found on young shoulders, and that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. He had not been a member of the firm very long, only a year before Thelma Morris came to work there.

And she had noticed that lately she was called on more and more often to take his letters. But, as has been intimated, he never said anything.

It was a dull enough groove she had got into, and the dullness of it nearly stopped her game of wishing. Sometimes little things such as wishing, as she went home on Wednesdays, that they wouldn't have cottage pudding for dessert at the boarding house; or wishing on Saturdays that Mr. Cheeseman, the star boarder, wouldn't ask her to go to the movies. He was worse than a poor stick, she thought contemptuously, always bragging about his petty triumphs in the insurance business, and that prominent Adam's apple of his sliding up and down. The only reason Thelma ever went out with him was because—well, you can't expect a girl to stay in the house every evening, and she got tired reading in the library, and Mr. Cheeseman was harmless—almost tiresomely harmless. He made Ray Bowles seem awfully nice by comparison, but she didn't write that to Ray in the occasional letter she vouchsafed him.

She didn't seem to be advancing very far on her way to do big things. That worried her. She had thought she would be clever enough, and work hard enough so that those in authority would see how much in earnest she was, and how greatly to be trusted. She had not read Advice to Business Girls without knowing exactly what she must do. She was willing to take responsibility, any amount of it. She had it all thought out, what she would do on being put in charge or called on in an emergency. She would be cool, keen, quiet—and terribly efficient. Only—nobody asked her to take any responsibility, she wasn't put in charge of anything, there never was an emergency in Hardy & Son's excellently run office. And when she tried to learn the business from every angle as the Advice said you must do, Miss Martin had called her nosey and advised her not to snoop about other people's desks.

So she was waiting, biding her time. She determined that after she'd had her first vacation—due very shortly—she was going to come back and look about for something bigger, something with more opportunity. But she was going to stick right where she was until she got her two weeks with pay.

In the meantime she manifested her business fitness by dressing in the plainest of dark frocks, with fresh white collars, which were distractingly becoming to her, as she well knew, and by taking as much of an interest as possible in young Mr. Hardy's letters. She turned them out to perfection, faultlessly spaced, no erasures, no mistakes, no misspelled words.

And now Rowena Martin's story about wishes. It revived her waning faith in the power of them. She really ought to take it up again.

And while she was wishing, why not wish for something spectacular? First of all, a chance to show her ability to old Mr. Hardy. Because, she reflected cannily, that would save the bother of looking about for a better job. Opportunity, said Advice to Business Girls, often lies close at hand.

H'm, very well. She would wish for the opportunity. And then, since dim glimmerings of knowledge were beginning to penetrate her ignorant young soul, and she was forced to wonder occasionally whether she was as clever as she thought she was, and whether, instead of being a woman destined for big things, she might be only a very small microcosm in the great business microcosm; and also because seeing Mr. William every day and admiring him nearly as much as Wallace and Richard—she added another wish, a wish that curled up the corners of her mouth in an irresistible smile at her own absurdity.

"I wish Mr. William would fall in love with me, and ask me to marry him. I would be a great help to him in his career, and we would be among all the prominent people, and have a lovely limousine."

She said this over and over again on her way home to her boarding house in the evening, just as the disciples of M. Coué trustingly repeat "Day by day," and so on. Sometimes she left off the first part of it and just wished to be one of the prominent people and have a limousine; but she supposed the Fates understood that Mr. William Hardy's affections were included as *modus operandi*. It was rather fun to wish it. And what with being so busy getting ready for vacation, because she must take some real New York frocks and hats back home to startle the natives, and with Mr. Cheeseman becoming almost mushy at times, and having to be fended off firmly—for by no chance would he ever be a prominent person—all these, added to the day's work, and the wishes, made Thelma a very busy and preoccupied young person.

She didn't know how much she was looking forward to her vacation, but in reality it was a vision of a green oasis in a dreary waste. Home cooking; her own little bed, with sheets that didn't have that sour airless smell; the front porch, wide and cool; the maple trees all silvery green; the boys and girls dropping in of an evening, laughing, singing, Jen Thomas with her tinkling ukulele—Ray Bowles always said it sounded like the musical itch—and, best of all, the little sisters, father and mother, loving, dear, understanding.

Oh, Thelma had come to see, as she had not seen before she left home, that people may not be prominent, but it doesn't matter if they are your own folks, and love you. She was going to hug her mother forever, she promised herself that. Just hug her. And she was taking her a present that she had skimped on lunches for three months to buy; also done most of her own washing, and thereby cheated the laundry of its weekly largess.

It was with these things in mind, lit with the radiance of them, that she went into Mr. William's room to take dictation on that fateful morning. She was so absorbed in them she didn't notice how flushed and queer Mr. William looked. She just sat down, opened her notebook and poised her pencil and waited, motionless—the very model of the efficient business woman.

Mr. William fumbled with papers on his desk, looked at her, fumbled again, got up and rambled round the room, pulled out a volume or two on his bookshelves, and pushed them impatiently back again, and came over and stood near her. He cleared his throat just as he always did before beginning, and Thelma's pencil took on even greater readiness.

And this is what he said: "I s'pose you know I'm perf'tly crazy 'bout you, and have been ever since the firs' time I saw you."

She had begun to take down the words, and was halfway through the sentence before she observed its import. The pencil dropped, she clutched the sides of her chair and looked up at him in blank surprise. Even as she looked she told herself fatalistically, "I wished it!"

Mr. William came nearer, stooped over her. He became an overpoweringly large, flushed, eager face, looming close to her own. He was going to put his arms around her! He was going to kiss her! She pushed her chair back and warded him off mechanically. My goodness gracious she had wished it—and now—oh, she didn't want him to!

"S'pose you know," went on Mr. William, "perf'ly crazy 'bout you, 'n' you're perfeck li'l' peach, 'n' prettiesh girl ever sheen seen—saw—'n my life don' go 'way—Thelma—don' ——"

Thelma stood up so quickly, so suddenly that she almost bumped into Mr. William, and made him straighten up suddenly, too, and as he did so there was a slight swaying movement, an uncertainty about him that confirmed the fatal truth.

"You're"—she started to say "drunk," but changed the word—"you're intoxicated," she said as calmly as she could, but her heart was beating a dozen to the second, and her tongue was twisted. Oh, he was good looking, he was fascinating, even if he was —— She put herself out of his reach, but he was between her and the door. He was drunk; she could smell it now. He acted and looked just the way Tim Downes did that time at the New Year's dance when the boys spiked the punch. But she didn't want to hit him in the nose as she had done to Mr. Sersenheim; and Advice to Business Girls had never offered anything to fit this sort of thing She must just use her own common sense She became cool; she pitied him; she felt quite motherly toward him.

"Listen, Mr. William," she said firmly, "you ought to go home and sleep it off; or take some black coffee or something. You'll be all right by tomorrow if you do. How would it be if I slipped you in some black coffee—I could send the office boy after it—or got you some spirits of ammonia out of the medicine chest? And then I'll call you a taxi ——"

Mr. William made violent inflammatory gestures. "I'm no' wha' you think 'tall," he announced. "'M dippy 'bout you—thass all. Dippy. You got me going—going—gone! Don' back off tha' way. My—my 'tentions perf'ly hon-able, perf'ly hon'able yunnerstan'—hand an' heart—makes no diffress t'me if y'are one the stenogs."

One of the stenogs, indeed! Back in Reistersville the Morrises were as good as any and better than most. One of the stenogs! Thelma's coolness increased below freezing point. She evaded Mr. William's clutching unsteady hands again, and this brought her back against the door of Mr. Hardy Senior's office. She put her hand behind her, twisted the knob and whirled into that august autocrat's presence. Her cheeks were scarlet with excitement, and her eyes brilliant with the same emotion. Usually she spoke to Mr. Hardy Senior with bated voice and meek manner. Not so today. This was Vashti, Zenobia; not Griselda or any of her ilk.

"You'd better speak to your son," she said. "He's—not himself." And she went right on without waiting for answer or comment, through the senior partner's office and out to her own place in the line of typewriter desks.

She sat down and blindly attacked the form letter she had been doing when summoned by Mr. William's buzzer. She tried to write "entire line of Little Classics, handy pocket size, bound in fine red cloth, with gold-stamped titles," but instead of that her fingers tapped out automatically:

"I wished it and got it, I wished it and got it; he said it, he said it; I wished it and got it."

She tore out the offending sheet and flung it into the wastebasket, conscious that Miss Gilfoyle's accusing eye was on the action. If Miss Gilfoyle saw her tear up another sheet she'd pounce. "No waste" was the motto in the Hardy & Son form-letter division.

Thelma pressed her hands to her temples, gave herself a little steadying shake. She must go on with those letters as if nothing

(Continued on Page 139)

Clean Shooting

A sudden whir of feathered wings and two shots roar into the misty drizzle.

One bird drops quickly, like a lump of lead. Another hesitates, goes on, then falls a hundred yards away.

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(Continued from Page 136)

had happened. But wouldn't she just like to let all the old tabbies know! Wouldn't they ruffle up their fur and growl, and miaow the most spiteful miaows, that Mr. William, their adored young demigod, should so demean himself as to make love to—what was it he had called her?—one of the stenogs?

She took more paper, fresh carbon, and adjusted her machine and began again. This time she typed in no extraneous matter. But oh, her thoughts! If she only knew what was going on in those two offices. If she only knew what Mr. Hardy had said to Mr. William, and Mr. William had answered back to his father. Thelma had long suspected—and hints let drop by Miss Gilfoyle and the others had confirmed it—that Mr. William was very much in awe of his father, and pretty much under his thumb besides. She hoped Mr. Hardy wouldn't be very severe.

Of course, she assured herself, she didn't really care. Mr. William had no business to get into such a disgusting state, and to be so fresh. Then her thoughts flew off at another tangent. Had he been so fresh? Had she found it, in spite of holding him off so firmly, had she honestly found it so obnoxious, his remarks? If he hadn't been drunk now, wouldn't she rather have liked his calling her a peach and telling her he was crazy about her? Honesty, of which Thelma had a considerable share, insisted that she would have liked it very much indeed.

Now she began to blame herself for getting into a panic. She needn't have told old Mr. Hardy at all. She might have said, in a calm, dignified way, "When you are yourself, Mr. William, we will discuss this matter, but not until then. Come to me without the odor of liquor on your lips, and perhaps—perhaps ——"

She almost giggled out loud. It sounded so like a movie. And wasn't this a funny thing to have wished on yourself! You bet she'd be careful after this what she wished about.

The buzz of Hardy Senior's room sounded twice, and Mr. Arbuthnot, the staid, reliable, mutton-chop-whiskered office manager, answered its summons. In a short time he came out, arm in arm with young Mr. William. Mr. Arbuthnot was talking genially, and steadying the young man without appearing to do so. But Thelma saw.

"Getting him home," she commented. "About time."

The buzz sounded again, three times. Miss Gilfoyle answered it. She returned and nodded to Thelma.

"Miss Morris, dictation. Mr. Hardy."

Thelma picked up her book and pencil and walked in, trying to act as if nothing had happened. Mr. Hardy pierced her with two blue darts. His brows were drawn down.

"Sit down, Miss Morris," he commanded.

Thelma sat.

"What was my son saying to you?" he asked sharply.

Thelma did not like his tone. If he had only been nice about it she'd have said it didn't matter and she was willing to overlook it. But this bossy, loud, sharp stuff—no. Not from anyone!

"He was saying," she remarked, looking as hard at Mr. Hardy as he was looking at her, "that he was crazy about me, and that I was a peach, and that his intentions were honorable. He kept repeating that."

"Do I understand that you are trying to make it appear that he was making you an offer of marriage? You could see that he was not himself."

Thelma raised slender eyebrows. "I told you that when I left his office," she replied. He needn't think he could bully her, even if she did work for him.

Mr. Hardy paused and tacked about. "Mr. Arbuthnot tells me that your vacation begins next week," he began more amiably. "Would you have any objection to beginning it at once?"

"Not if I got full pay," replied Thelma. Funny old man. She had lost all her awe of him. He was trying to make it appear that Mr. William hadn't asked her to marry him. He was trying to get rid of her, get her out of Mr. William's way. Where she had been very cool she suddenly became very warm, very young, very impulsive. "And I wouldn't mind not coming back here after my vacation is over," she added, and stopped.

Good heavens! Was she going to cry?

Evidently Mr. Hardy hadn't expected that. He soft-pedaled some more. If William got the idea that the girl was discharged or had left on his account he'd undoubtedly follow her. Mr. Hardy knew William.

"Why, we don't want you to leave us, Miss Morris. Your work has been very satisfactory. Perhaps another department. Now there's the circular department. Would you be interested ——"

"I could easily master the detail of any department in this establishment," she said—quoted verbatim from Advice to Business Girls.

Mr. Hardy didn't expect that either. But she didn't lose ground on account of it. Evidently this little pink pretty-face had some sort of brain attachment.

"I think we could arrange," he began slowly, "to give you a more responsible place in the circular department, with a somewhat larger salary—if you made good at it."

He eyed her speculatively. If she was out of town for three weeks, and then out of young William's sight, the thing would die out naturally.

Thelma was staring. My heavens, the rest of her wish was coming true! Old Mr. Hardy was offering her opportunity. It was her first real step up. She was becoming prominent, a prominent employe of Hardy & Son; an executive. It seemed only fitting that she should give poor old doddering Mr. Hardy some reassurance in return; it was evident that he was worried to death about the way young William had behaved to her.

"Oh, I'll make good," she said. "You can be sure of that. And—I didn't take young Mr. William seriously, Mr. Hardy. My inclinations are not at all toward the lighter side of life. I am ambitious—I believe that women have a great future in the business world, not in the minor positions, as heretofore, but as managers and partners."

She stopped short. Old Mr. Hardy was staring at her now as at some startling phenomenon. He had the air of one who is not quite sure that he sees what he sees and hears what he hears.

"Well," he managed to say at last, "I think we understand each other, Miss Morris. Your vacation begins at once—and your raise. I'll tell Arbuthnot—advance salary. And when you return to us—the circular department—ahem—ahem—we shall see what we shall see."

His nod dismissed her, and she rose in a stately way, as befitting an incipient executive upholding the proper status of her sex.

"Very well," she said, and retired, victorious.

Outside she became no more than an ecstatically happy little girl, with an extra week of holiday before her. She put her desk to rights in two minutes, ignoring the questioning glances of the tabbies. She had great ado to keep from skipping down the office on her way to draw her advance salary for the vacation period, and when she got out on the street she could not keep from smiling, and she would have liked to dance and prance and sing and shout and tell everybody she met that she was going home—home -home!

First she must telegraph them she was coming ahead of time. Then she must get a ticket and a berth. That left the rest of the day to getting ready. And she was the first person in the Southern sleeper that night.

Hidden behind the green curtains, wide awake, she was feeling all the sensations of one who has reached for the moon and found it possible to pluck it from the heavens and hold it, a golden lantern of delight, in her hands. How quickly, how easily, how amazingly she had transmuted the leaden dullness of her world into a land of promise! And all by wishing. She hadn't done a thing except wish it. First she had wished that Mr. William would fall in love with her—and he had. And she had wished that she'd get a better job—and she had. Aladdin when he rubbed his lamp and found the genie before him could have been no more astonished. "I must be very careful to use my great power in the best way," she told herself seriously. "It's almost—uncanny. It's almost—psychic."

Then all this mood changed in the invincible joy of the home-coming. Tomorrow morning—Reistersville—home—home—home. Even the prospect of being a prominent person diminished before that glory.

And it was even more glorious than she had anticipated. Of course they were all at the station, the little one-horse shabby wooden station before which the great limited halted disdainfully, panting to be gone. Father, mother, Adelaide, Louise and Virginia! And in the background Ray Bowles, tall and lanky and smiling and lazy-moving as ever. Thelma hugged and kissed them all in a rapturous frenzy—but not Ray—no, she didn't kiss Ray, though he intimated that he would be able to endure such an ordeal with good grace.

"You go along," she said, slipping back into the home idiom, the home understanding. Yet she was conscious that she was almost as glad to see Ray as she was to see her family, and if he hadn't been at the station she'd have been woefully disappointed.

Father and Ray collected her trunk and her hand bag, and they went round back of the station. Thelma looked round for the bus, the shambling old hotel bus in which, for ten cents each, passengers were convoyed from the station to their homes anywhere within the town limits.

"We're going to ride home in Ray's car," shrilled young Adelaide, jumping up and down.

Ray's car! It was true. And it was a very decent touring, last year's model. Well, she had never thought Ray would have means enough to get a car. He read her unspoken comment.

"Did pretty well skinning clients this year," he said, smiling at her, that twisted whimsical smile she knew so well, and thought so unenterprising.

So they piled into the car and drove home.

"Come in and have some breakfast, Ray," urged Mrs. Morris.

"No, I thank you—but I'm coming round this evening," he said. "Mighty glad you're back, Thelma. You look good to me."

"They're talking about running Ray for the legislature this fall," said Mr. Morris as they went into the house.

Thelma made no comment, but she was surprised. Ray—with a car, and in the legislature! He must have acquired a lot more pep than he used to have.

Oh, it was good to take off her hat in the familiar hall, before the old walnut-framed mirror with its greenish lights and comic distortion. Oh, but everything was clean, and unhurried, and comfortable. And what was it had such a marvelous smell?

"My goodness, mother, I wished you'd have spoon bread!" she said a moment later as they sat down at table.

It was all so heavenly different from New York and Mrs. Stewart's boarding house. Even a business woman, on the way to great prominence and high achievement, can appreciate good coffee with real cream, hot spoon bread and crisp bacon.

After breakfast she must unpack and distribute her presents. The topaz brooch for mother was the high light. But the silk shirt for father, the strings of beads and silk stockings for the three girls, the shirt waist for Sweet Evelina, the colored help, were all exclaimed over and admired.

"I guess folks will think we're getting pretty swell when I put that shirt on and go down to the store," said Mr. Morris.

"How is the store, father?" asked Thelma dutifully.

"We're doing a whole lot better, a whole lot. We've had a real good season, and the fall looks good too. I guess we'll pull out, after all."

He had not meant to say this last and Mrs. Morris shook her head at him. But Thelma didn't notice, for just at that moment someone rang the doorbell. It was Jen Thomas and Lettie Gaignat, who had heard Thelma was coming and had run right over to see all the new things she'd brought from the city.

They had news too.

"So Ray Bowles went down to meet you, did he?" said Jen. "Lucy Whelan won't like that. She's been making every effort to get him since you've been gone. Doing pretty well too. Tell us about your city suitors, Thel—we're just crazy to hear."

Thelma was conscious of two emotions. One was a fierce indignation that a snub-nosed, fat thing like Lucy Whelan should aspire to Ray Bowles; the other was an embarrassment in regard to telling of city suitors. Of course there was Mr. Cheeseman—but he didn't come up to Reistersville standards. And as for Mr. William Hardy—she wasn't going to tell these two chatterboxes that he got drunk and made love to her after he'd called her in to take

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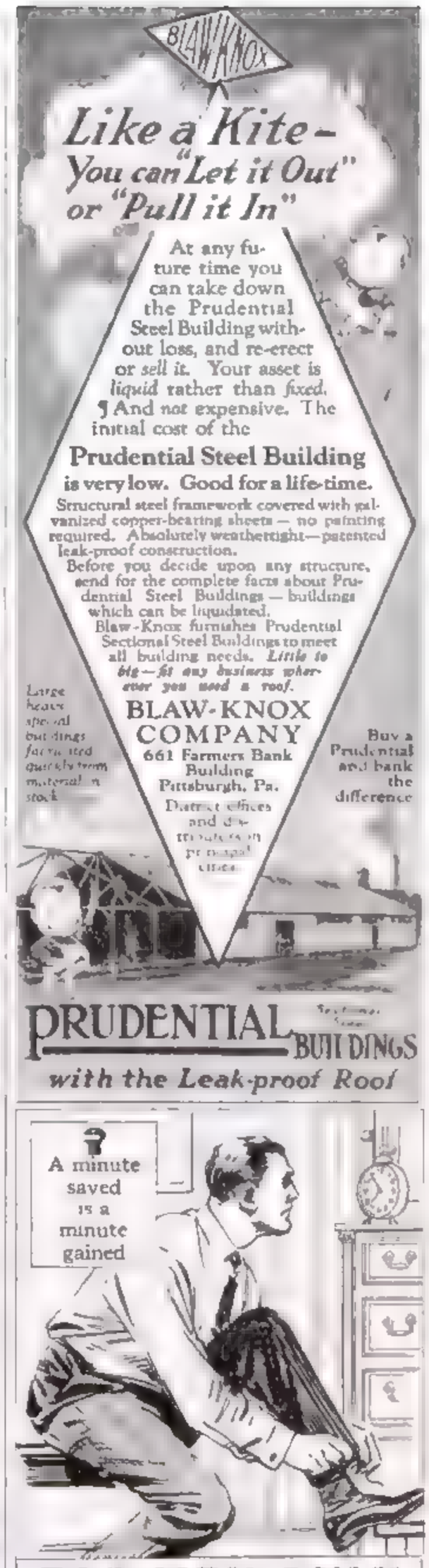
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—in place of the old toil, new leisure; this is what the laundry industry offers through its six improved services.

Recently a noted scientist made a study of women's work in the home. He sought to learn how much energy is exacted by each household task.

This is what he found: Sewing, 7 calories per hour; knitting, 11 calories per hour; dish washing, 21 calories; sweeping, 40 calories; ironing, 24 calories; washing clothes, 50 calories. (A calory is a measure of effort, just as an ounce is a measure of weight.)

This investigator proved scientifically a fact of which women have long been aware—that the two tasks, washing and ironing, actually consume more of a woman's strength than all other household duties combined.

And now a great industry, the laundry industry of America, comes to women with a means of relief from this work—a series of six improved washday services that meet the requirements of every family.

The names of these services are Prim-Prest, Ho-mestic, Rough Dry, Float-Ironed, Thrif-T-service and Wet Wash. With some you may already be familiar—others are recent developments by the laundry industry.

These services are graduated in completeness from Prim-Prest, which is a superior finished family service, to Wet Wash, which is simplest.

But no matter what service you select, the charge is less than the cost of equivalent work done at home.

All laundries give some of these services. Some laundries give all of them. Choose the service which seems most suited to your requirements—then settle your washday problems for all time to come by having a modern laundry in your city call for your next family bundle.

A phone call to any modern laundry will bring one of these services.

Prim-Prest

1 A finer laundry service. Everything washed in the purest of rain-soft water and mild suds; everything beautifully ironed ready to use or put away—a dainty service, complete in every detail.

Ho-mestic

2 A most acceptable medium-priced ironed service. Flat work is tastefully ironed and folded. All wearing apparel is ironed, but because of the moderate cost of this service no starch is used. Many laundries, however, starch wearing apparel at a slight additional cost.

Rough Dry

3 Everything washed. Articles like knit underwear, hosiery, bath towels, are fluffed dry, ready for use. Flat work is neatly ironed. Those pieces needing it are starched. Only the ironing of the lighter pieces is left to be done at home.

Float-Ironed

4 A low-priced, ironed service. Everything washed. Flat work ironed. Wearing apparel ironed unstarched and 70 per cent finished. Articles like shirts, waists, and house dresses will require some re-ironing at home.

Thrif-T-service

5 Everything carefully washed and thoroughly rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed. All flat work is ironed. Other work is returned damp, ready for starching.

Wet Wash

6 Everything washed in mild suds, and rinsed in eight to ten changes of water. The excess water is removed and the bundle is returned damp, sweet and clean, ready to iron or hang up to dry.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, CINCINNATI

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dictation. So she temporized by looking very knowing and secretive.

"I'm not going to tell you a thing," she said, "except about clothes, and the shops and the theaters. And my work." But she managed to convey by her tone that there was much she could tell if she wanted to.

She was satisfied with the effect she had produced when Jen and Lettie exclaimed in chorus, "Oh, you meany!"

The visit of the two girls set the pace for the days that followed. It was a wonderful time. There were dances at the clubhouse, lawn parties galore, porch parties, tea parties, until the Morrises complained that they were seeing nothing at all of Thelma—though the complaint was tempered by their palpable pride in her popularity.

Thelma enjoyed every second of it, for the first week. It was all very well to be an executive and a great business woman, but it was also pleasant to dance all night and come home in the blue-veiled dawn, to dress in frivolous organdie and watch a tennis match on a green lawn, to talk and laugh and banter with old friends, boys and girls she knew and loved and could depend on to be exactly as she thought them. And the dear, simple well-ordered home life—she had never appreciated it before, all that it meant.

Of course after what Lettie and Jen had said about Ray Bowles and Lucy Whelan, Thelma felt that she must keep an eye on them and gauge the affair for herself. She wasn't going to be put in any queer position. But it was hard to decide. Bob Thomas, Jen's cousin from West Virginia, being in town and mightily attracted to Thelma, made it easy for her to hand over Ray to Lucy now and then. Sometimes he handed himself, without consulting her. It gave her an odd feeling to see Ray taking Lucy home after a party in that nice car of his, and it wasn't exactly comfortable to observe them arrive together, even if Bob Thomas was as handsome as a picture and a perfect dancer, and lively company. Thelma couldn't quite understand Ray. He was easy and friendly, just like always, but he didn't reproach Thelma for not writing to him oftener, and he didn't make any very determined protest when she'd tell him that Bob Thomas was to be her escort. He simply said, "All right, I'll take Lucy."

It was clear as crystal that Lucy was head over heels gone on Ray, but then, why shouldn't she be? She'd never had a real beau, and Ray was, as Thelma kept hearing over and over again, making quite a name for himself in the law and in politics. Thelma thought about the situation a good bit, and it occurred to her more than once that she really ought to put her marvelous power of wishing to work for Ray's benefit. It would be only the act of an old friend to wish for him that when he married he'd get a wife who was worthy of him, and not an insignificant fat snip.

Something of the savor of her former companionship with Ray was gone. Probably Lucy had been saying horrid little things about her—you simply couldn't trust a girl with sandy eyebrows. Oh, she and Ray talked, yes; but not in the same way. Something was missing. She told him at length and in great detail about her work at Hardy & Son's, and how interesting and engrossing it was, and about the splendid advancement that awaited her on her return. She expatiated on her theme of woman as a power in the business world. Ray listened and didn't say much in reply.

Only he did say this: "All very fine, honey, but I can't get away from the notion that a woman ought to be a good housekeeper and a mother."

And she had adjured him not to be so old-fashioned and behind the times. But there rose a little memory in the back of her head that Lucy Whelan was reputed to be a perfectly marvelous cook, and that she'd been a second mother to her little nieces and nephews all the time her sister was in the hospital. So that was the way she got him!

"I could just wish she didn't know saleratus from celery seed," thought Thelma savagely. "I'll bet I could cook all round her if I'd try. Oh, dear, I wish something would happen!"

It looked as though, with all these varying forces of discontent at work on it, her vacation wasn't going to be so satisfactory as it had promised. She was getting heartily tired of Bob Thomas' profile bent devotedly toward her. And she kept on wishing that something would happen, with a wicked feeling that she didn't care what it was

And something did happen. Not at all what she had expected either.

She was sitting on the front porch with her mother in the late afternoon. They had been out paying calls, and now were peacefully discussing all that had been seen and said. A sporty low car rolled up the street and stopped at the gate, and a young man got out and came up the walk, uncertainly because the place was new to him, then, as he caught sight of Thelma, with confidence.

It was Mr. William Hardy.

"My goodness!" thought Thelma in a panic of surprise. "I didn't wish this—I didn't mean him when I wished something would happen. I really didn't." But the god of wishes had given her to him nevertheless. And he was engaging and good-looking in his smart motoring clothes, snatching his cap off his fair hair and smiling at her so warmly.

"I was taking a little run through this region," he explained, "and thought I'd stop in and see you, Miss Morris."

There was nothing to do but introduce him to her mother, who at once looked innocent and knowing. She had seen Thelma's effect on young men before, and it seemed only natural to her that her employer's son should feel that effect as had the others. She jumped to the conclusion that here was the reason why Thelma had been quiet and abstracted these last few days. Her welcome to Mr. William was perfection, and it included an invitation to supper, which he, to put it plainly, leaped at like a hungry orphan in a bakeshop.

"This is a charming little town," he told them. "I hope there's a good garage here. My car needs quite a little tinkering, and I may have to stay over for a day or so."

"There's a good garage and a very good hotel," beamed Mrs. Morris. "Though I suppose it will seem very plain to you after New York. Still the food is delicious and the rooms are clean, and the beds are good."

"No one could want more than that," declared young Mr. William.

Thelma said little or nothing. But she was thinking—hard. Her chief thought was that having unwittingly wished him here, she was going to put all her energy into wishing him away again. In the meantime ——

"I'm sure Lettie Gaignat will be glad to have you bring Mr. Hardy to her party this evening," was Mrs. Morris' next remark. "Just a little informal affair—the young people here entertain a good bit in the summer. I like to see them having a gay, pleasant time, myself. Well, if you'll excuse me I'll see about supper."

She disappeared. Mr. William and Thelma were left on the porch.

"You aren't angry that I came?" demanded Mr. William. "I was so ashamed, and so disgusted with myself—I suppose you'll never forgive me. I was a perfect fool—a friend of mine had made me sample some bootleg stuff—Lord knows I'd only had a drop—but it was deadly. And when I went back to the office the next day and found you were gone without giving me a chance to apologize—well, I just took the little old car and told the folks I was going to the Berkshires, and beat it right down here. Do say you're not angry with me."

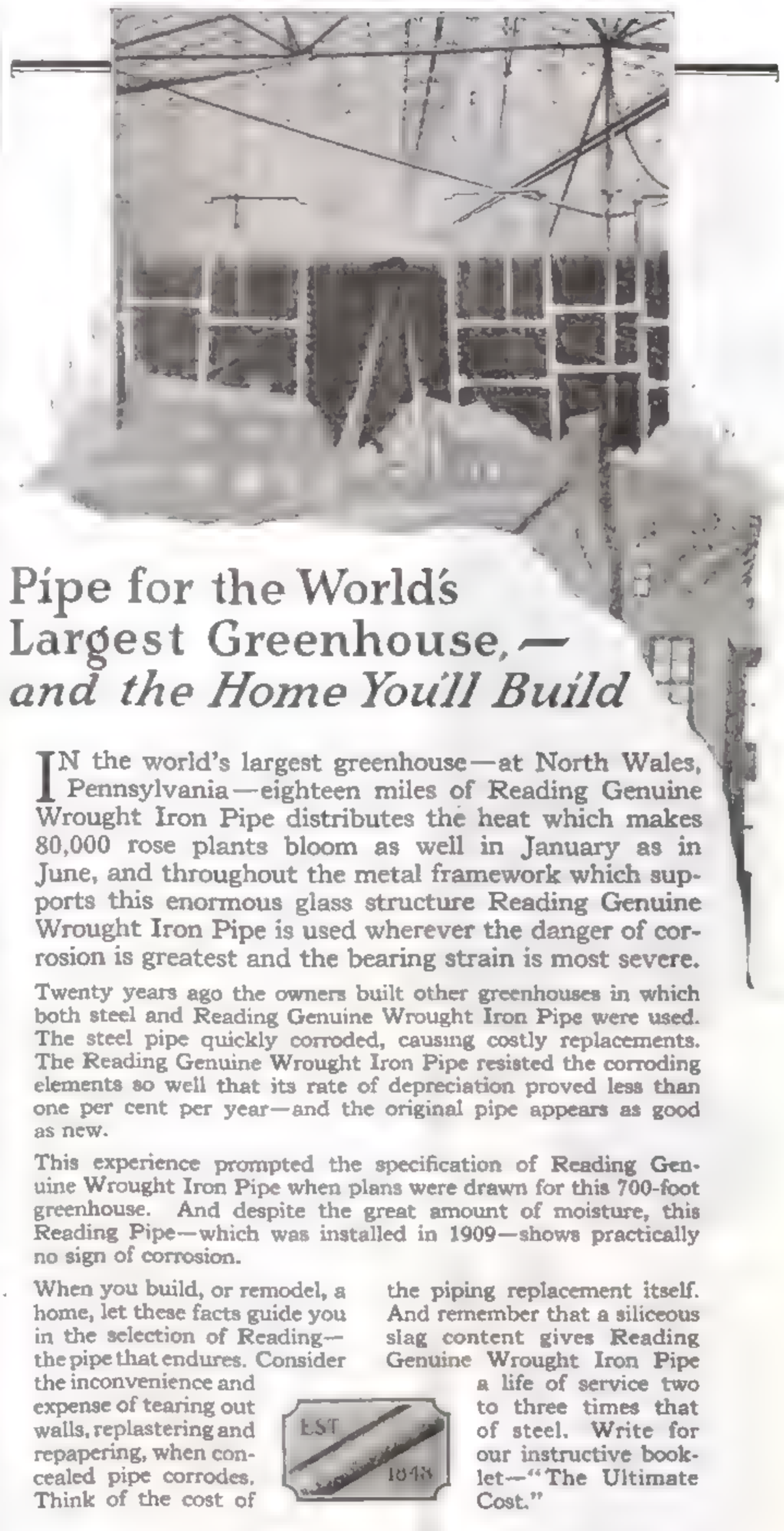
"I'm not angry," said Thelma. "I didn't think of it at all."

"Don't say that. I want you to think of me."

There's no telling what would have happened next, but Mr. Morris appeared from the shoe store; and also Adelaide, Louise and Virginia, who had been made aware that sis had a beau from the city, all came out and had to be introduced and conversed with. Then came supper. After supper Mr. William took himself off to the hotel and his car to the garage and Thelma seized the chance to telephone to two people. To Lettie Gaignat to tell her she was bringing Mr. William.

Lettie registered joy, also great slyness: "You old cheater!" she exclaimed. "I knew there was somebody."

The other message, which was more difficult, was to Ray Bowles. Thelma explained as well as she could that Mr. William Hardy had arrived quite unexpectedly and that her mother thought they ought to take him to Lettie's party. She thought she heard Ray give a little angry gulp, but she must have been mistaken, for his voice was perfectly calm and cool when he answered.



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This experience prompted the specification of Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe when plans were drawn for this 700-foot greenhouse. And despite the great amount of moisture, this Reading Pipe—which was installed in 1909—shows practically no sign of corrosion.

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"Why, look here, Thel—I'll just slip round and take Lucy—probably your friend, being a stranger, would think it was odd if we three went together."

Thelma felt a queer wish to cry as she hung up the receiver. First Lucy, then Mr. William, dividing her from Ray. There was only one thing to do, and that was not to let anybody know. She must look and act as if she was pleased to death to have Mr. William. She could, she reflected, be proud, if she couldn't be happy.

And it would be useless to say that Thelma didn't get a thrill by bringing Mr. William to that party. He was in superb white flannel. And he was from New York. And he was much better looking than Bob Thomas or Frank Tuttle, the local Beau Brummell. And he was awfully nice to everyone—no reason why he shouldn't be, but he seemed really to enjoy himself. The girls revolved around him like moths before a candle. And one and all, they accused Thelma of knowing all the time that he was coming. After a while she stopped denying it.

Ray Bowles kept away from her, though she went up to him and explained to him, specially, all over again about Mr. William. He made no special comment and he asked her to dance, twice, and that was all. And he was dancing all evening with Lucy. Thelma reminded herself to be proud, so she danced and laughed and flirted with everyone and gave an excellent impersonation of a radiantly happy girl. At times she almost deceived herself. But it seemed to her an interminable evening, and it got harder and harder to smile.

Going home in the moonlight she relapsed into silence and unapproachableness. Young Mr. William, for all his metropolitan finish, was afraid to say anything, but it was obvious that he had a great deal to say. He would have continued the late porch conversation with an iota of encouragement. But he didn't get it.

"I'm tired," remarked Thelma at the gate. "I have a headache. And I suppose you'll be going on tomorrow. It was very nice to have this little glimpse of you. Good-by."

"Oh, no—I can't go on tomorrow," said Mr. William in a voice of panic most unusual in such a sophisticated man of the world. "My car has got to have a thorough overhauling. I can't go for two or three days. Besides—well—anyway—you won't mind if I call sometime tomorrow, will you?"

She had wished herself into this. Besides, she must be polite. "Oh, no—you might call—certainly," she conceded. "In the evening. Good night."

And she made up her mind that when he came she'd have the porch literally crammed with people. She wouldn't have a minute alone with him short of being sandbagged and dragged off. So there, Mr. William, with your white flannels! Ray Bowles looked a thousand times nicer in his old gray suit. And he was a thousand times nicer. He didn't get drunk and insult defenseless women! But here her sense of humor intervened. Mr. William drunk was more amusing than Mr. William sober, and not a whit more terrifying.

Her mother stealthily opened the door of her room as Thelma came upstairs.

"Have a nice time, dear?" she whispered.

"So-so."

Mrs. Morris hesitated wistfully—she had long ago learned the lesson that mothers cannot compel their daughters' confidences, no matter how much they may long for them.

"Mr. Hardy seems to be a very pleasant young man," she ventured.

Thelma sighed. "Oh, he's all right," she returned wearily, "only he hasn't got much sense. G'night, darling muzzer."

She kissed her mother and went on resolutely. There wasn't anything she could tell. And she felt that if she said what she thought about Mr. William she'd use language unbecoming a lady. Yet once she had actually admired the man! Incredible!

Of course he didn't wait until evening to call. He was on the front porch by 9:30 the next morning. Thelma telephoned for Jen and Lettie and Bob Thomas. And who should come driving in but Ray Bowles, and he stopped and joined them.

"I'm having a vacation, too, while Thelma's home," he announced cheerfully.

He talked a great deal to Mr. William. They got on very well. Then someone proposed they should take a picnic lunch out to the Falls and eat it there, and Mrs. Morris said she'd let them have a chocolate cake she'd just made, and Jen's mother contributed beaten biscuit and chicken salad, and the boys went downtown and bought ginger ale and olives and candy, and Ray said they'd stop at a farm and buy a watermelon, and before you knew it they were off. Mr. William was just as popular today as he had been the day before. Thelma looked at him now and then to see if he was really enjoying this small-town stuff as much as he seemed to be, but she could detect no slightest sign of simulation.

They all piled into Ray's car and packed the lunch in any old way. As they passed Lucy Whelan's she was out front and waved to them.

"Too bad we couldn't take her too," said Ray.

"But she'd be an extra girl," objected Jen.

"An extra-nice girl," said Ray.

So that was how the picnic was spoiled for Thelma. She would have liked to slap Ray Bowles, and Lucy Whelan too. It was her sole consolation that none of the others could possibly guess how she felt, for wasn't she right there with a perfectly stunning city suitor who'd come all the way from New York just to see her? If Mr. William was nothing else he was an excellent smoke screen.

After the lunch Thelma slipped away from the crowd and went off to a quiet spot beside the falls. She sat down and looked at the silvery veil of water, and tried to compose her mind. Ever since Mr. William had arrived she had wished him to go, and it wasn't working at all. He was talking about staying the week out now. Thelma gritted her teeth. Most of her wishing was centered in one now—she wished that she'd never begun wishing. It was a silly game. And a dangerous one.

The dreary picnic was over at last, and in pleasant idling summer fashion they decided that since it was so late they might as well stop at the Tennis Club and finish up the day with a few sets. Mr. William, it appeared, was keen on tennis. Thelma and Mr. William thereupon played Bob Thomas and Lettie, and beat them to smithereens. Thelma's prowess increased, if possible, Mr. William's interest in her. And though she had successfully kept away from any twosing with him, she could feel that he wasn't to be denied much longer. The man had something in his mind to say and he was going to say it. Suddenly Thelma took fiery resolution. Let him say it. Let him say it and get out of town. That was all she wanted. While they were playing tennis Ray had left—presumably to run around and tell Lucy how sorry he was that she wasn't on the picnic with them. Mr. William was due to suffer for that.

He'd be around after supper, he had said. Thelma snatched a quiet moment in the hammock, to think about it. It would mean that she would have to get a new job when she went back to New York. She couldn't stay at Hardy & Son's. Heresy unbidden crept upon her. She didn't want to go back to that grimy, hurried, lonely city. She didn't want a desk and office hours and executive prerogatives. She looked through the window into the lamplit sitting room and saw her father and mother sitting together in companionable silence. They were both reading. Now and then they exchanged a word, with complete understanding. Once her mother laughed at her father and exclaimed, "Oh, you old foolish!" Pretty nice, all that. And yet, they were not prominent people. And her mother would never have qualified as a leader of her sex toward freedom and independence.

Young Mr. William at this juncture strode up the walk like a conquering hero. He, too, had determined that he would say his say. Thelma rose from the hammock and they settled at the other end of the porch in the delicious summer twilight.

"It's beautiful here," said young Mr. William.

He cleared his throat and went on: "I never knew people in little towns could be so jolly, so—worthwhile."

It was an unfortunate speech. "A great many people in the city feel superior about nothing," observed Thelma coldly.

Mr. William did not feel the chill. "Yes, they do," he agreed with her heartily. "This town, with its homes and its peacefulness and its jolly social life—good Lord, why am I raving on about these things! Thelma, don't you know why I came? I came because I'd said something to you when I was drunk that I wanted to repeat to you sober. I'm crazy about you. Don't you know it? And can't you be a little crazy about me?" He put out a possessive assured hand.

Thelma's heart pounded double time, but her voice didn't falter. "I like you," she conceded, "but that's all. I'm not in love with you. I never could be."

The assured hand fell. "But—but——" stammered Mr. William. "I could give you so much—not that I suppose that weighs with you."

"It doesn't," said Thelma. Even at this moment she remembered to uphold woman's place in the outer world. "I can get everything I want myself. Don't say anything more, Mr. William. I don't love you and I never could."

"I never saw a girl like you—and I came all this way—Thelma, look—isn't there any hope for me? I'm simply mad about you, I tell you—I can't give you up!"

He was pleading as a spoiled child pleads. That's all he was—a spoiled child. Not a man at all.

"No no"

"You're in love with somebody else?" demanded Mr. William.

"I certainly am!" cried Thelma, blushing in the dark, but honest.

"Are you engaged to him?"

Thelma's honesty suffered a complete lapse. She was going to end this now, once and for all. "Yes, I am. It's Ray Bowles. We've been engaged for years. And I love him—dearly." This last, at least, was true, and she said it with utter conviction.

That settled it. And after Mr. William had gone she sat there in the growing darkness, appalled at her lying.

"But oh, I wish it was true—I wish it was true!" she sighed.

She kept very still. The family would think she and Mr. William had gone for a walk or to see some of the girls.

She was sitting there as the clock struck nine and Ray's familiar slouching figure came along the street and turned in at the Morris front yard.

"Thel," said a low voice.

"I'm over here—by myself, Ray," she answered.

He stepped quietly up to the porch, walked over to her, put his arms around her and kissed her like a starved man. Thelma gasped, but kissed him back again.

"I hear we're engaged," he said presently, "It's all right with me, honey. But why didn't you let me know sooner? Here I've been suffering the torments of the damned seeing that young ten-thousand-dollar beauty, with his white suits and his car and everything, hovering round you as if he had a right to. And you encouraging him something outrageous."

"I didn't."

"You did too. And he simply black with money. I was pretty sick, I admit. And before that you were so set on a career, and being a picture in the Sunday supplement among our well-known women leaders, et cetera."

"I was an awful fool," she told him, without a qualm for those lost glories.

She reflected, her cheek hard against his old gray coat, that, anyway, Ray had a car, and if he went on as he'd started they'd certainly be prominent people. She'd be Mrs. Legislator Bowles, and then Mrs. Congressman Bowles, and maybe Mrs. Senator or Mrs. President Bowles. There was no telling. It was perfectly evident that all she'd have to do was to wish for it.

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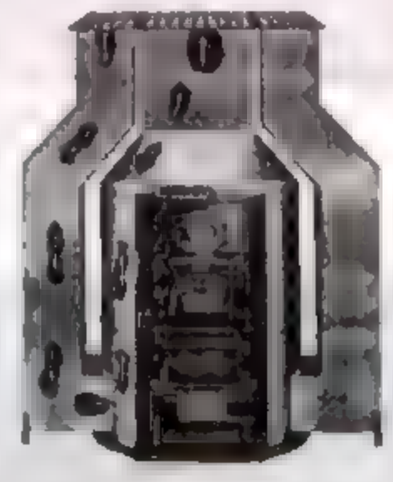

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THE SECRET PEARLS

(Continued from Page 25

"Well, you know what you can do, always," said Diamond Mike in the easy, bantering way he had with the women.

"What?" asked his companion sharply.

"You can marry me," he said, and realized when he said it that it wasn't such an idle jest just now as it had been. He might have to have her, tie her up to him some way, temporarily anyhow.

"Don't be foolish some more," she said with the heavy voice of an indifferent woman, which is worse than scorn.

"I mean it," he persisted.

Their talk was broken into again by the chanting of the chorus taken up at the tables around the room:

Oh, Gladys Gay,
I'll have to say,
I love your style,
Your winning smile ——

The screaming chorus ending, the second verse began in the high, metallic voice of the performer, and the two at the table behind the lattice screen could go on with their talk.

"I mean it," repeated Diamond Mike Flynn, pressing on the sincerity act now he had started it.

"Listen," he added. "Just to show you I now and then think of you, I see you've got your pearls still with you."

"I have—yet," she answered, looking up with a quickened curiosity.

"Let me take them." She looked at him with a question in her eyes. "Go on! Let me have them."

Her slow hand unclasped the lustrous string from her neck and laid it in his palm.

"What's the idea?" she asked doubtfully, as if reluctant to let them go.

"Shut your eyes," he said. She stared. "Go on!" She did it. "Put your hands over them." She did so. "Open them," he said at length, and showed her the outside of the case.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Just a little thing to show you, so you can't say I never think of you," said Diamond Mike, and he handed the elegant and costly box to her.

"What's this?" she asked again.

"A garage for the shiny necklace."

"Oh!" she said in a rather expressionless voice, starting to open the case. But her face changed as she looked at what she saw there. Her pearls seemed more lustrous, more living, more delicately and wonderfully changeable than ever before.

"It suits them, don't it?" asked Diamond Mike. "It brings them right out, like nothing you ever saw."

"It sure does," said the big girl.

"It's the same box they have for the real pearls," explained Diamond Mike. "Fixed just right to show them up."

"But it's no use," she said, taking the string out suddenly and clasping it around her neck, "to me. I won't leave them around in it and take the chance. That's sure. They've never come off my neck yet, and they won't!"

"I know that. I don't want them to," said Diamond Mike Flynn. "But you can put them in there for a background, to look at if you want to. Now you've seen how it shows them off."

"That's true. I noticed that. It does set them off something wonderful," she said, putting her hands to her neck and stroking the smooth jewels as if they were living things to her.

"Or you can throw the thing away—if you want to," said Flynn. "I was just showing you I hadn't forgot you."

"Well, thanks, anyhow," said the girl with abrupt awkwardness. "It's one grand box. I'm going back now and leave it in the dressing room. I'm on next."

The Gay girl's chorus was reaching its third and last repetition, with the shrill, hard soprano of the woman piercing it, and ended in a crash of cymbals and drum from the grotesque negro jazz band, and applause and laughter and whistling.

There was dancing again, and it was time for the next act—the singing of the girl who had just been with Mike Flynn, that he had just put that new trick over with. Mary Fireside they called her on the bill. She went on in mother songs with an act to offset Gladys Gay. It was an idea of Jake Rose. He had got her first out of a little starving church choir, somewhere out in the suburbs, where she had come from out in the country somewhere, thinking she could work along and get her voice educated, as girls do by the hundred.

The act went fine for a while, especially when the boys were all coming home from war, hanging around the city looking for jobs and not finding them. It knocked them dead, and the rest of the crowd with them. Mother songs always go well in the underworld. So they named her Mary Fireside and put her on as a contrast to Gladys Gay.

She came on now, tall and slow and quiet-looking, her hair in a low knot at the back of her head, and her white dress as simple as a country high-school girl's at graduation time. And at her neck, for the last three weeks or so, that simple, inexpensive string of artificial pearls. Nothing much to see; the department stores carry them at prices down to almost nothing. But they went better than anything else with that costume.

She came on and in her rich low soprano voice, almost a contralto, began her first song, a sob starter, as she stood with her hands clasped before her:

Oh, mother mine, when city lights
Shine long and blue on glistening streets,
I hear your soft voice calling me,
And this the call it still repeats:

My boy, my boy, come home to me!
The night is come, the day is sped
Forget the years'
Forget the tears'
Let mother tuck you in the bed.

The audience held silent, the spell of the mother song still strong upon them, the worse together with the better, and always more affected. Out of the audience two men stared with special earnestness—one, Diamond Mike Flynn; the other, the tall, lean, drawn-faced boy at the other table ahead of his beside the wall; the young ex-soldier from the hospital whom Diamond Mike had been looking over with Jake Rose. His deadly weariness gone, tense with the feverish tenseness of a sick boy, he gazed at the white-gowned singer as if he would never see her face or hear her voice again. But Diamond Mike did not see him now. He himself was watching, with steady critical eyes, the singer and the singer's throat.

She had an encore from the first, and was singing a second and less sobful song, whose refrain the audience evidently knew well:

Oh, take me back the road to happy childhood!
Back, back before another day is done,
Where the locusts' song comes droning from the wildwood,
And the golden grain lies sleeping in the sun.

The studying eyes of Diamond Mike Flynn were satisfied at last. There they hung—the pearls! An expert could not have told there had been an exchange from that distance. There they hung, on the throat of that cheap cabaret singer, seen by every eye—and absolutely hidden! He had pulled the trick, and not many minutes too soon, either.

"Did you get the news yet?" asked a voice behind him.

Looking around, Flynn saw the face of his own gunman, the long, joyless features of his own particular henchman, Jokes Duggan.

"No. What?" asked Flynn, twisting his body around.

"One-Fin Feeney and Black Hand Joe just had it out in Hocus-Pocus Alley."

"What happened?" asked the still-faced Flynn.

"Joe gave it to him on the ivory with the butt, and One-Fin got him through the lung."

"Will either one of them croak?"

"The wop, maybe, but not Feeney. They've rushed them both to the hospital."

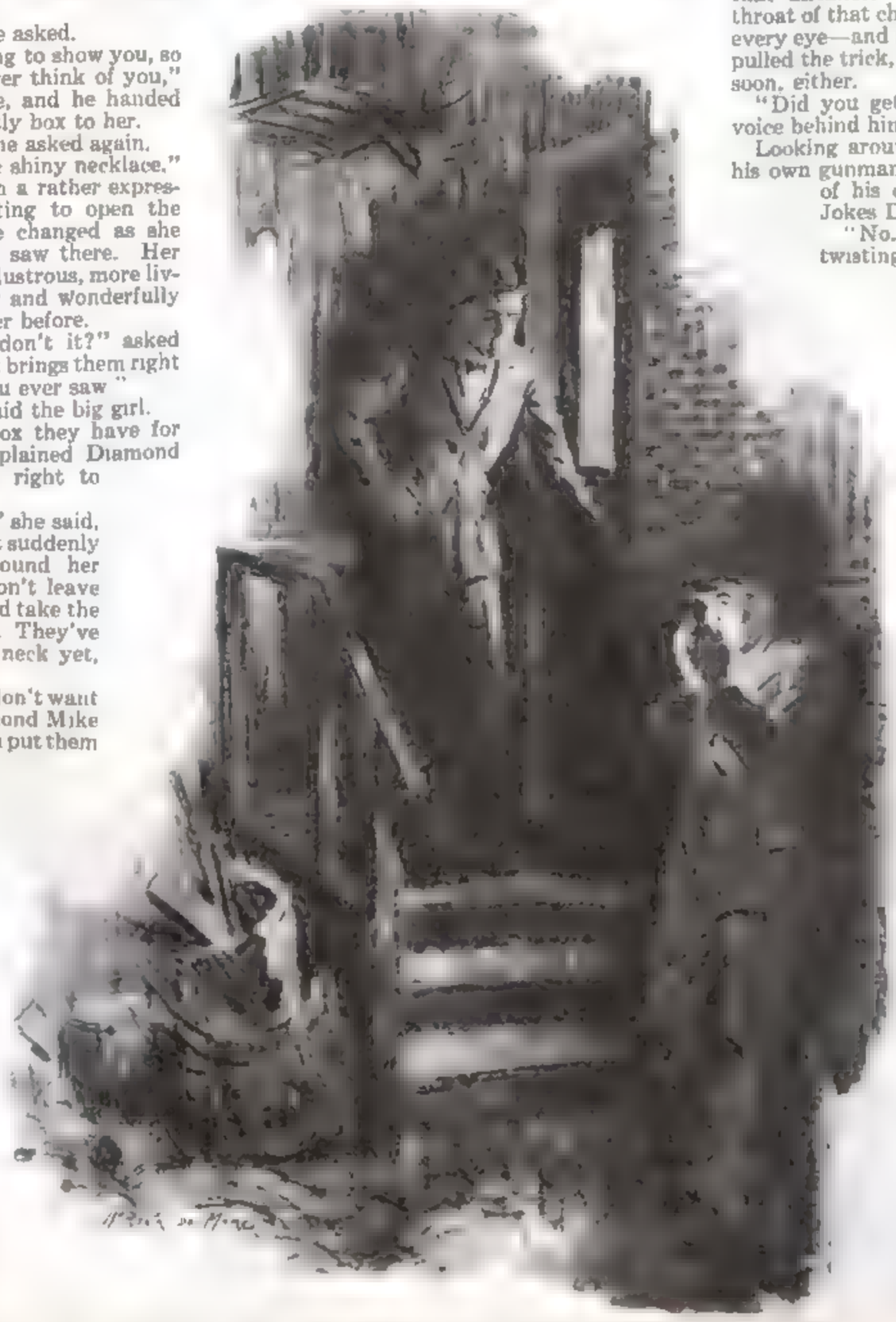
"Ah, hah," said Diamond Mike.

"And Jack Geegan wants to see you, so he says," continued Flynn's henchman. "He's got something important to go over with you."

"I'll see him tomorrow—not tonight," said Diamond Mike unemotionally.

VIII

AT NOON next day, a comfortable hour for a labor grafter to start business after his customary night life, Diamond Mike Flynn passed up in the small rattly elevator of the morgue and into the hallway of the second story again on his way to his appointment with Smiling Jack Geegan, the man who last night had almost certainly been in the plan to rob him.



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He viewed the scene of his escape with a smileless face but just a glint of satisfaction in his eye. He did not know yet what the two had in their minds when they attacked him—whether they had definite knowledge that he had double-crossed them or had just gone after him on the general principle that he might have done so. On the whole he believed they knew something, but not all.

But however much they knew, his loot was no longer on him now. It was put away, safely hidden in the last place in the world where they would find it. And until they found it, or gave up hoping that they could force it from him, he was safe from any repetition of the hold-up of the night before, or from assassination; so long at least as the men at the hospital did not die, as he understood now they were not going to do. His enemies wouldn't hold him up again when they knew he wouldn't be fool enough, after that last night, to carry the stuff around on him any longer; and they certainly would not kill the man who had the only knowledge of where the stuff was hidden until they had tried every move they knew to get it out of him.

It was to see what their next move would be that Diamond Mike had come here. With undisturbed face he opened the door and walked in. There was no one in the bare room, as he knew would be the case at this hour, but the man he was seeking.

He got up, a long, loose-knit figure, from where he was sitting at his yellow roll-top desk in the farther right-hand corner of the room, beyond the tall old iron safe. The crooked smile of the street joker raised the corner of his long, comical upper lip, in the perennial humor of the underworld, which reduces all things, good and bad, to absurdity.

"What the hell's going on here, Mike?" he asked in a tone of flippant amusement.

"Where?" asked Diamond Mike Flynn briefly, watching, keeping it up to him.

"Out here, last night," he replied, pushing his thumb toward the hallway. "What were you—trying to get yourself killed?"

"You ought to know," responded Flynn, pushing him along.

"Sure I know! And you do, probably, by this time," he returned promptly, his eyes shining with suppressed laughter, his clown's face twisted into a still more grotesque contortion of comicality. "It was a scream. Those two birds out to kill one another and you stepping in between, in the hallway, and almost getting yours."

No answering smile kindled in the face of Flynn, or any other expression that was readable, at this daring and preposterous lie.

"You gave him one hell of a toss—that Fingo," continued Geegan.

"I wish I'd killed him."

"You did—damn near."

Flynn gave a grunt—waiting, sizing up his play.

"Where have you been anyhow?" inquired the other, going on with it. "Didn't you know before that Black Hand Joe and his wops were out after Feeney?" he lied on glibly.

"I heard something," said Flynn, letting him go on, helping him.

"But not till too late, huh?" said Smiling Jack Geegan, reaching over and placing his persuasive hand upon the knee of the other man, who had now seated himself beside his desk—"till they almost got the old boy."

Diamond Mike's mouth relaxed into the least possible fraction of a wise smile. Let him work along, the liar! He could go as far as he did!

"Then after that they got after each other direct, huh?" he said.

"Sure," replied Geegan, smiling on at the humor of the thing. "They cut out knocking strangers in the head and got down to work."

"How are they—the two dumb-bells?" asked Flynn finally.

"They're coming out all right. But Feeney first, of course. The wop will take a longer rest. His lung's punched, and he made a mistake too. He'll find it out when he gets out. That One-Fin boy is bad—you know that," he said, looking with sudden soberness at Flynn.

"I can't hold him, that's all, when he gets out after a guy like he's after that wop. He'll get him sure, just as soon as they turn him out of the hospital. God help the wop! That phony-handed boy is the devil. Did you ever watch him when he's ready to go out on a job," he continued, "fooling around, playing tricks with that shiny hand educating it, he calls it? When he gets funny, showing off his tricks with it, it's time to take a sneak."

"I guess that's right," assented Flynn.

"He reminds me always of a cat, trying out his claws on the carpet. After a while it sets me all of a-quiver. It's the rawest-looking thing in the first place, and when it starts to open and shut by itself there's where I get off."

"It is a kind of a wild sight," conceded Flynn.

"But say, Mike," went on the plausible, confidential voice, moving on to new ground, "I sometimes think we made a mistake—you and me—in this other thing."

"A mistake, huh?"

"With that wop. You can't tell about them. They're not like white men. They've got no judgment. If Feeney don't get him he's liable to get loose any time and kick over the whole outfit. What we ought to have done," argued Smiling Jack Geegan, placing his long hand again affectionately on Diamond Mike's thick knee—"what we ought to have done was to form a white-man's union—just us two. We might have to do it yet," he said, lowering his voice and giving a friendly, humorous look from his blue eyes, "supposing One-Fin should knock off this one."

"We might at that," said Flynn, still coming along with him, waiting, seeing what that smiling liar's play was going to be when he finally opened it all out.

All this stuff was a lie, of course; and this man must know without a doubt that he knew it was a lie. But he was working along towards something with it—Flynn wasn't quite sure what. Was he just serving notice on him how bad Feeney was if he sent him after you? Was he just feeling him out on a proposition to double-cross the wop, to have his one-armed murderer bump him off after he got out of the hospital, if Flynn would split the graft? Or what? He certainly seemed to have something up his sleeve.

But there was one thing, anyhow, for Diamond Mike Flynn. They weren't in any position to go after him rough, now the stuff was no longer on him. He was safe, now these boys in the hospital were going to pull through. For none of them was in business for his health, any more than any other labor grafter, or for the pleasure of murdering. What they were after was the stuff—the thing he had hidden, and he was safe as long as he kept the hiding place from them; and they had hoped that they could some way get to it—or to him—which they certainly could not do with him dead.

He wondered when he left him—on the best of terms—just what the idea was that Smiling Jack Geegan was working around to with him, and didn't want to bring out quite yet. He could hardly think he could tease him around to dividing up by a few sweet smiles. But if it wasn't that, what was it? Merely a play for more time to watch him, or to hunt for the stuff?

"Hunt, damn you, if you want to," said Flynn to himself. "You'll not find it where it is now—not in one million years!"

He had it placed right now, so far as they were concerned, in a hiding place where even a labor grafter would not think to look. The whole game was shifted for him. He needn't watch them now. They could watch him, and meanwhile he'd be watching something else.

Like many a crook before him, he'd hung his whole stake on a woman, and what you did under the circumstances—you watched the woman!

He had to laugh the next few days—waiting, watching Geegan's play—at seeing his men out shadowing him. He had a cheap detective agency on him day and night. He couldn't use his own men, naturally. Flynn would know them. But he knew this other crowd almost as well. They had used them once to guard the headquarters, to keep the police from poking around nights and getting gay.

He had to laugh. They followed him in there to the Rose Palace every night, when he dropped in to take a look at the girl. There it hung, the whole thing, from her neck; before everybody's eyes, including theirs and Geegan's—for that matter, when he came in with that new queen of his almost every night. All unseen, absolutely hidden, absolutely safe from them or anybody else! A string of department-store jewelry which nobody would think of going after fastened to a cheap cabaret singer who wouldn't lose it for the world.

Continued on Page 149

The heat is there
Why not use it?

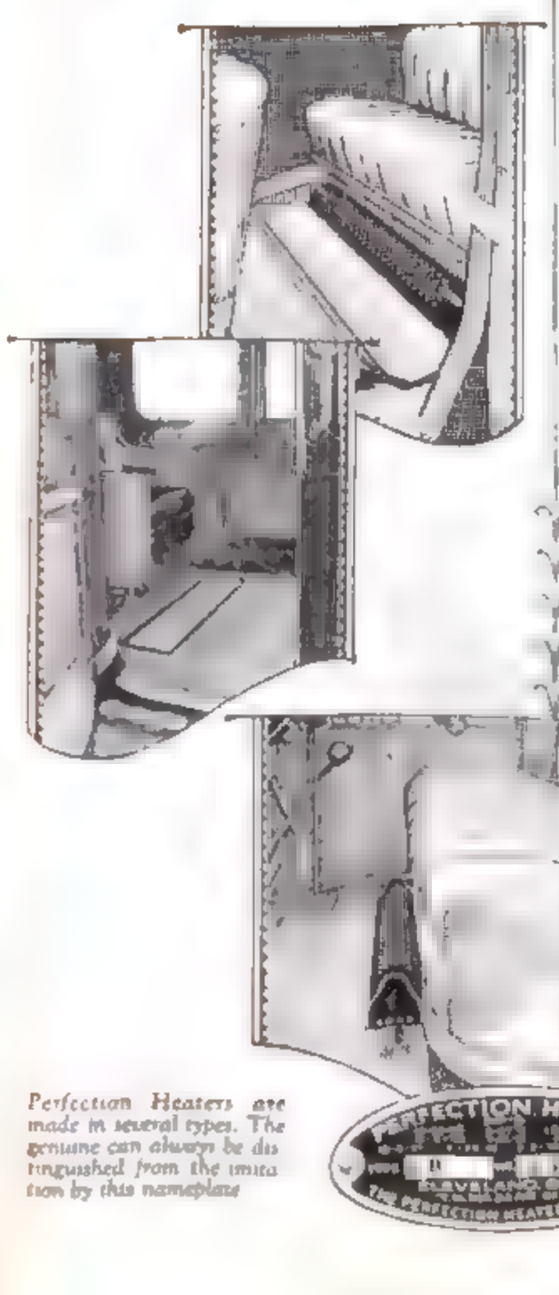
Of Course You Want Comfort

PERHAPS there are some people who are content to ride, cold and uncomfortable, in unheated motor cars. But the majority are keen for that real comfort which is provided by a Perfection Heater. With this equipment, protection is afforded against the bitter cold of extreme winter as well as the chill and dampness of fall and spring.

This comfort feature is supplied by most of the leading car manufacturers in their closed models without extra charge. Those owners whose cars are not equipped can easily have a Perfection Heater installed by their dealers or garage men. Except for the nominal original cost there is no upkeep or other expense.

Perfection Heaters may, in some cases, cost a trifle more, but the slight difference is more than offset by their thorough dependability and safety. Every Perfection Heater is individually tested and is guaranteed free from leaks, rattles and any other imperfections which might occur in a less carefully made product.

Dealers—Perfection Heaters bring a real sales opportunity to good dealers. Write or wire for our selling plan



Perfection Heaters are made in several types. The genuine can always be distinguished from the imitation by this nameplate

PERFECTION MOTOR CAR HEATERS

The Perfection Heater & Manufacturing Co.
6545 Carnegie Avenue ∴ ∴ Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured in Canada by
Richards-Wilcox Canadian Co., Ltd., London, Ont.

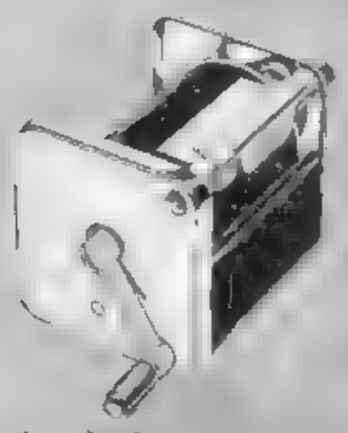
The utmost in closed car comfort is provided, without extra charge, by these manufacturers who equip with genuine Perfection Heaters.

Buick
Case
Cole
Columbia
Crow-Elkhart
Cunningham
Daniels
Davis
Dorris
Dort
Duesenberg
Dupont
Durant "6"
Earl
Elcar
Gardner
Grant
Handley-Knight
Haynes
Holmes
Hupmobile
King
Kissel
Liberty
Marbohm
Marmon
Mercer
Meteor
Mitchell
Moon
Nash "6"
National
Oakland
Oldsmobile
Paige
Premier
R & V Knight
ReVere
Roamer
Standard "8"
Stephens
Stevens-Duryea
Studebaker
Stutz
Templar
Velie
Westcott
Winton
Yellow Cabs

Smooth

Man alive! You won't know what a smooth shave really is until you

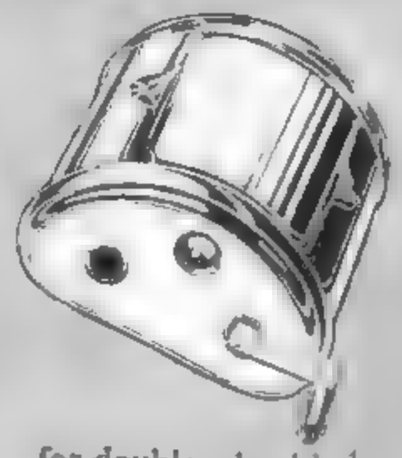
strop your blades with a Twinplex. Then you'll enjoy smoother, quicker shaves than you ever thought possible. Twinplex improves new blades 100% and gives 100 perfect shaves from each new blade. Sold on trial everywhere. Twinplex Sales Company, St. Louis, New York, Montreal.



for single edge blades
$3.00

Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES



for double edge blades
$5.00

(Continued from Page 146)

The chief and only thing for him under the circumstances was to keep on playing around with the girl, which he did, and had been doing for that matter for the last month or so. But not too much; not any more than he had in the past with twenty others. But he'd put her in a good safe place nights too. He'd fixed her up when he first got interested in her, with a widow he knew; an old Irish woman as honest as the day was long, who kept a good straight house.

The only thing was, she might get mixed up with some other man some way. As far as he knew, there had been absolutely nothing like that to date. She was a cold, distant thing off the stage. He had never heard a word about anybody until this crazy tale about her and this dying soldier that this Gay girl was trying to worry him with.

"You can laugh," she kept telling him still, "but there's something on there."

"Yeah?" he said, watching her to see how much she thought she was fussing him. "Why so?"

The two they were talking about were together again, at another table, in back of Flynn somewhere. He'd seen her with him once or twice lately.

"They've got to telling each other how bad they feel; how rotten the world is; what a dirty deal they are getting here in the city; how they ought to get back to old Virginia or Carolina or Ohio or Cass County, or wherever it is in the country they both come from."

"Just like her songs."

"Sure! Back to the old home in Cass County, where all is good and pure, and raise hens!"

"With her singing as they go, huh?"

"Wouldn't it knock you for a home run? That's all it is—she singing mother songs and hypnotizing him, and he coming back and telling her howwonderful, howwhite and sweet she is! And she getting to believe it herself, and starting in acting like a mother song to him. The two of them going round and round, getting themselves all wound up like a clock."

"As bad as that, huh?" said Mike Flynn, listening to her put out that stuff.

"Yes; and you want to keep busy; keep your eye on them, if you don't want them to up and fly the coop on you some day—back to the good old country home."

"He'll be dead first," said Flynn.

"No, that's half the idea. She'll take him back to the good old country where they both came from first, and cure him singing mother songs."

"Who told you all this?" he asked her.

"Nobody. They don't have to. I can see it."

"You make me smile," said Flynn. "She wouldn't take up with a thing like that, not in a thousand years. He's only ten per cent alive. I bet, if the truth was known, he crawls out the fire escape at the hospital to get here."

"You don't get it at all," she said, arguing. "That's the whole thing."

"What is?"

"When they get to mothering them: when they get to pitying and mothering them. I know women."

"Yeah, I've known a few myself," said Diamond Mike Flynn.

"You've got us wrong, that's all," she told him, getting a little excited, arguing; "you and all the men. We never were so bad as you make us."

"What'll she do—put him in bed and take in washing? He can't pay for a square meal."

"You've got us wrong, that's all," she said again.

"I have, huh? I know you like the face of my own watch. You all talk wild and squashy about what you'll do and won't do. But when you come down to it you've got to have it soft—all of you. What you want is money, clothes, easy times."

She kept saying "You've got us wrong." That was the only answer the girl could make.

"And she's a good straight girl, if you want the truth," she added finally.

"I don't doubt that," he told her. "I'm just saying you're all alike when it comes to needing the money. And when it comes to taking up with a bird with nothing of his own but a job for the undertaker I'll bet my last dollar in the world that it never will be pulled off."

He had to smile afterward when he thought of those last words, for that was just about what he had done—bet his last dollar almost on this thing, on keeping this girl in hand.

He thought it over while the Gay girl went on talking, and he saw, no matter how sure he was or how much he thought he knew those girls or how much of that stuff the Gay girl was giving him was bunk, there was no use of taking unnecessary chances; and certainly no harm in keeping right on with this singer of his and tying her to him while the tying was good. For he saw now he had his pearls planted there, probably, for a good while. And there would be just one danger, right along, of some other man, some younger man than he was, suddenly looming up on the horizon and cutting inside him. So he made up his mind he'd press the thing, start on that idea he'd gone over with Rose, of letting her out of her cabaret job when Flynn gave the nod and getting another girl in her place. She'd come flying and fall sobbing into his arms after that. It would cut out any wild ideas, if she had them, of starting playing with a starving sick man, when neither one of them had enough to buy a meal in an armchair lunch room.

IX

AS IT happened, while he was thinking about it things were already working his way. The two that they were talking about were starting on a quarrel at another table in the Rose Palace. The ex-soldier had reached over the table to her in a pause in their talk and taken hold of her necklace.

"Listen," he asked her, "what are these things?"

"Oh, just a little string of cheap things I got," she told him, drawing them back from him

"They don't look so cheap to me," he said, watching her with a suspicious look in his eye.

"Well, they are"

"They're pearls, aren't they?" he asked her, looking up. She laughed out loud.

"What do you think they'd cost if they were?" she asked him He shook his head. "Anywhere from half a million up," she stated largely.

"What are they then?" he asked. "Just phony?"

"Phony, yes. What would they be?"

"They don't look so to me," he stated a little sullenly. "They don't look so cheap, anyhow."

"They make them now so they're just like the real," she said, holding the beads up so she could get a glimpse of them beneath her chin.

"See that one with the pink in it? Isn't that a great imitation?"

"You didn't get that at any department store," he came back, interested in the suspicion in his mind more than in the coloring of jewels, real or false. She didn't answer. "Who gave it to you?" he asked doggedly.

"What's that to you?"

"Was it that old guy—that little slick one with the glass bottle in his necktie?"

"What if it was?"

"Mary, can't you see what kind of a thing he is?" he asked her earnestly. "And what he's after?"

"What is he?" she returned defiantly.

"You know," he insisted, "as well as I do. Give it back to him won't you?" he urged, trying to catch her eye.

"Why?" she answered, not letting him do so.

"Because I ask you to, if for nothing else"

"Why?" she repeated warmly. "You don't believe ——"

"No, but I can't have it, that's all! I can't see you indebted to that cheap girl-chaser. Give it back to him and square it all up."

"I couldn't now, anyway," she persisted, arguing, with no intention of doing what he asked her to.

"Couldn't what?" he said, and stared.

"Square it up, really; not by giving it back the way you say."

"Why not?"

"Not square it right."

"Why not, couldn't you?"

"What could he do with it?" she asked, resisting him, still arguing—anything that came into her head. "He couldn't sell them back, could he? Who'd give him what he gave for it—a necklace of phony pearls? He'd be out that much, anyhow, and I'd be out the pearls. So what good would it do anybody?" she argued on at random.

He considered her improvised arguments silently, with the seriousness of a boy in love.

Housewife *and* Grocer

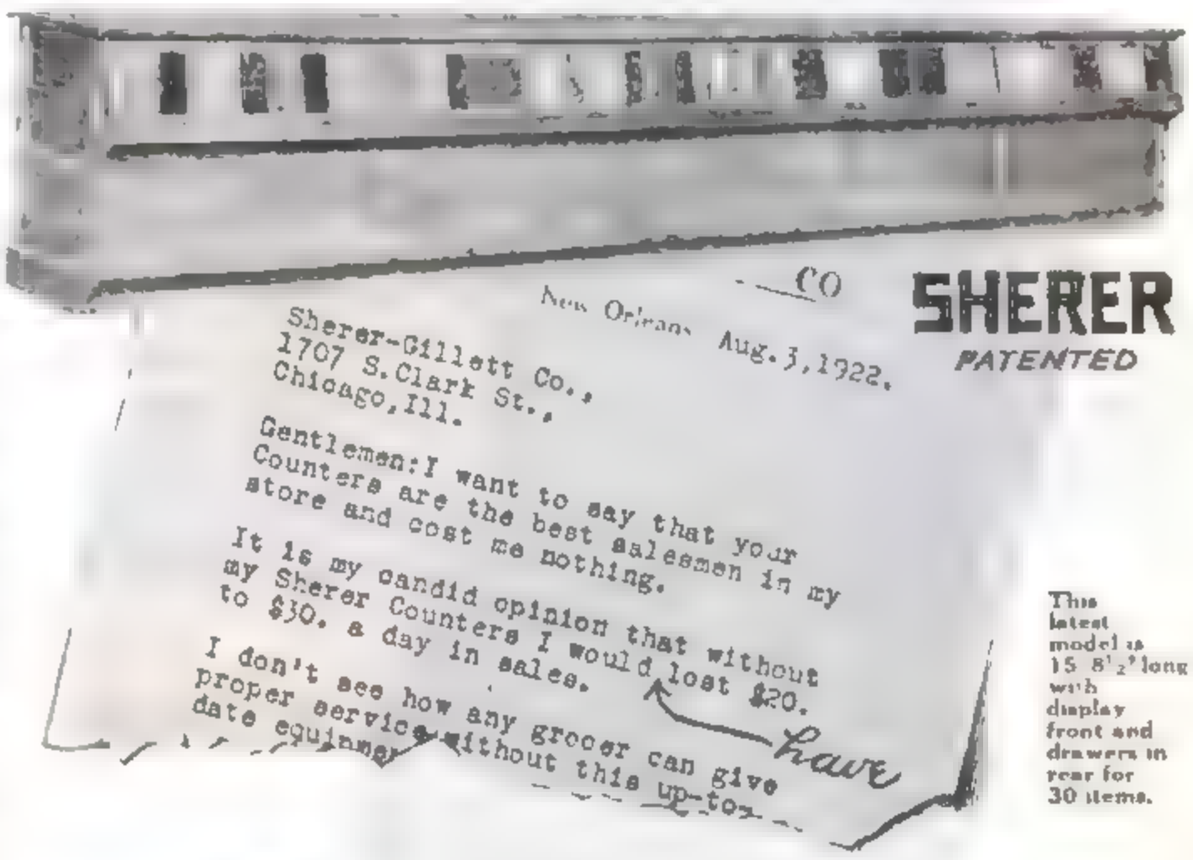
An invincible team. When housewife and grocer work together for better home-keeping and better store-keeping they are both benefited.

And the reason for this is very simple.

The grocer keeps a clean store with Sherer Counters for his bulk foods, such as dried fruits, crackers, etc.

The sensible housewife, recognizing his effort to meet her ideals of cleanliness, patronizes him.

This result has been secured by more than seventy thousand grocers who have installed Sherer Grocery Counters.


SHERER
PATENTED
New Orleans Aug. 3, 1922.
Sherer-Gillett Co.,
1707 S. Clark St.,
Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: I want to say that your Counters are the best salesmen in my store and cost me nothing.
It is my candid opinion that without my Sherer Counters I would lost $20. to $30. a day in sales.
I don't see how any grocer can give proper service without this up-to-
have

This latest model is 15 8½' long with display front and drawers in rear for 30 items.

Why he would have lost sales

Because fastidious customers, repelled by the clutter of an untidy store, stay away.

Because housewives, anxious to give the family only clean, pure foods, hesitate to buy bulk goods that are exposed to contamination in open bins, boxes or bags.

And the reverse of the picture is equally true—

Women like to come to the store where the money-saving bulk goods are displayed behind glass for each selection.

They like to know that their grocer has adopted such an up-to-date method of keeping his bulk foodstuffs clean.

And so they give him their trade and they praise his store.

Can you afford to offend the thinking women of your community by failing to modernize? Can you longer do without a Sherer Counter?

SHERER-GILLETT CO., 1707 So. Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Factories in Wisconsin · Michigan and New York
Canadian Office and Factory at Guelph, Ontario

Getting customer co-operation

We want every grocer who would like the co-operation of his best customers to use this coupon.

We will explain how you can pay for a Sherer Counter out of the money it saves you and the extra sales it makes while you use it Write today.

Are you a specialty salesman?

If so, we may be able to offer you desirable territory. Please give full information in your first letter.

SHERER-GILLETT CO.
1707 S. Clark Street
Chicago, Ill.

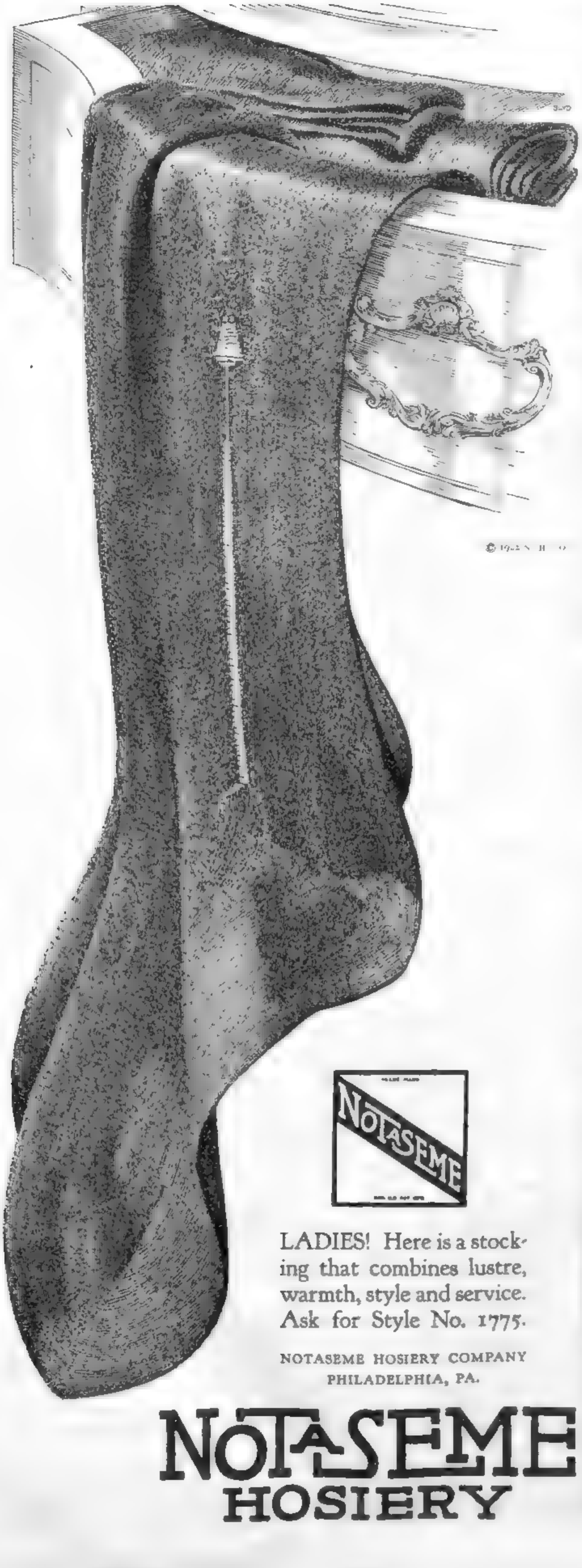
Gentlemen: Let me know how I can take advantage of your special payment plan and win the support of my best customers.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Coupon signed by _____



LADIES! Here is a stocking that combines lustre, warmth, style and service. Ask for Style No. 1775.

NOTASEME HOSIERY COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

NOTASEME HOSIERY

"No, I won't!" she said suddenly, the strength of her attraction to the bauble mastering her.

"Suppose I did this," he persisted, accepting her arguments at face value, boylike, as he did everything about her: "Suppose I said I'd pay you what they cost and you could send the money back to him, the way you say you'd have to—to be all square."

"And what would you do with the pearls?" she asked, staring at him.

"I'd smash them!" he answered violently.

"Smash them?"

"Or anything else that guy gave you!" he said bitterly. "What did they cost him, do you know?"

"Yes, I know."

"What?"

"Only a hundred and seventy-five dollars—that's all."

"You know that?"

"I do, yes. I saw the mark on them in the shop window."

"Then I'll get it for you—right off, now."

"You!"

"Yes, I can get it. I've got five hundred dollars coming from the Government yet."

"And I suppose you'd go and tell all over just what you wanted it for—advertise it all over, probably," she said, working herself into a passion. "How suspicious you are of me!"

"I'd be likely to, wouldn't I? Never in this world! You know that," he said earnestly. "Come on, Mary! Come on!" he urged.

"No," she said, justifying herself by an increasing anger. "Who are you, anyway, to be dictating to me what I do and what I wear? Who gave you the idea you owned me? I never did—that's certain."

"I never said so."

"You'd think ——"

"I don't think anything, Mary, and you know it. You know what I think about you. You're the finest, grandest ——"

"Never mind all that!"

"Why wouldn't I say it, after all you've meant to me? All I want is for you to lose those pearls, square yourself—right!"

"Because you think—you just the same as say ——"

"I don't say anything. All I want you to do is to come out and ——"

"Then stop wanting, for I won't do it. I won't give them back or give them up—not for you or anybody else!" she broke in abruptly, jumping up on her feet, clutching her precious trinket with her left hand.

"Look!" he said to her, staring up without rising. "I suppose you're going over to see that guy now."

"I am—if I want to!"

"All right for you," he warned her—"if you do!"

"Never worry," she came back with reddened face. "I'm going right now!" He sat silent, looking down, as she started—and stopped to speak again with an angry break in her voice. "And you ought to be proud of yourself for what you've been insinuating about—about me!"

"Insinuating!" he repeated dully, looking up. "What'd I say? Except that a grand fine girl like you ought not to ——"

"I can't bawl you out," she broke in hotly, "because you're sick. But nobody, sick or well, can say what you've been trying to say and expect to see me again right off."

When he looked up again she was gone. Ill, disheartened, in dull misery, he sat, his head propped up on his arm on the table, and watched her under his eyebrows as she made her way to where Flynn and Gladys Gay sat talking; then turned his moody, misty blue eyes down again, making rings with his wet glass on the table surface.

"You've come back to see your old friends, huh?" said Diamond Mike, watching her, when she sat down, with that stuff the other girl had started still going in his head.

"I certainly have," she answered, seating herself with more emphasis than usual. "And I'm glad to be here."

"I didn't know but what we'd lost you for good," he said, trying her out.

"How? To who?"

"To your new friend over there."

"Him!" she said. "I'm off with him for good! I'd never have gone along so far as this if I hadn't thought he was a poor sick kid and ought to have amusement. But now he can amuse himself. I'm through. He's impossible."

"What are you through for? What's it all about?" asked Diamond Mike, winking slowly at the girl on the other side, letting her see how she had slipped up in all her ideas on this thing.

"Never mind what it's all about. It might be about you—you can't tell," she said, coming back with more of a play at him than he had ever had from her before.

"That's the way to talk," he said, grabbing it, pushing her along. "When will we do it?"

"Do what?"

"When will you marry me?"

"You want to look out. I might be taking you up on that one of these days," she said, giving him a new look that had never been in her eyes before.

"I'm waiting," said Flynn, watching her.

"I guess it's most time for me to beat it and retire," said the other girl, the blonde, grinning and getting up and going off to some people at another table and leaving them together.

He went on talking with the girl, passing the marrying idea back and forth. He was sure now there was something—that something had her going; and he had made up his mind already that, all things considered, he'd better grab her while the grabbing was good and tie her up to him once and for all.

She was gay at first—unusually gay and loud-laughing. Then she started after a while to get still and blue again. She was the blue kind—still and cold and moody when things went wrong. She started moaning, down in the mouth, the way they do sometimes late in the evening.

"Oh, what's the use, anyhow?" she said all of a sudden.

"Of what?" he said, studying her.

"Of anything."

The only thing he could get out of her was that she was worried about her act.

"It's about through," she said; "on its last legs."

"You should worry," he told her.

"Well, I do, all right."

"What for?"

"Well, for one reason," she said, talking off, "mother songs are on the skids. I know it. Look at the movies! The first of the year it was all Way Down on the Farm, now it's all The Arab. Oh, I know! I watch things—if I don't talk much," she said, turning her big blue worried-looking eyes up to him.

He had to smile inside at her sitting there moaning for fear she'd starve to death with a hundred thousand and more on her neck!

"So that's all," he said, going on with it.

"No, that's not all. Not by any means!" she came out, letting it all out together when it came. "It's something more than that, if you want to know it! It's the boss—that Rose. He's as good as told me I was slipping fast."

"He did not!" said Flynn.

"He did so!"

"Oh!" said Flynn, thinking. He saw now what it was, probably. Rose had started out already on that stuff he had promised he would feed her. He was beginning to scare her about her job. "Look here," he said, taking his chance, now it came. "Look here, girl. What you want to do is to marry me. No fooling. That's what you want to do."

"Do you mean that?" she said, staring hard. "Or don't you?"

"You try me! Just try me!" he said, getting her hand.

"I'll go you," she said. Her hand was colder than ice. "I'll go you! When?"

"Just as soon as I can fix it," said Diamond Mike Flynn, nailing the thing right then and there.

He couldn't marry, as a matter of fact—not with one wife living somewhere out on the coast. But there were plenty of ways for a man wise at all of getting around that without going clean through and committing bigamy. Besides, she'd never hear he was married, probably. There were just a few that knew it, anyhow.

Things seemed to be running right for Diamond Mike Flynn now, for it was certainly his play to tie her up—not taking any chances of anybody but him stepping in and getting hold of her. He was well satisfied with the way the play was moving when he left her and the Rose Palace, with the thing all fixed up between them, and went out on the street.

x

HE HAD passed only halfway down the block when his sense of satisfaction was given a sudden jolt. Across the street, lounging nonchalantly along after him, he caught out of the corner of his eye a figure

(Continued on Page 153)

One Broken Fan Belt Cost $169.50

A motorist* touring the Adirondacks wrote to commend us on our "Carry a Spare" idea for fan belts.

He said that the soundness of this idea came home to him when the ordinary fan belt which he had on his car broke thirty miles from a garage. He had no spare. In driving to the garage, he burned out two new bearings and two connecting rods. Besides his repair bill of $169.50, the accident spoiled his trip because of the inconvenience caused him and the time lost.

You might as well drive without oil or water as without a fan belt. For the lack of either produces the same ruinous results.

*Name on request.

A REMARKABLE *NEW* GILMER BELT

THE new Gilmer Super-Service Fan Belt is the latest Gilmer achievement. Super-Service describes it—super-service in exceptional wear and faithful performance.

For the new belt is made on a new principle. It is light in construction—exceptionally flexible—the strongest belt that ever drove a fan. It grips the pulley without slippage and insures a cool motor under severe conditions.

The most rigorous shop and road tests have proved the superiority of this new belt.

Look for the NEW "Twin Package"

The new Gilmer Super-Service Fan Belt comes in a new package (shown above). For your convenience, two belts are wrapped together. The first one goes on your car. The other is the spare and is sealed in a glassine envelope to keep it clean until used.

Look for this new "Twin Package." Get a new Super-Service belt on your car at the earliest opportunity. Put the other in your tool box. Ask your dealer about them to-day.

L. H. GILMER COMPANY, Philadelphia

"Carry a Spare"

Other Gilmer Products:

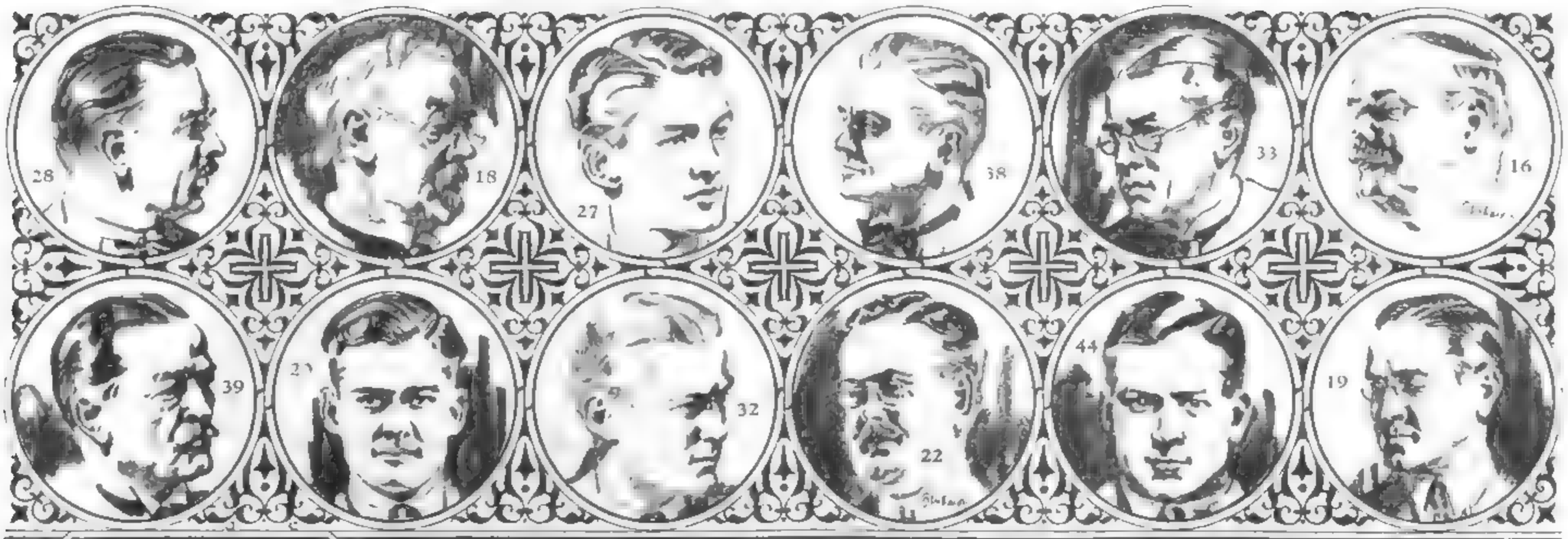
Gilmer Bull Dog Bounce Absorbers.

Gilmer Radiator Lacing—to take the rattle and squeak out of the hood.

Gilmer Tire Straps.

Gilmer

It's a Gilmer Product—you can depend on it



"Find the Christmas Face" Contest

Gillette Offers 156 Prizes—headed by $1000.00 in Gold

If Santa Claus were a grumpy old man, the human race would have had someone taking his place long ago.

The "Find the Christmas Face" Contest was inspired directly by the *immortal smile of Santa Claus.*

And that is as it should be.

For a Christmas Contest should not only be *practical* and *helpful.*

It should put back *some of the old-time fun* into Christmas.

* * *

Let's say, for instance, that you've written the remarkable *New Improved Gillette* down as a good present.

Then comes the Christmas list of *menfolks.*

The genuine help of the Christmas Face Contest comes in right here. By cheerily *stirring the memory*—and by giving you 156 chances to win a prize.

Study these typical American faces. They're all self-shavers. They want the *best razor.*

Whom does this face or that face remind you of?

When you see a face that looks like someone you know, this you can be sure about—*that man wants a New Improved Gillette for Christmas.*

You can buy gifts that cost more—but *no gift that does so much.*

We shall publish nearly 50 of these Christmas Faces.

Here are 12 of them.

For more faces—see

Saturday Evening Post of December 9th. *American Magazine* for December. *Metropolitan Newspapers* everywhere in the United States.

S

Go to any dealer who sells Gillette Safety Razors.

Ask him for a

GILLETTE PRIZE BOOK

with

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

Let these Christmas Faces remind you of men to go on your Christmas list—

Upstanding young fellows just starting in life—
Substantial citizens of mellow years—
All typical Americans, who want the newest and finest shave—the *New Improved Gillette.*

As a Christmas Gift for Men the New Improved Gillette has no equal in *quality*—no rival in *popularity*—no match in *service.*

A lifetime of shaving luxury—and every day a grateful remembrance of *you!*

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.

The New Improved Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

Patented January 13, 1920

The Traveler
In Silver - - $7.50
In Gold - - 10.00
Other Gillette Sets $5 to $75

The Bostonian
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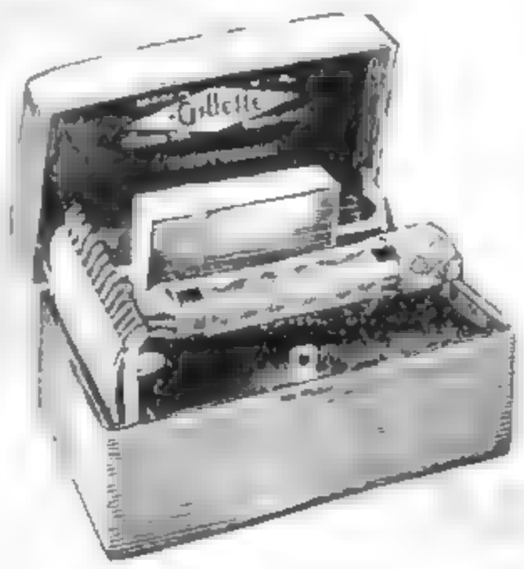


(Continued from Page 150)

he did not care to see—the figure of the dynamiter with one hand. It was the first time that Flynn had set eyes on him since he had left the hospital. What was he—out after him already, squaring that account from Hocus-Pocus Alley? It had that look to Diamond Mike, walking steadily on.

It was after midnight. The passers on the street were few; their footsteps noisy in the silence. Even at that it seemed unlikely that anyone would start anything right there in the tall blocks in the middle of the city. And yet what did that one care for anything or anybody, himself included?

The footsteps that echoed Diamond Mike's from across the silent street now crossed the roadway and followed in behind him. With a touch of characteristic deviltry they changed rhythm, hitched and kept step with Flynn's own—an improvised piece of mockery, a jest of the follower to the followed—up the silent street.

Suddenly the adroit mind of Diamond Mike Flynn saw what he could do if he had the time, before the other man came up with him. He walked steadily forward, with some use of will power, his hand in his coat pocket, his ears continually strained to note any hurrying of the steps behind him. There was none. He did not have to face about until, reaching it at last, he turned into the side door of an all-night drug store. It was not likely the follower would start any trouble in there.

Diamond Mike Flynn had no intention, however, of stopping there himself. Passing directly through, raising his hand in salutation to the head clerk, he came out into the hallway on the other side. He had two choices here—one to go to the front, one to the rear, into the alleyway. He decided on the alley. From there, if he chose, the positions might be reversed. He could follow up the other man if he wanted to do so.

He turned back, pushed out the rear door and came out again into the half light of another of the city's alleys. As he did so he saw a man standing, back against the wall, lighting a cigarette.

"Welcome to our city!" said One-Fin Feeney without looking up. His artificial hand held between its smooth forefinger and thumb a match which he poised above a safety-match box which he held in the other hand. "Say, old-timer, take a look at this," he said with an ostentatious lightness; and striking the match on the box with deep attention to the management of the unnatural doll-like hand holding it, bent down his head and cigarette to its light.

"Ain't that good?" he asked, straightening up at last with his light. "Ain't that cute? The best educated piece of timber in captivity. I'm teaching it to play ragtime next," he said, casting away the used match with a strange stiff attempt at casualness.

The first cold shock of surprise—the unusual sensation for Mike Flynn of seeing that he had been outguessed—gave way to unguarded anger at the man's exaggerated insolence.

"Say, what have I run into here?" he inquired. "A half-wit operating half a man?"

His mocker took a long, careful, studious look at the pinkish hand.

"Hush!" he said, advancing the thing close to Flynn's face and drawing it back again with an absurd and horrible gesture of menace and insult. "Don't get it excited, you poor old has-been! It might get loose and muss you up some."

He smiled a close smile of mockery as he said it, while Flynn's anger mounted once more into his throat.

"What's the fat idea," he asked, "chasing me around, holding me up at this time of night?"

"Be calm," said the maimed man. "Park yourself for a moment, poppa. You have nothing to fear."

"You talk like a full-floating fish!" said Diamond Mike. "If you've got something to say, say it! If not I'll be going along."

He started to turn back through the door into the block, his right hand still on his automatic in his pocket, as it had been from the first.

"Wait, you poor old stiff!" said the other briefly, with a sudden shift from mockery to seriousness. "Unless you want to get your moldy brains blown out!"

"Who by?" asked the older man stridently, his hand all set for the shot through the coat pocket. He had, for once in his life, run up against a calmness greater than his own.

"Not me—if you mean me. Not now!" the other said, removing his cigarette with ostentatious slowness from his lips with his one good hand, not even looking around. "I'm here on a different mission, now—a mission of love. I'm here, if you want to know," he continued now in a matter-of-fact voice, "not to croak you but to save your life—for another time," he added, not quite able yet to curb his sinister jesting.

"Have it out. What is it?" demanded Flynn.

"Do you want to take a peep at it yourself?"

"At what?"

"The automobile; the death chariot that's on your trail from now on."

"From now on, huh?" responded Diamond Mike, his usual poise again recovered.

"Come on, I'll show it to you for yourself, so you'll believe it."

"What do you take me for?" asked Flynn, holding back.

"Come on! Come on!" said the other man impatiently. "If I'd wanted to get you—if I wasn't out here with orders to save your life—how long do you think you'd have been in circulation after I'd got out of bed? I'd have had you at least twice tonight. Have some sense! Get yourself together, grandpa! You're all over the lot, like the daisies."

"Is that so?" said Mike Flynn.

"We'll have to get a taxi," responded the one-armed man, seeing he had convinced him. "Which way'll we go? Out the alley or through the front?"

"Suit yourself," replied Flynn.

"You can go out front and come around out by here and pick me up."

"All right," consented Flynn.

That was done deliberately. He was given the right to pick his own taxi driver—no small assurance, as no one knew better than Diamond Mike, especially after his experiences with that mob when he was in on the running of that last taxi strike.

"Tell him to drive you home—on by your place. Only keep on going. Tell him not to stop when you get there, but go on by. They'll be looking for you. They've got a flash already that you'll be coming. They had a man on you all the evening at the Rose Palace, till he saw you starting home, and went on ahead," said the dynamiter to Flynn, when Flynn stopped and took him in the taxi.

"And you keep back out of sight," he directed as they got under way.

"When do I get let in on all this?" Flynn asked him.

"You'll appreciate it more when you see it for yourself and don't have to take my word for it," the other man replied.

"Where'll I see it?"

"Around your place somewhere," answered Feeney, and stopped there, sticking up that phony hand all at once. "Just to change the subject for a minute," he said, staring at the stiff, unwholesome thing, "did I ever show you my cunning little pet here and what I can do with it now? It acts up just like a real one now. I've got it all educated up." He held it out toward Flynn. "Honest," he said, reaching over with it; "I ain't fooling. Try it yourself. Shake hands. It can shake hands as well as anybody."

"What are you—drunk?" said Flynn, but thinking, of course, of what they all said about him; how when he was going to work something unusually raw he would always start fooling and joshing about that thing.

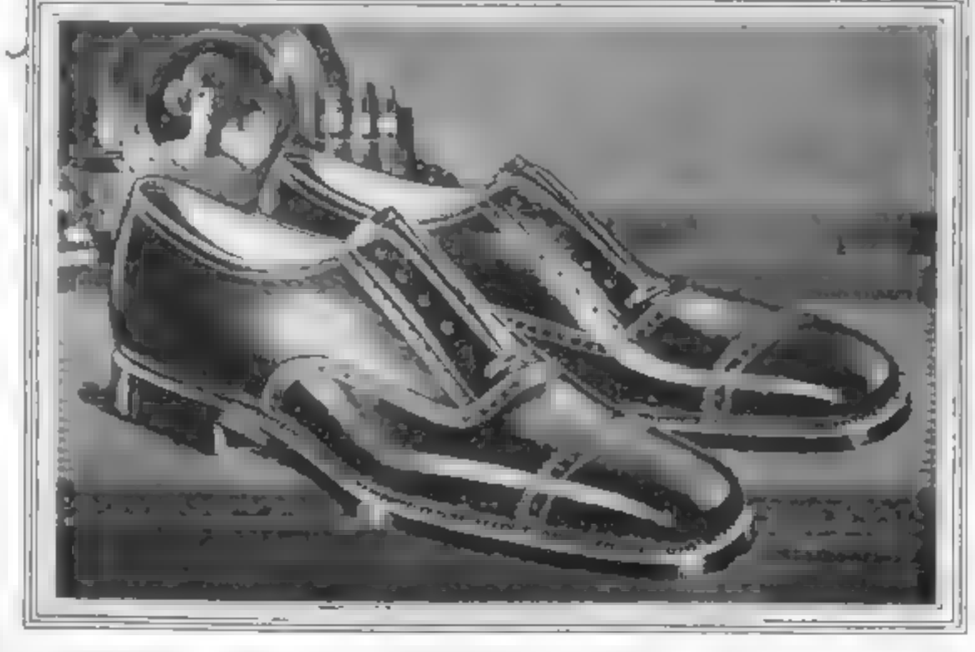
"Honest; I mean it," said Feeney, pushing the damned unnatural thing toward him again. "Shake hands. Go on! You'll see!"

"Go sober off!" said Flynn, pushing the filthy, crazy thing away from him. If he wanted to start something that way, let him!

"Oh, very well," said the other, after a slight hesitation. "Oh, very well, since you feel that way!" he said, after reflection, in a high feminine treble, turning it off. "He don't like mommer's pet," he said, looking ahead at the thing, in the voice of a silly woman with a dog or baby. "He hurt mommer's blessing. Very well, very well! But some time, some day when 'ums is grown up—some day when 'ums is grown up big, 'ums will show him! Show him hard!"

"Shut up or I'll get out!" said Flynn. It got to him, seeing him playing with the thing, hearing this silly kind of threatening

The FLORSHEIM SHOE



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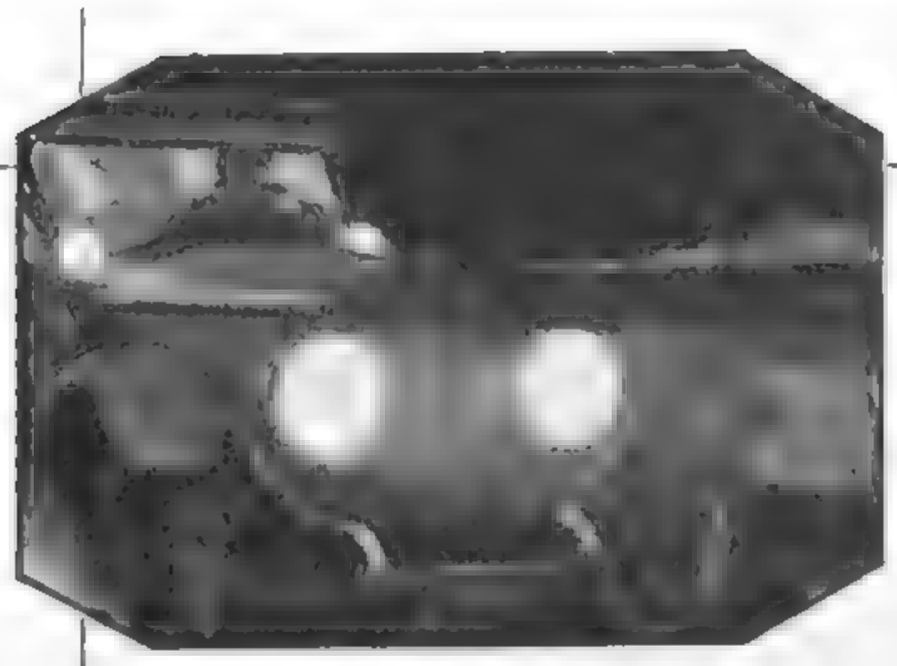

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josh he was giving him with it. And then the other one kept quiet and looked out the window.

The two mortal enemies in Hocus-Pocus Alley rode side by side in silence, neither ready yet for the indulgence of their mutual hate; bound together for the present in one of those temporary truces into which the twisting paths of the labor terrorists force from time to time the most deadly foes.

They passed through the sleeping city, by the gaunt factory section, down the empty, piebald streets with their alternate spots of white and black from the street lights, into the south end where Flynn had his flat. The driver slowed down and passed by, according to his orders.

"You see that?" asked Feeney finally. "That's them! Keep back!" A heavy, thick-nosed, high-powered touring car, all the curtains buttoned down, stood at the curb in front of Diamond Mike's apartment house. "Keep on," repeated Feeney, "till we go on by. Then we'll have him stop and wait for us while we walk on back and take a look around the corner—unless you think that you don't want to!" he added in intimation that the other might be afraid.

"Anything you say goes," Flynn answered him laconically.

They left the driver waiting on the street beyond and worked back on foot to the edge of the block on the street corner behind the thing.

It still stood—black, curtained, apparently empty, a car parked there by some late caller in the apartment. They waited.

"Wait on," directed the maimed man. They waited longer. "What did I tell you?" he whispered suddenly, pressing the arm of his companion.

Inside the black automobile started the yellow light from a match.

"Cigarettes! They can't hold off—the boobs. They'll take the chance—always, just like over there in the trenches," commented the ex-soldier. They stood still until the brief flame died.

"Did I save your life or not?" inquired Feeney, barely audibly.

"What is it?"

"Don't you get it yet?"

"No."

"It's the wops—out after you with their little old sawed-off shotguns."

"The wops!"

"Black Hand Joe's sweet little band of murderers. He croaked tonight early—at the hospital."

"Croaked!" repeated Flynn a little hoarsely, seeing the shift this made—all his calculations turned over. For they had told him right along that the Italian was recovering.

"They were holding it back—the news," his informant was continuing, "till they could get you. But Smiling Jack has his ways of learning, too—lucky for you!"

"He was looking for it then?" asked Flynn, coming back, trying him out. For Geegan had told him all the time that the Italian was getting well.

"Sure!" said the dynamiter, falling into his trap. "The guinea didn't have a Chinaman's chance from the first."

So that was the play that Smiling Jack Geegan had up his sleeve and was ready to pull now—protection against these murderers—division or death!

In a minute all Flynn's plans were changed. There flashed at once into his mind the second trick with his pearls—the one he had laid aside for a last emergency, if it came.

"Come on," his companion was saying, "if you've got enough. Let's get out of here. You'll have to park yourself at some hotel, anyhow. Anywhere but home for you tonight! And tomorrow, around one o'clock, say, the smiler would like to see you at headquarters."

"I'll be there," said Flynn briefly, his mind already occupied with his new program; "then or a little later."

"And you needn't worry. There'll be no wops around there," said the one-armed gunman; "not while I'm there."

"There would be a fat chance that they'd be there, wouldn't there—when they thought they could get me at night in the back?" asked Flynn in scornful rejection of his implied offer of protection.

"All right, poppa. Have it your own way," said the maimed man indifferently, and set out on another serio-comic adventure of lighting a cigarette with his false hand.

It had got to Flynn now; there was no denying it; his playing with the slimy, unnatural thing, and the suggestion always that, playing with this, he was playing with Flynn at the same time, in the same offhand devil-may-care way

They rode back, saying very little, to the hotel where Flynn was to spend the night. But when they had dismissed the taxi and stood upon the sidewalk the dynamiter gave the labor grafter an unusual good night.

"Now, I've done what I've been sent out for, haven't I?" he asked. "I've saved your life."

"We'll say so," said Flynn, looking at him.

"All right. You're safe for now—under my orders."

"Your orders, huh?"

"Yes, my orders from the smiler. But don't forget," he said, coming closer, "after I'm once let loose—you and I are going to have a little talk together!"

"We are?" said Diamond Mike in mock surprise.

"So don't go away with the idea that you or any other man can get away with the stuff you pulled on me that night in the alley. Don't get to thinking that you're good!"

"I'm good enough, maybe," said Flynn.

"You're good enough to throw in the ash barrel," replied the dynamiter, his voice hardening with the memory of the ignominy that the other's trickiness had put upon him in Hocus-Pocus Alley.

"You old stiff! When I once get through with you there won't be enough left of you to see. There'll just be a hole where you were."

"Is that so?" asked the older man, accustomed for many years to savage threats.

"That's right—yes. You poor old rotten wreck," came back the voice of the jester, changed now to a strange ferocity, "it's a shame for a live man to go after you—you poor old bygone!"

"What do you know about a live man, you poor monstrosity?" returned the quiet, bitter voice of Flynn. "You poor splinter of a human being!"

There was a little pause while the maimed man collected his ideas for an adequate reply.

"Listen!" he said then slowly. "There's no part of me that isn't better than all of you. Listen!" he said, after another pause for emphasis. "You like tricks. Well, I think I'll just about show you one. You see that?" he asked, pushing the false hand close before the other's face. "You see this?" he asked, slowly moving the fingers on the thing. "That's better than any part of you. And just to show you, when I get you, as I'm going to do some day, I promise you now I'm going to—get—you with—this!" he said with slow distinctness, and pushed the claw still closer into Diamond Flynn's face, till he felt the cold, slimy thing on his skin.

"That'll do!" said Flynn, pushing the cold, unnatural thing away, getting ready to fight if necessary.

"Yes, that'll just about do—for now!" said the dynamiter.

Letting his false hand fall quickly to his side, he turned on his heel and walked away, leaving Flynn to a night of canvassing his new situation and of preparation for carrying through his last trick—his final means of escaping with his stealings and his life.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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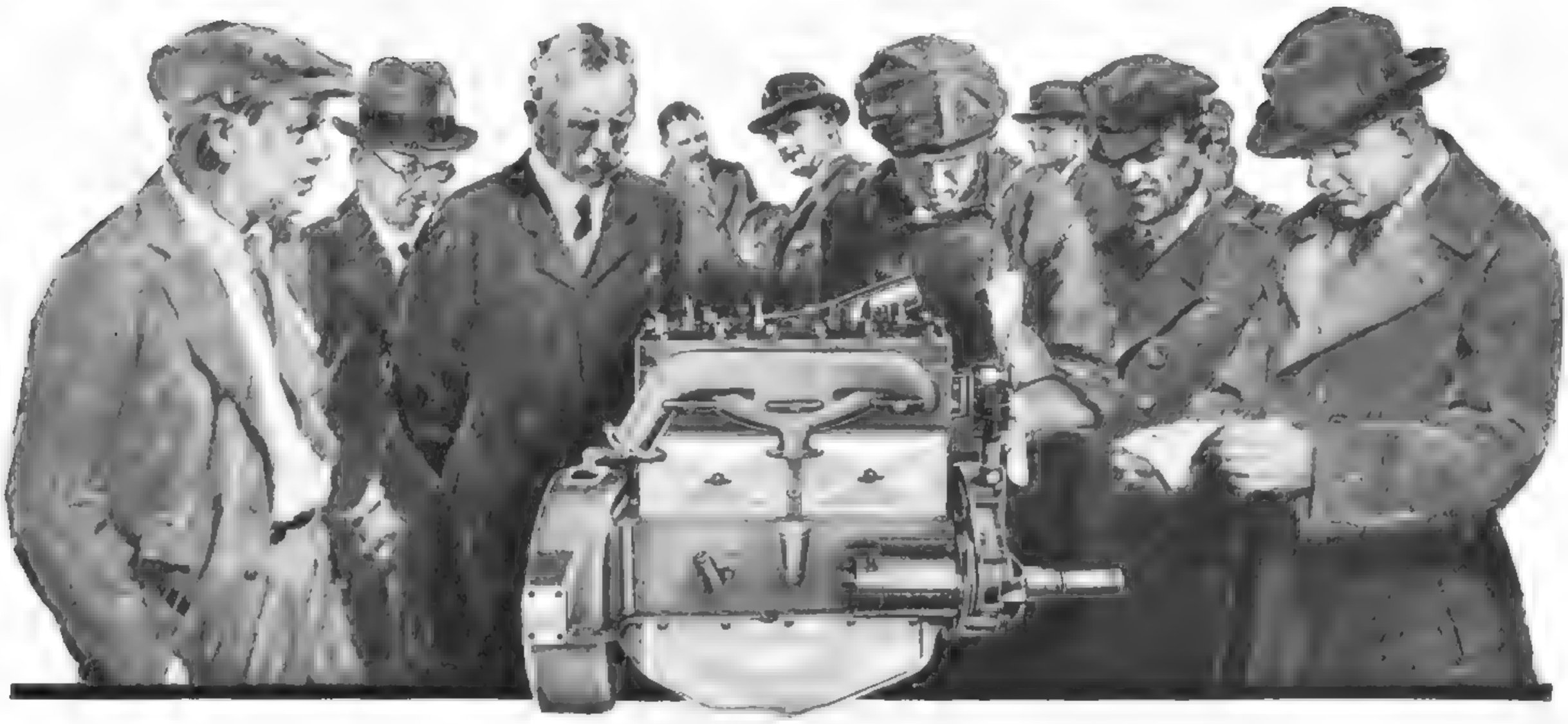

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THE MAGNETIC WEST

(Continued from Page 21)

precisely what Patterson did—he scalped her. Sometime after that, there was an attempt to bring to justice two highwaymen, road agents, with the simple result that, within five months of the trial, of the twenty-seven men who had conducted it, only seven remained alive in the territory. Bannack, on that plane, was inimitable.

The Oro Fino and the Florence mines were reported in Denver in 1861, and the prospectors, pouring up from Salt Lake City by the Sweetwater Trail, over the South Pass and Bridger's Cutoff, settled along Gold Creek. Henry Thomas had sluiced gold from a northern hot springs in '60; John White found the placer beds of Grasshopper Creek, where Bannack grew; and the tide of discovery swept back from the basalt wastes of the Snake River, from Lewiston, near the Columbia, to the Beaver Head digging—the Beaver Head, Lewis and Clark had recognized and named—and along the Boise.

What, in the annals of contemporary badness, gave Bannack its preëminence was, without doubt, Henry Plummer. He was an exceptional and very persuasive murderer who combined with his utter rascality—that combination so difficult to justify—a sardonic cold courage. And what lifted Henry above the impressive number of current bad men was his power of organization: he had refitting posts in the hills, bands of horsemen, elaborate plans of robbery and revenge. He was, individually, the ideal of a killer—a man of education and presence, personable, except for a deficient forehead, which he kept always hidden by a hat, and eyes with a glittering emptiness that nothing could shield or conceal. It was totally immaterial to Henry Plummer what former relationship or present condition touched anyone his perversity or need required slain. He would shoot him at once—although he occasionally used a bowie knife in, perhaps, an impulse toward variety—with no thought at all for public opinion; and a man murdered in Bannack was allowed to lie as he fell on a saloon floor because everyone there was afraid of any act which Plummer might have regarded as hypercritical.

The Last of Henry Plummer

He could draw and effectively empty his revolver in three seconds; but a time swiftly came when that accomplishment was no longer useful to him. Strict individualism, at Bannack, changed to an early but effective type of organization—the Vigilantes of Virginia City became a fact. Plummer, washing his face in his cabin, met with a steady countenance the polite request of a small committee to accompany it elsewhere. When a further courtesy elected to hold his coat, at the same time relieving it of a pistol, Henry Plummer understood whither, at last, he was hurried.

In no possible way was he admirable or heroic; his courage lay in a mad lack of human susceptibility; and he killed or directly brought to violent death a hundred and two men. He was characteristic, it seemed to me, but not salient; no more than incidental to his day. The gold fever itself was far more significant—the instantaneous creation of those towns of pole houses, the poles covered with canvas, and tents and raw sheds. They would appear more rapidly than mushrooms, the bars would open, the music begin, a shot gambler perhaps, buried with his cards in one hand and gun in the other, the road agents would materialize with abbreviated shotguns, and then a newer, a more promising, discovery of gold leave that site deserted.

Alder Gulch, seventy-five miles from Bannack, was struck in 1863; in ninety days, although it was nearly five hundred miles from Salt Lake City, Virginia City, springing up, counted ten thousand people on its informal streets. The washing of gold followed the gulch for twelve miles, from Bald Mountain to its mouth, for beyond Virginia City the cañon opened into the valley of the Passamari. It was a dismal land—hardly better than the lava beds of the north—that should have been seen at the height of its prosperity, with the stagecoaches swinging over the bare rock between Bannack and Virginia City, the crowded wild nights lighted by flaring street torches and the girls dancing the varsovienne. Like the torches, such towns flared up lurid on the darkness and faded, went out; placer mining gave way to smelters, men to stamp mills, gold to silver.

They left, I felt very strongly, no mark on the times, the spirit, that succeeded them. The fever for riches, for gold itself lying pure in its rock, in nuggets through the sand of river bars, was universal. That mining showed, held concretely, American characteristics—reckless fortitude and bitter humor; it developed, certainly, a new power of body, of physical resistance and patience. But the malicious principle lying at the heart of gold gave it all, the men and women and days, an air of fatality. The hunters preceding them were better men than the miners, the cowboys that followed them were better; but none were more picturesque. Bannack I should have enjoyed, in the moments between pistol shots: the men in boots, buying their hearts' desire from soft buckskin bags, and the ladies rippling with diamonds, shimmering with the silks of France, set for a moment in the rocky waste.

The Piute Belle of the Ball

The Virginia City of the Comstock Lode, of Nevada, was wholly different from that other town of the same name in Alder Gulch. Its beginning, the discovery of drift gold and the consequent short course of surface and deep placer mining, was common to all such experience; its setting, too, the high brown valleys drenched in sunlight, the eternal surrounding mountains and blue foothills, was very similar. But the town that was built on silver in pure soft coils managed to survive through an era when a stiff blue clay, stealing flask after flask of quicksilver, was shoveled aside and cursed as no more than a hindrance to the getting of gold. The stiff blue clay, it happened, bore to the ton, in addition to fifteen hundred and ninety-five dollars' worth of gold, forty-seven hundred and ninety-one dollars in silver. This, in the crudeness of their knowledge, the early miners missed. But the men who first realized a part of the actuality, the two Groshes, marked by the worst of luck, went even more empty-handed: they formed the Frank Silver Mining Company, located in Six-Mile Cañon what became the Ophir Mine, and then one died from blood poisoning, while the other was frozen to death crossing the Sierra Nevadas for financial help.

At an earlier day, on Gold Hill, there had been a Saturday-night ball ornamented by three white women and a Piute princess, Winnemucca; but that comparative innocence was soon lost sight of. Pleasant Hill became Mount Pleasant Point, and then Virginia City; and the Washoe rush, late in 1859, opened a wide trail over the hundred and sixty-two miles from Sacramento. It came by way of Placerville, where the hotel on Strawberry Flat solidly filled its general sleeping room in detachments, and Lyman Jones, at the end of the trail, had a canvas hostelry with a sluice box for bar and a pitcher and dozen tin cups for fittings.

A developing scientific mining, discovering the silver, changed the methods, the appearance and manners of Virginia City. There were, now, circular arrastras for the grinding of the quartz; in 1860 the Pioneer Stamp Mill was erected in Gold Cañon; and, by the end of 1861, seventy-six mills, with eleven hundred and fifty-three stamps, were running. The Gould and Curry Mill, set on a promontory, had terraces and fountains and a lake; and, in the town, French restaurants appeared. The Placerville Toll Road had been built over the Sierras, by Lake Tahoe, from the Valley of the Sacramento, a stone highway with walled platforms, where a team of ten mules could be turned, that, in winter, cost five thousand dollars a mile for maintenance. Twenty-seven hundred and seventy-two teams, in '63, passed over it, and twenty million pounds of freight went by Strawberry Valley in eight weeks.

It was inimitably gay and busy: the Washoe freighting wagons were famous for their teams of mules with bells on iron arches, bright streamers and collars covered with bear skins; the burro trains of the Chinese bore cordwood; the Pioneer Line of coaches needed only eighteen hours for the trip; and there was a short-lived effort to transport salt by camels. There were a hundred stations with hotels and stables and saloons; and the agents of the Central Pacific Railroad computed that a hundred million pounds of freight went over the Placerville Road. This fact, of course, brought it to an end, a railway was laid and another positive phase of existence, another romantic period, was lost.

Virginia City, adding smelters and stamp mills, towering chimneys, daily, seemed capable of infinite expansion, termless riches; but the effortless bonanza of its beginnings had to give way to a closer organization of finances, and that virtual retrenchment was followed by speculations which made and broke and remade the fortunes of California.. Seven hundred companies were started in that state to work the Comstock Lode; only a hundred of these had any real property in it; less than forty ever actually mined; and but seventeen paid dividends. The gambling was not in shares but in purchased feet, inches, of the Lode: following the working out of the surface metal of the Gould and Curry Mine its value dropped almost immediately from sixty-three hundred dollars to nine hundred a square foot. Ten mines sank seventeen million dollars without paying a dividend. In twenty-one years the Comstock companies had an assessment of sixty-two millions; and a bullion yield of three hundred and six million dollars cost, for its realization, two hundred and fifty millions.

The Bank of California, forming a corporation, owned seven quartz mills, and, in 1867, formed the Mill and Mining Company; but the mines were emptied so voraciously that soon the stamps were idle. The Sharon group then became the monopolists of Mount Davidson; they built the railroad from Virginia City to Carson River, and, a year later, this was joined to the Central Pacific at Reno. After a period of *borrasca*, of leanness, a new drift of metal was discovered in the Crown Point Mine. It was at the mark of ruin, and Alvinza Hayward, upon private information, secured control of the mine for two dollars a share. Hayward, organizing the Nevada Mill and Mining Company, instead of making contracts with the Union Milling Company, brought about still a new dictatorship, and his stock climbed, skyrocketed, from two dollars to eighteen hundred and twenty-five dollars a share.

The Lights of Leadville

The Hale and Norcross Mine, the unit of its value fallen from twenty-one hundred to forty-two dollars, was bought by Mackay and Fair, who united such minor properties and claims into the Consolidated Virginia, and developed the great, the true bonanza. The height of that was reached in 1876, when their consolidation milled over sixteen million dollars. Then it declined, and in 1879 it was, practically, closed. In 1880 the Consolidated Virginia paid its last dividend.

Twenty years, a decade, had been enough to exhaust the Comstock Lode; its silver was mined and minted and spent, the fame of its four bonanza kings flung around the world; its secrecy, its battles on low levels with deathly smoke and the fumes of sulphur—the Burning Moscow against Ophir—flourished; and then it all sank as completely, as effectually, as though Virginia City had vanished through the crust of the earth into the violet and indigo and green rock galleries where, originally, it had had its being.

All the silver of the Americas was not, naturally, in the Comstock Lode; indeed, there were mines in South America, in Mexico—the Sierra Madra and the Potosi—richer and infinitely older in operation. And then there was Leadville. I saw its lights—although they might be said to have gone out long before—gleaming across the snow in the stark night of their high altitude. They made no more than a sparkle on the distance, frosty as the stars were frosty in the luminous sky; but they were charged with significance and memories. Leadville, too, had been founded as a gold camp, the silver clay impatiently cast aside. California Gulch was discovered in 1860, but it dwindled after '61, and it was not until fifteen years later that its true

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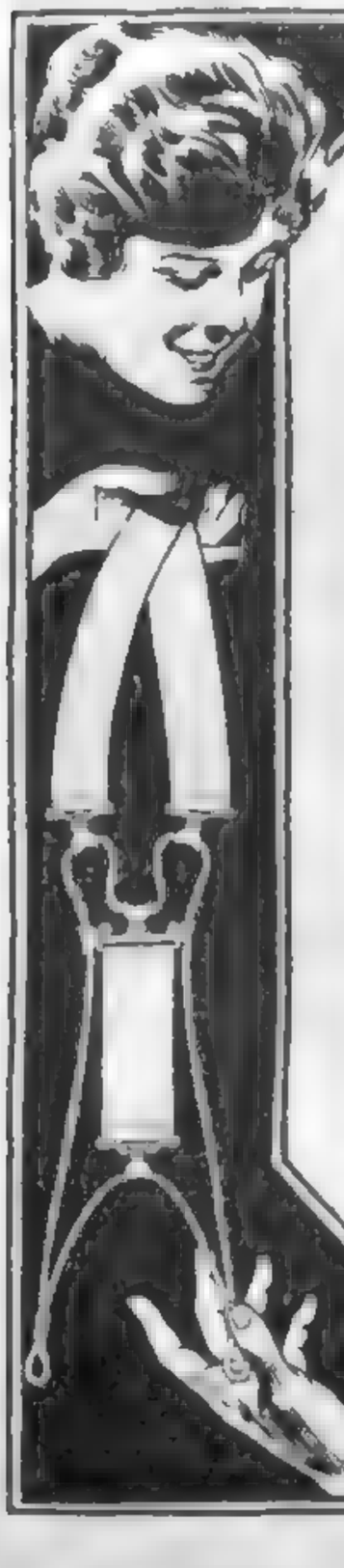

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character was understood. Leadville was dug into the left bank of the Gulch, and in 1877 its lights flashed blindingly: the Theatre Comique rented for more than twenty thousand dollars a season and took in twelve hundred dollars a night; the Little Church was a celebrated saloon; and the funerals followed a brass band. Then, at Buena Vista, there was a confusion of stages loading for Leadville, and the platforms of the station were piled with silver in bars. Rosita and Silver Cliff were smaller; Rosita was beautifully placed on a bench of the mountains, the cottages of Nebraska Row had sunflowers growing from their mud roofs; but Silver Cliff stood bald and treeless on the plain. They, the mining towns, were mostly like that, hideous themselves in hideous settings the torn bed of a cañon, the débris of a bare mountainside, on a metallic plain.

The absence of grass, rivers of sand, by their very barrenness, recalled the wide green land of Kansas and grazing cattle; and I remembered that the Great Basin had been a part of the Open Range. That traditional and vanished region had been hardly more than a name to me until it entered into a conversation with a cowman of Montana. We were sitting in a hotel facing, through plate glass, the street, and, discussing the radicalism of Finnish copper miners, I asked him what would have happened to an industrial rebellion on the range.

He turned for an instant his long dark tranquil face to me, and on its repose there was a swift flicker of humor. It would have been ducked in the cow pond, I was told in a slow faintly drawling voice.

But intellectual values, the mathematics of reason, had never conspicuously troubled lives spent in a vigorous physical activity. Such children of earth had different, more immediately valuable, qualities. A sudden desire to see the life of the cattle country, cowboys, possessed me; but, my companion assured me indulgently, I was too late. That had all gone. There were ranches, he admitted, cattle grazing and men herding them; but that wasn't the Open Range; they weren't cowboys. Solemnly he gave me to understand that the latter now came shipped complete from a great Chicago merchandising firm—chaps, hat, horse and spurs. The Wild West Shows had signalized the cowboy's end. Only last spring, he continued, with a small *remuda* of horses, he had hired a top rider to gentle them; but, instead of that, he had encouraged the horses in all the deviltry they knew and showed them more.

Trick riding, the cowman said satirically, fancy riding, he went on as sharply specific as possible! Tomorrow, he added, the soul of hospitality, he would be happy to take me to his ranch: the automobile would be sent in and the road, he understood, was improved.

When Land Was Plentiful

However, I didn't want to see a ranch that way; if I was too late I was too late; I preferred to construct for myself a picture of what, at its best, the range had been. It had—like everything else with us—the shortest of histories: in, perhaps, 1820, American ranchers moved into Southern Texas, and others dropped off to one side or the other of the Overland Trail. The railroads made a profit in cattle growing reasonably secure, and before 1870 the droves were being moved north over the Chisholm Trail. They were taken directly to the railroad, to Chicago and Omaha, Dodge and Kansas City; or to the ranges, the grass, of the North, and shipped East a year later.

The plains, then—except where, in Texas, they belonged to the state—were the property of the Government, and there was free grazing. It was only necessary to own legally a piece of water, to fence a property by a creek, and the rest was left to the spring and fall round-ups, when all the cattle in separate regions were collected and sorted, claimed, by brands. In one year six hundred thousand steers went on the Northern Drive, companies and columns with point men and flank riders, chuck wagons and trailing *remudas* of ponies. Except for the Mexican vaqueros—the best of all cattle herders—the cowboys were what, largely, must be called American, of the English, the Irish and Scotch strains; and a large number of them came from the Southern States.

They made up a body unique, inimitable; never, as I had been assured, to be seen again; civilization, fences, irrigation, improvement killed them. What particularly impressed me was their strength as, exactly, a body: except by virtue of the supreme qualities of the cowboy, there were no individuals, no leaders, among them; it was an actual democracy. Their names ever were stereotyped, impersonal, common to many. If one got bad, in the Western sense, he would become a part of his special legend, his name would be common gossip from the Red River, the Panhandle country, to Pendleton; but the cowboy proper was not known outside his own outfit. Anything else, in view of the tremendous empty distances, the isolation of the individual, was impossible.

To the skepticism of farmers, the credulity of sailors, I added, for my satisfaction, the sentimentality of the cowboy This was not, necessarily, their chief quality, but, from all the evidence I could gather, it seemed to be their common characteristic. It saturated their songs, songs in which a dying cowboy begged to be buried in a distant churchyard rather than on the lonely prairie; it informed their attitude toward women they called good; and—rather than reason—it was the stay of their picturesque allegiances and courage. They had this, strangely enough, together with a blistering sense of humor, a humor once everywhere apparent but now dead. And even while they existed they were supremely romantic, their hats dented according to neighborhood and banded with woven silver wire, or with carved leather ornamented with conchas of hammered silver.

The Epic Days of the Cowboy

The struggle for Texan independence, the pride of Texas as a state, left in the cowboy a hatred for Mexico; and an insensate contempt for anything different from his own blond tradition—for a darker skin, another language, a variation of his theology—filled him with a critical attitude toward Mexicans, greasers. This was wholly illogical, for not only his calling had come to him from Mexico, but practically every term for every circumstance and object of his existence was Mexican. His vocabulary was strung with Spanish; in Washington Territory the magic of the Rio Grande reached and conditioned him. The cowboy, in all possible senses, overrode the vaqueros; but the charm, the mystery of the Mexican women always drew him southward.

I liked to think of him in an adobe city of New Mexico, it might be Santa Fé or the Albuquerque of the '80's, sitting his pony beneath the barred window of a dark loveliness, or—in freer habitations and circumstances—dancing, in his boots, the fandango with his spur chains ringing musically on the beaten earth floor and his formal gun in the turn of a fringed Mexican sash. Those women, romantic but never sentimental, must have troubled his simple fiber in the way that the purple-flowered loco weed, the rattleweeds, confused his cattle.

Part of his familiar life came from the south and part from Indians and the rest from the towns where, at the end of his long and arduous terms of labor, he found the alleviation of excitement. His pleasures, the drinking and gambling and games, were necessarily as primitive as his conceptions; they were violent, obvious, with the trick, now and then, of turning into a death by shooting; but I was unable to think of them as specially perilous or depraved. The fallibilities of the cowboy, for example, could not be placed beside those of the miner: Dodge City was never Bannack. Clearly not the paragon of story, the conditions of his life were yet so exacting that the result was admirably fine. At best the qualities which made him were fortitude, keenness of perception, patience and advanced degrees of bravery. He had, away from the bunk houses of ranches and railroad towns, an extraordinary ability of accomplishment without perceptible means. Night, for him, was no more than a hobbling of his pony, a clear minute fire and a frying pan, and a tightly rolled blanket.

His duties were hard but not various—the calf round-up and branding, the cattle round-up and Northern Drive and riding the range; these, however, were compounded of infinite special detail and skills the throw of a pack hitch in itself established or destroyed all his claims of fitness. The riding, beyond the fancy aspects so

(Continued on Page 161)

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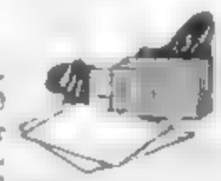

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(Continued from Page 158)

decried by the retrospective cowman, was an instinct rather than an art. The top riders, the masters of sunfishing, of crow hopping and pinwheeling, were comparatively few; but they all had to ride, to survive straight bucking at least, with, if not finish, persistent success. There was a very present necessity to hairpin almost any cow pony at sight.

The etiquette of their behavior, too, was hardly less involved, less carefully observed, than the formula of courts: a cowboy wore his gun dancing but shucked it at a ranch-house door, left it hanging with its belt on a peg or from his saddle. It was prohibited to come upon a man without a preliminary hail, to dismount on the far side of a horse, to dismount at all in strange company without an invitation; and curiosity was a grievous error. There were correct and incorrect clothing—the chaparejos of Montana were not valid in Texas; not coats but amazing waistcoats in purple and yellow blocks or bear skin were the garb for parties; and the handkerchief, universally knotted about the throat, in reality a mask for the dust of cattle droves, should be red.

These facts came to me one by one, and only after I had seen the land that, once, had been the Open Range. My idea of it had been based on the green pastures, the deep grass fields, of the East. And when, actually, I was on what was left of the range, I looked in vain for anything I might recognize as food for steers. There were bunchgrass and greasewood, soapweed and rabbit brush, mesquite or chaparral, and the grey uneasy balls of tumbleweed, but their nutritive properties were hidden from me by their sear appearance. The country seemed incapable of sustaining life; there were, patently, great reaches of aridness within the eroded rocks which held all the bright colors of that monotonous region; and the distant foothills, the granite horizon, were bare of a promised relief.

Roll On, Roll On, Little Dogies

The home ranches, the main building and the bunk house, the barn and open sheds and hitching bar, the corrals and water, were almost indistinguishable from the ground, they were so low in structure, so isolated on the brown seas of the prairie. The land about them, now, was contracted; there were fences, irrigation projects: irrigation, which made farming possible, and emigration, killed the cattle grazing of the prairie and Great Basin. First in Texas, and then spreading north, following the railways, the homesteads were claimed and consolidated; the trails of the great drives, following the trails of commerce and passage, became blurred, empty and lost. The farmer set up in politics, the group issues of political parties and shorthorned cattle; and the nomadic cowboy, the inferior long-horns, followed the buffalo they had supplanted.

Straight roping became a vanished art, but fancy roping, encouraged by Wild West Shows and commemorative roundups, improved. The cowboys themselves, in the doubtful harbor of those shows, exchanged the reticence of actual accomplishment for the gaudy exhibition of what, in the past, they had been.

And now even the shows were degenerating, their mimicry tarnished and faded. Men who had been in their golden youth in 1880 were old today, and there were none to replace them.

I thought of them holding the night herd on the Texas Trail; and, as sleepily they rode in the saddle deep between horn and cantle, singing the cattle to sleep. The night air on the fall mesa was sharp and utterly clear, the stars were like white explosions of powder, the distant or near mountains gaunt under the moon. Roll on, roll on, little dogies, they sang of their charges; and then, with their cinchas loose, with perhaps, no more than a hackamore for their ponies' guidance, the cowboys rolled on, not over the River Jordan but beyond the Rio Grande.

The cowboy—dallying a free riata on the saddle horn with his pony solid at the gesture of a raised hand—first became a reality to me in a hotel at Butte. That city, itself, was real, valid, beyond any other place I had yet seen. The train came upon it suddenly, after a depressing waste, a crust of earth like verdigris; and when Butte was, dramatically, visible, I had the sensation of being stopped by a murderous figure hidden until then in the rocks. Butte lay on the side of its hill, on terraces of grey refuse, with, about its lower walls, pools of copper-colored water; above, the gallows frames of the mines, the bare timbers and trestles and dumps, were flung against the sky between mountains sheathed in snow; and at its foot a long narrow plain was scarred with arbitrary cuts and roads treacherous with discolored ice.

There wasn't a tree to be seen, a patch of winterkilled grass, the bare wirelike tangle of a blasted bush. There was rock and rubble, metal and brick, a leaden sky and snow, but no more. Gazing at Butte, I wondered if it were worse now or, heated and superheated, baked black, in summer. The mines were open again after a period of idleness, but there was no stir, no congregating miners on streets steeper than Kansas City's. At the hotel I was given amazing rooms in red plush and gilt, with the electric lights molded in the shape of lilies—a souvenir of bonanza days and taste—and immediately the pleasant surviving life of Butte was unfolded for me.

It clung, like the tall frames for the ore skips and cages, to the mines and to nothing else; its industries, its clubs, its memories, were all drawn from copper; but—in the remote improbability of the mines' failing—Butte saw itself as an indispensable station of passage; as, defying the fate of all other mining towns, permanent. Perhaps I was not, fortunately, involved in any such subsequent individual fate; I was too happily situated in the present for dark economic and industrial reflections.

Butte, the truth was, still had a trace, a flavor, of its great days. They, certainly, were gone, frowned as much as anything out of existence; but there was a heartening echo on the streets—as though from a door just closed—and there were aspects largely unchanged: a famous bar merely turned into a fruit stall, the floors above banks, stores, where the powers had lived. The people themselves of that former existence were still alive.

They were older, naturally, their active period lay largely behind them; but they were unmistakable, they had an air that did not belong to today. The surface was modern enough, the dinners, the dresses in films of black with pearls and of laces with diamonds, were universally correct; financially the men were constantly in connection with New York; but the difference, the so near past, was evident in their talk, in memories brushed with a smile at Heintze before he sold his copper holdings. It was, they admitted without apology, an unregenerate period, morally perilous and physically a marvel of discomfort. The ore, then, was roasted in the open, and Butte smothered in a yellow sulphurous smoke. The street lights, burning day and night, showed only the red flicker of a match, and the gloom outside required floods of strong counteragents within.

Past Linked to Present

The agents were marvelously well provided, the cases of the faro dealers competing with the skill of bar-keepers and prettiness displayed in broad windows. It was more urban than Leadville and more permanent than Silver City; it occupied, in reality, a place between them and the present; it touched them both. Playing poker there, a pleasure almost commemorative, I caught sentences, allusions, of what had been; and, losing very rapidly whatever money I had with me, I saw that all was not over with Butte yet.

It was vigorously, characteristically, American, national in every trait for which, as a people, we had become famous: it was absurdly sensitive, liberal, courageous, warm-hearted and with a steady hand. It loved success, luck, power, show and any individual who could meet without quailing disaster and death. It was freer than the East, than the nation today, and more liberal in judgments; and of hypocrisy it had hardly a trace. That was, of personal, social hypocrisy; the innate dishonesty, or the necessary monopolies, of American business, the suppressions and financial assassinations and shadings of facts, were all present. They were regarded, referred to, with a characteristic acceptance of the inevitable; and, at last, I understood them as the survival, in impersonal corporations, of what, in individuals, had been trials of strength and of wit and fortunes.

But the people I came to like, to remember with gratitude, were past their zenith,

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NONE BETTER OBTAINABLE AT ANY PRICE

Salesmen Wanted

CHRISTMAS and the Holiday Time—with home-comings, guests, and good dinners—are a real test of the quality of food products. Monarch Coffee never disappoints. There is none better obtainable at any price, and it costs less.

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Daisy Manufacturing Company, Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

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Arrowhead
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"Big Chief" is an economical sock-style, made of artificial silk, plaited over mercerized yarns. Splendid appearance—long wear—economy.

Ask your dealer for Arrowhead Hosiery for all the family.

"Big Chief"—50c pair—for Men
(all colors)

Richmond Hosiery Mills, *Established 1896*
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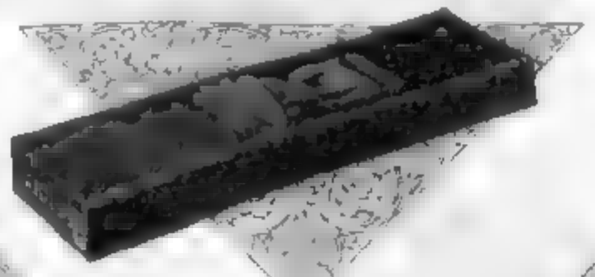

and the next generation were the children—rather than theirs—of the present. Those older men and women reflected an experience that never would be repeated, they were the result of conditions gone from the land; and, it seemed to me, they were taking with them a great deal that might very well remain—that liberty of opinion and tonic humor. The new generation had escaped from Butte, to country clubs with grass, but it was doubtful, with so much copper and gold and silver worked out, what they would attain.

But, certainly, no one would have stayed in Butte from first deliberate choice. The Silver Bow Club was made up of temporary engineers, from the Rand or French China or Peru, metallurgists and men of incidental affairs. The women were, academically, there for the alleviation and support of the men; and what attachment they formed for the Hill and the Flat was born of necessity. It was not, because of that, less vital, genuine, or even less tyrannical. That initial impression of frightful ugliness changed in me to a fresh realization of what beauty might well be: I saw Butte seamed with copper, rising from its precipitating tanks to its raw superstructure, flowerless as an aspect of power and beauty.

It was founded on metal and rock and passions, burned with the rage of its internal flames; and it was more significant, more stirring, than any park of close grass, artificial ponds and classic statues. I was glad that the situation of Butte made impossible a system of boulevards. I was glad that it was not a bower of roses, and I was specially happy in the fact of Antimony Street. The newer decorative houses on its steep bank were helpless against that name. Antimony Street! The sound had the cold bare gleam of the substance. Below it the long Flat, its miles measured by the road houses of a departed gayety, was a splendid hideous expanse without a detracting gracious feature.

Through the last few years a new Butte, in reality the new United States, had become increasingly evident; and, though it was obviously serious, even, to unfortunate individuals, tragic, I could not avoid regarding it with a certain lightness of spirit, caught, perhaps, from the air about me.

About the industrial revolt, I was not so optimistic. Justice, of course, was the great impersonal principle in all high dreams of perfection; but equality, impending and rosy as it seemed from at least one side of the fence, had not played the part originally claimed for it in the Government of the United States. Equality, frankly, had again broken down. A number of Americans in Butte, who had once labored on the low levels of the mines, told me profanely, to my entire understanding, that such work wasn't fit for white men, for, to be explicit, themselves, for, comprehensively, Americans.

They, with one accord, suggested the Finns for that particular responsibility. Let the Finns do it, they reiterated, with introductory terms and phrases explanatory of their preference.

I was standing by a gallows frame when a shift of miners were coming off duty; and, as they were virtually shot up into the mild light of late afternoon, I was able to distinguish, from the Czecho and Jugo Slavs, the Poles and Hungarians and Italians, the children of Finland. Big men they were, with small round skulls and pale eyes; and, as they reached the earth's surface, they broke into a clattering run to the shed where they reported. Their faces had the whiteness of turnips, of turnips streaked with earth: the Welsh miners were disappearing, the Maine lumbermen had gone, but Finns were available for tasks declined by the equal and the free.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

The Poets' Corner

Witch Farm

SUDDENLY the road grew strange;
An incommunicable change
Had glorified the upland way
My feet had worn from dawn to gray
Through boyhood years; and on I went
In eager-hearted wonderment
Like some knight-errant, pixy-led,
Toward marvels, always just ahead.
I crossed a bridge that spanned a linn
Of silent pools, and stood within
A dell—an unfamiliar dell
Among the hills I knew so well.

Before me spread a sunny farm;
And where a river's silver arm
Was bent about a little wood,
In checkered light the farmhouse stood,
With sweeping roof, with shadowy eaves,
And walls green-mailed in ivy leaves.
Beyond the house, but not too far,
A wheat field met the pasture bar;
And here were friendly apple trees,
And there were dairy-dotted leas
And hills of maize; and nearer by
A well sweep pointed toward the sky.

But nothing spoke or stirred; I heard
No sound of cricket, bee or bird,
Or voice of man. Yet everywhere
Were homely signs of recent care.
The paths were swept, the lawns were mown,
With burnished pans the dairy shone,
And all the kindly house was dressed
As though to greet a welcome guest.
Then, memories of former dream,
Or being, made the valley seem
A long-loved home, a waiting shrine;
My heart reechoed, "This is mine!"

But dusk came down; and down the hill
In dusk went I, with wish and will
To come once more and claim my own.
Oh, heart's desire, had I but known
The need and word to break the charm
That guards you safe from man—Witch Farm!
Witch Farm—in vain the road I tread;
It will not lead where once it led.
Witch Farm—to each his paradise,
Seen once by few, by no one twice.

Witch Farm—I rove the wood and glen,
But shall not find the way again!
—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Autumn Road

ALL along the singing road the scarlet leaves are blowing,
All along the sighing road the leaves are turning brown—
Harvest in the golden fields, where garnered grain is glowing,
Orchards where the silent trees with fruit are bending down!

Russet leaves and green leaves; maples, oaks and larches,
Spread out, like a canopy, across the winding way,
Trees that come together, forming happy little arches,
And a mist about them all that shades from blue to gray.

All along the carefree road we walk with lilting laughter,
All along the silent road we walk with heads bent low,
Thinking of the dying year—and years that will come after—
Thinking of the winter wind, of frost and ice and snow.

Autumn is the joy of life, and life's most poignant sorrow,
Autumn is love's ecstasy, and love's most bitter pain;
Autumn is the end of things, when there is no tomorrow,
Autumn is the clearing light that follows after rain!

All along the luring road the tinted leaves are blowing,
All along the scornful road the leaves are old and gray—
Harvest in the purple fields—and youth, too fast, is going—
But the road leads ever on. . . . The end is far away!
—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

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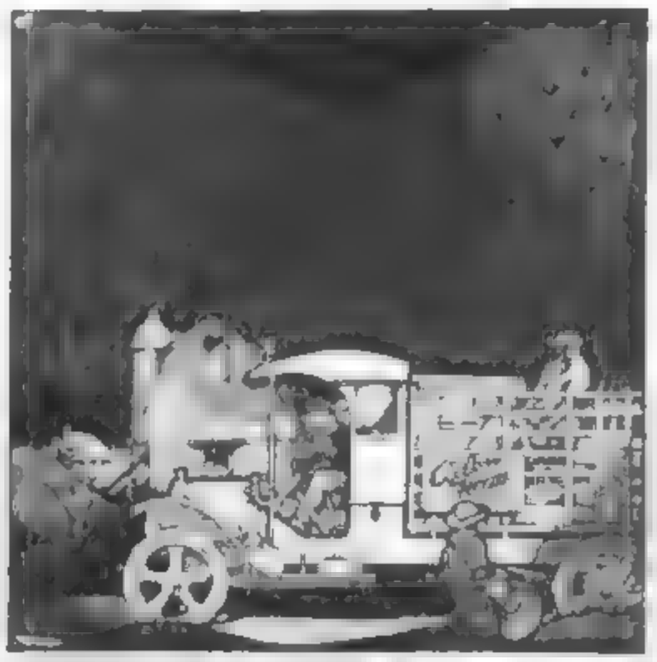

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THE WHITE COMPANY
Cleveland

THE LIBERTY BONDS

(Continued from Page 11)

The three men had not moved. She bent over slightly and slid her hand under the overcoat. It touched a package of papers—certainly the Liberty Bonds. A swift downward glance confirmed that as she quickly transferred the package to the open drawer. Closing the drawer, she raised her eyes again. Tomlinson was looking over at her, but a corner of the table had partly hidden her movement from him. His glance returned to Peter Dewstow.

What had happened was now clear to her, and incredible. He had thrust the bonds under his overcoat instead of into the box on the table. Normally, this wearisome audit being finished, he would have picked up his hat and overcoat and gone to his law office above the bank, overcoat on arm, bonds beneath the coat. Then she and Peter Dewstow would have locked up the duly audited box in the vault and it would not have been opened again for a fortnight. By that time, who could have found a clew to the disappearance of the bonds? He must have premeditated it, coming into the basement with his overcoat on and with a careless air dropping it on the chair next the one he occupied. Usually he hung up his coat, being fastidious about his clothes. Then he had watched his opportunity while Peter Dewstow fussed and droned. Naturally he would want Liberty Bonds, since they could be easily disposed of.

Old Peter's dingdong would last forever, it seemed. She heard the words, but they rang emptily in her head as she struggled to get on with this mechanical task of making up the figures for her report on the operation of the safe deposit. The dingdong seemed to be lasting forever.

"Well, we'll get him on the telephone," old Peter was insisting. "I tell you, waitin's all poppycock. Every day we wait the less we'll git for those bonds. We oughta do something now! Go on, call him up, Ben; get him on the phone. We'll talk to him."

The rasping edge of his cracked voice was like a spur in the flanks of the other two. He was in fact literally driving his badgered son-in-law upstairs to the telephone, for there was none down here.

Leila knew from the voices that they were moving to the stairway which led up to the main banking office, and fell into a painful tension. Tomlinson would be coming over for his coat and hat, perhaps. Would he say anything? Why had she moved the bonds anyway? With a sort of furious effort she kept her eyes to the sheet of paper in front of her, but her fingers trembled, making shaky figures. Then she knew in every nerve that Tomlinson was beside her, taking up his overcoat. . . . Silence. . . . He understood why she had moved the bonds, and accepted it? But even as that thought came comfortingly she heard his dry, unemotional voice asking, "What did you do with them?"

She was obliged to look up then; and an uninformed observer, seeing her wry little smile, might have thought she was the culprit and Tomlinson, looking gravely down at her, the judge.

"You made a mistake," she said, low.

"No, I didn't," he answered promptly. His brow knitted and a dull anger showed in his voice as he demanded, "Why didn't you leave my coat alone?"

She somehow couldn't bear to tell him the brutal truth that she had seen a reflection of the theft in the brass globe. She wanted only to gloze it over, expunge it, have it nothing but a slight inadvertence which they would both at once forget. And his angry tone drove her instinctively to the soft answer that turns away wrath.

She murmured, "The coat was rumpled. I thought you'd want it straight, so I fixed it."

Thus it appeared to Tomlinson that she had meant only to do a kindly little feminine office for him, straightening his rumpled coat. He softly cleared his throat and sat down, eyes on her face. His tone was dry, but with a yielding kindness.

"Well, that was nice of you, Leila."

He had never before called her Leila—only Miss Leila. In this use of her name, in his tone and look, a buried secret between them came up to the surface.

He was a bachelor, and preferred a man stenographer in his office; but men were always moving on, going to study law, taking other jobs, demanding more pay. So there were intervals when he had no regular stenographer, but got one in for the day or the job. There had been such an interval three years before, when, sitting at his desk in the inner office, he was aware of somebody in the open door. He looked up and saw this young woman at the threshold, bareheaded, a stenographer's notebook in her hand.

She smiled, saying, "Mr. Thorpe sent me up."

There was a bill in equity to be drawn for the bank, and the president had sent her to take the dictation. As the lawyer dictated at leisure, in a dusty drawl, his grave eyes rested upon her slightly stooping figure, and a special sort of awareness of her penetrated him. She was a tall young woman, amply and finely made. Something generous about that; something steadfast and capable—not a woman to flinch from her job and complain and look for the soft spots. So it mysteriously seemed to Tomlinson. How nice her dark hair was, and the smooth oval of her cheek. It was pleasant to watch her pretty fingers ply the pencil; altogether pleasant to have her there bending over a notebook at the end of his desk.

The dictation finished, he became sociable, and so learned that she had gone to work in the bank the day before. But she used to live here. Her name was Leila Hagar; she had known Mr. Tomlinson by sight a long while. Her white teeth showed in the smile with which she said that, and it struck him with astonishment. Vaguely, in a mere blur, he recalled a long-legged, pig-tailed schoolgirl named Hagar—daughter of the Widow Hagar who lived on the south side of town. Astonishing that this gracious young woman should be that long-legged, pig-tailed girl. For she was gracious—something sweet about her.

That special awareness of her continued, and he presently thought she gave him a preference, coming over to speak to him in the bank, smiling when she saw him on the street, pleased when she went up to his office to take dictation—well, sort of picking him out in a way one couldn't exactly lay a finger on. Of course, she would be smiling at everybody; but her smile for him—one couldn't exactly lay a finger on it. And then he had a warm sixth sense of a kind of willingness; not forward, not obtrusive, not really offering herself; but a yielding, as though she were whispering with veiled eyes and a little smile that he might try to win her if he chose.

So Tomlinson at forty-three took to dreaming over a forgotten dream—strictly to himself, in the privacy of his comfortable bachelor quarters at Mrs. Pruitt's. Be mighty nice to have her around all the while; something sweet and gentle about her—a regular home, now. But even as he so dreamed he was quite appalled at himself. Great Scott! He was forty-three and she only twenty-one. There must always be something ridiculous in a confirmed bachelor marrying a girl half his years; most of all when the girl was, in a manner, his stenographer. Even badgered, humorless Ben Thorpe would grin, and old Peter Dewstow would snicker in his sparse and spiky white whiskers. Tomlinson could see the grin and hear the snicker. He loathed that. Of all things, he had a horror of looking like a fool. By temperament he shied from the merest shadow of the gaff like a frightened fish. . . . Very sweet and gentle. If he could only marry her and live with her up in the moon where nobody knew it! But if he actually married her what might she not do to him? Squander his money, maybe; drag him around to young folks' dances and parties where he would look like a fool; even carry on with someone near her own age and get him into a mess. He was forty-three; he had a position in that community; he was even proud of his confirmed bachelorhood, for there was distinction in it. She was only a girl, and a junior clerk in the bank! She did laugh and play under his eyes with young Charley Grey, a cub bookkeeper. So he took a great resolution. For several years he had been wishing to spend a winter in California, when he could really afford it, or when conditions were just right. Now, out of hand, he packed up and went to California for the winter.

That was all. When he returned, Leila was as nice to him as ever; sort of close to him, indefinably. But there was a difference. Some mysterious door had been shut; she no longer seemed to murmur, "Here I am." And then this last year young Henry Latham had come along. Anybody who noticed them could see how the wind sat. Only the other day President Thorpe had mentioned, with regret, that he supposed Leila would soon be deserting the bank for matrimony. So it might be said that nothing except casual encounters of a business nature had ever happened between Tomlinson and Leila Hagar; yet both of them knew a buried secret, which now looked out on the surface as he said "That was nice of you, Leila," and sat down.

She stooped toward him, speaking low, astonishment and entreaty in her tone.

"You mustn't do this! You know you mustn't! Why, you must be crazy!"

He slightly shook his head and used her name again, his voice the usual rather dusty drawl.

"I got stung, Leila—that Brownlee-pump nonsense. I told Brownlee it was a client's money I put in, but it was my own—fool thing to do."

She knew all about that. A young man named Brownlee, employed in one of the local garages, had invented a tire pump that could be attached to any automobile engine so the man with even the cheapest car might have his tires pumped up by engine power like the man with the most expensive car. Brownlee calculated that his pumps, when made in quantity, would cost only a few dollars more than the hand pumps which manufacturers of cheaper cars furnished as regular equipment. He proposed to sell his pumps to manufacturers of cheaper cars for regular equipment—a million or more of them a year, at a net profit of three dollars each. There had been a lively stir about this invention. A score or more of citizens—envied for a time by their neighbors—had subscribed for the stock, and a factory had been set up at Bigport-on-the-Sound.

But young Brownlee, it turned out, was bad at figures. When the factory was finished and equipped it had cost three times his estimate. The pumps, when made in quantity by machinery, hadn't worked so well as the handmade model did. And instead of costing six dollars and a half each at the factory, as Brownlee had calculated, they cost fourteen. Automobile manufacturers, striving might and main to cut down cost of production and cheapen the selling price, would not buy so expensive and doubtful an article for regular equipment. They said that nowadays, with a garage offering free air every two miles, people cared less about tire pumps anyway. Another pump company sued, claiming infringement of patent. The Brownlee venture went into liquidation, with a total loss to stockholders. Leila knew all about that, but she did not know that cautious Tomlinson was heavily involved.

"I'm no speculator," he went dustily on, with the sudden intimacy which was a quite new thing between them; "but this took me off my head. You read about it every now and then—chap invents a new sort of hairpin and cleans up ten million in five years. Brownlee looked the part and talked it—young Edison. Hypnotized me, I guess; or I hypnotized myself." He paused an instant, lightly cleared his throat and looked at her as drawing aside a curtain. "You see, Leila, I didn't care for it here any more. I wanted to clean it all up." He made a slight gesture. "Get out of it all. I thought this was a sure chance. It took me off my head—cleaned me out to the last copper."

She had long since apprehended Tomlinson; fair outside but crippled within; a man incrusted with a thick shell of inertia, something sluggish and wary paralyzing his energy. He might perhaps have married her, and wished to; yet could not make the venture. That paralyzing sluggishness and fear of the gaff were fairly beyond his will, she felt.

"But the money doesn't matter," she replied eagerly. "You're an able man. Why, you can make money again—a lot of money! You could go to Bigport." With a note of triumph for him, she added, "You could go to New York! You could go anywhere! Everyone here knows you have ability. You could make a good deal more money right here." She stooped

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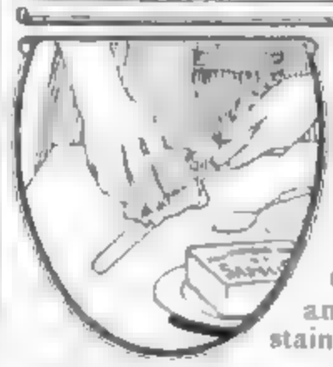

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towards him, at once chiding and pleading. "You know you don't half try!"

True, he only half worked, for he loved his ease, taking his time to dress; a leisurely breakfast with the toast and coffee just right, as Mrs. Pruitt knew how to make them; then strolling down to the office if the weather was decent; an hour for luncheon; knocking off in the middle of the afternoon if he felt like it. But that was not merely a love of ease; there was a sluggish, wary, rooted pessimism in it. Why strive much when the game was hardly worth the candle anyhow? Why venture when you'd probably lose? However, he was often joked about his laziness and did not even take the trouble to shrug his shoulders over the jokes.

But the strange thing now was that never before had he and she really talked to each other. Only now, when she was to marry young Latham and he had stolen some bonds, did intimate and revealing words pass between them.

"Perhaps I could make some more money," he admitted. A quizzical smile flickered faintly in his blue eyes. "But could I? I used to think of Bigport—even of New York. But it didn't seem worth while, and if you're made that way, why, then you can't. Inshore fish stay in shallow water. No use telling 'em they can swim out." He pondered it a moment, and drew the curtain again. "I did swim out—with Brownlee—and got slaughtered. Guess I'm not made that way, you see. I don't mind your knowing all about it, Leila. I don't ask much of the world—some grub, a good chair, a little money. Not very much money, either. I never speculated; saved it and salted it down—a few thousand a year. I had eighty-five thousand dollars in good bonds. But I wanted to make a pile and get out. So Brownlee comes along. . . . I could stand being broke, maybe. But it's worse than that. I've got some paper to meet next month, with my bank stock up as collateral. I couldn't stand being sold out on that, you see. It would show me up for a fool. So I thought up a way out of it."

He put a well-kept hand on his knee, leaning slightly forward.

"Peter Dewstow owns 60 per cent of this bank—a mean old rat worth a million or more. He buys my brains when he wants to put anything over. He makes me sick with his everlasting counting and checking up and auditing. Well, I'll use my brains for myself in this case. I'd like to beat him on his checking up and auditing, just to show him what an old ass he is. I don't mind taking the bonds at all. And you owe me something, you know. If you'd let my overcoat alone, that would have been the end of it. . . . I'm telling you all about it, Leila. But I didn't do it without thinking it over. It's just this: I've got to have some money. Old Peter and the bank can afford it. It would have been perfectly safe, only you broke it. I can't do without the money."

She had no arguments to oppose him with, only an appeal.

"But you mustn't do this! You're too good a man. You're too able. This is what cheap, feeble men do. Why, the money doesn't matter! We lost our money, too, with Brownlee—I mean Harry."

He knew that young Latham was one of the small-fry victims of the air pump; but she mentioned it with a smile.

"Well, it's no matter to you, Leila," he replied; "or to Harry Latham. It was only a couple of thousand. But the amount is no matter either. You're both young he has you. I'm forty-six, and no speculator. Forty thousand, the way I go, means seven or eight years. I can't stand being shown up with the sale of my bank stock. They'd all know it. Why should I stand the gaff that way when I don't have to? Let Peter and the bank stand it. A little money is all there is to it for me—now."

She apprehended that also. With his strong inertia and his fastidiousness about his clothes and his living, and so on—moreover, with his horror of being made to look a fool—this money was a sort of necessity; a safe theft of Liberty Bonds was life to the fish that couldn't swim out. Still she could not argue, but only plead

"Oh, no! You mustn't! I can't let you, for your sake, and then for the bank's sake too. Don't you see? I'm responsible now."

Tomlinson again softly cleared his throat and looked down a moment—moved, she thought, and perhaps about to yield. Then his glance ran over the long table, with its one drawer in the middle, in front of which she sat. He stretched his leg, reached into his trousers pocket and drew out a bunch of keys, selecting one.

In the rather dusty drawl he said, "Well, I want to look in my safe-deposit box."

Without haste he laid his hat and overcoat on the table and stood up, ready to go to the vault. His manner was so matter of course that it seemed fairly to wipe out what had just passed between them, as though she wakened from a dream and saw familiar, dry Mr. Tomlinson standing before her, saying he wished access to his safe-deposit box. In that case it was her duty as custodian of the vault to accompany him there and apply her master key. The impression of his matter-of-course manner was so strong that she almost obeyed mechanically, yet hesitated, looking up at him, half bewildered, questioning. But he only looked gravely down at her, key in hand, waiting. She bit a corner of her lip and helplessly arose, taking two steps toward the vault, Tomlinson following. Then he spoke again, cool and unsmiling:

"I won't bother. Time to shut up for the night. You go and see that the time lock is set."

The two steps had brought him in front of the drawer, between her and it. She had more than half known all along that this was a subterfuge to get her away from the drawer; yet he had so managed it that she had not known how to refuse compliance. Now, however, it was clear enough that he meant to get the bonds from the drawer; and she took a quick little step toward him in an intolerable dismay, as though she beheld him about to throw himself from a high building or in front of a train.

"You mustn't! I can't let you!"

"You go into the vault, Leila," he said in dry kindliness. "See that the time lock is set."

"Why, of course it's set!" she protested breathlessly. "It's always set! Go away! Please!"

She was close to him. A faint flush tinged his dusty cheek, but he spoke in the same dry kindliness:

"Go into the vault. You'll be questioned later on, you know. Less you see the better."

"It's not I! It's you!" she declared. "I won't let you! I can't! I'm responsible to the bank!"

He simply turned to the table, his hand reaching to the drawer; and there was something unbearable in that, like seeing him commit a murder. She caught his arm and babbled with little sense:

"I'll call! I'll tell Mr. Thorpe! I won't let you take them away! Please! I'm going to yell!"

He turned his head a bit, looking over his shoulder into her face, saying with inappropriate kindness, "You mustn't bother me now, Leila. I need this."

He pulled the drawer open. She couldn't bear to see it done, and clapped her hands over her eyes.

Then she heard him saying, with warning in his low voice, "They're coming down." At the same time she heard Peter Dewstow like a cracked fire bell on the stairs. Mere instinct arranged the rest.

When Peter stepped into the directors' room, with bedeviled President Thorpe beside him like a lamb led to the sacrifice, the old man was bleating, "All nonsense to put it off! He said he'd consent. That makes four of us—with you and me and Tomlinson. That's a quorum. Those bonds git worse every day we wait. If you're goin' to do a thing do it and be done with it!"

In fact nobody had consented. But Peter, over the telephone, had bullied another member of the board into a helpless silence which he chose to take for consent. Having thoroughly made up his mind to dispose of those detested trolley bonds, nothing but death would stop him; and having won what he chose to consider assent from three fellow directors, he proposed to ship the bonds to New York by express that night so they might be sold there the following forenoon.

Stepping into the directors' room, with President Thorpe in leash, Peter saw Miss Hagar sitting at the long table, engaged in some clerical work, and Tomlinson, on the other side of the table, looking over the typewritten and checked lists of securities which had been used in the audit. The lawyer's coat and hat lay on the fourth chair beside Miss Hagar, where they had been before. Not that Peter really noticed

(Continued on Page 169)

Only 38—*yet* looks every day of 50

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1 month of Right Shaving will take years away, say authorities

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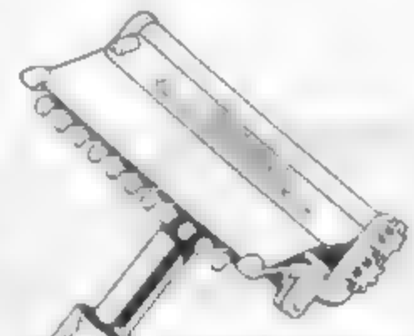

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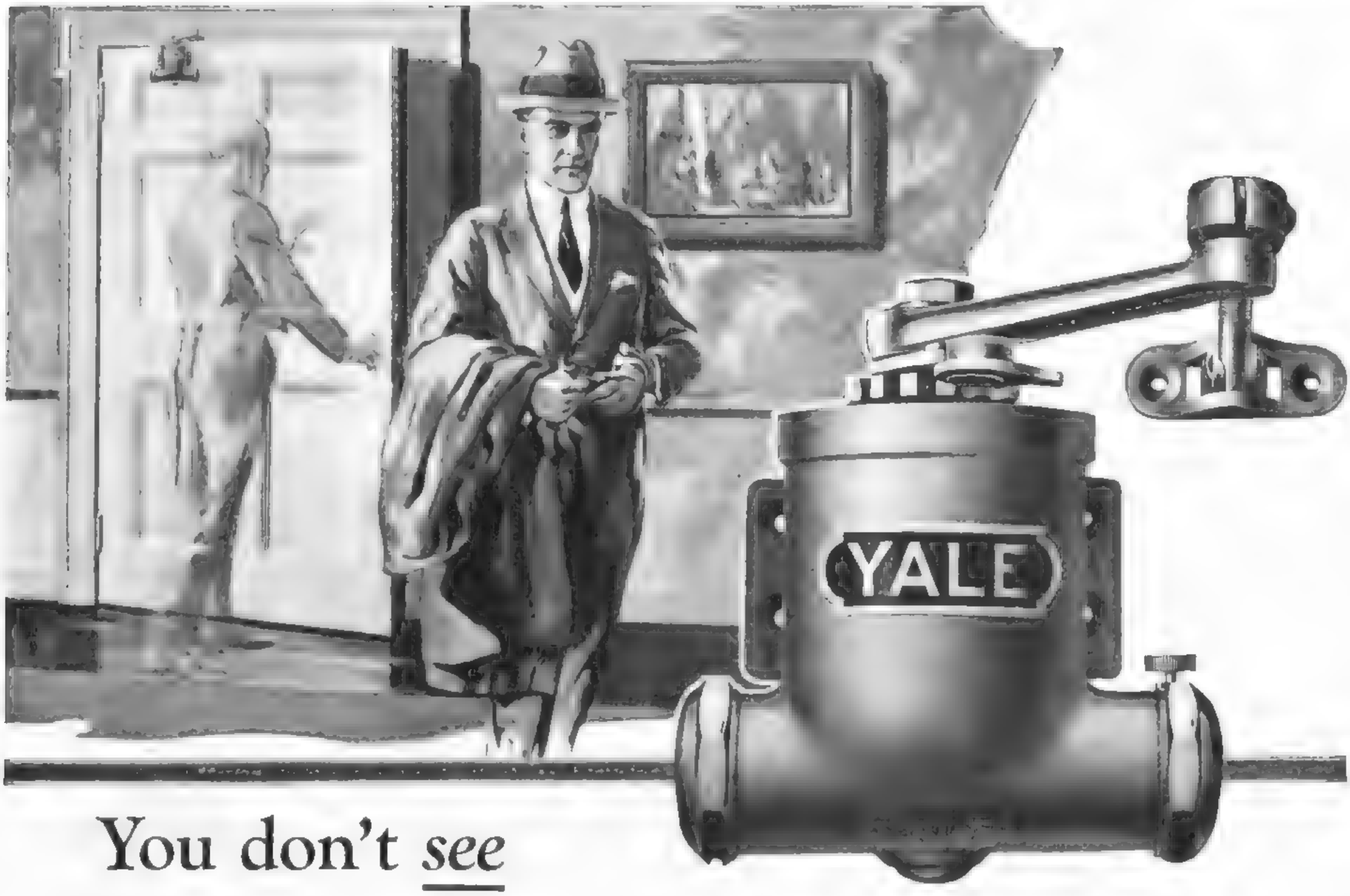

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(Continued from Page 166)

the garments, for his mind was otherwise occupied. From the door he spoke to Leila with customary directness.

"Git out that Nettleton box."

He was already moving briskly toward the vault, for he meant to have those bonds done up and sent to the express office at once.

The command thrilled Leila's nerves, and she held herself from looking at Tomlinson as she arose, master key in hand, and followed Peter to the vault. . . . Why was he opening the Nettleton box again? Did he suspect? Had he seen Tomlinson's hand move past the box? That seemed unlikely. But would he notice that the Liberty Bonds were not in the box? Questions whirled in her head, and her fingers trembled as she applied the key.

But Peter, as usual, was paying no more attention to her than as though she had been a machine. The niche being open, he grasped the metal handle of the box, pulling it out. The only furniture in the vault consisted of a stepladder, used to reach the higher tiers of boxes. Peter plumped the steel case down on that and snapped back its lid. His bony hand reached in for the trolley bonds.

But even in his preoccupation the ruling passion held. Fingering bonds delighted him somewhat as thumbing rare editions titillates a book collector. To get at the trolley bonds he picked up several bundles of securities.

Leila's heart was in her throat. She seemed to have ceased breathing. Then Peter's strident voice exploded:

"Hey! Hello here! What's this? Where's the Liberties? What's this?" He was feverishly ransacking the box. Leila felt her knees go limp. When Peter looked aggressively up her face was white. "Where's the Liberties?" he demanded, like an arrest.

"I don't know," she murmured. Her white face and bodiless voice roused Peter to a keener alarm.

He shouted, "Hey! Ben! Tomlinson! See here!"

But he did not wait for them to see. Seizing the box, he ambled rapidly into the directors' room with it. Tomlinson had risen at the shout; Thorpe was already hastening to the vault. Peter ran by him and dumped the contents of the box on the long table, at a white heat.

"Where's the Liberty Bonds? Where's the Liberty Bonds?" he clamored, pawing over the heap. "They ain't here! They're gone! What's become of 'em?"

Tomlinson saw Leila coming to the table, white and miserable, the very image of guilt if one chose so to interpret her. An instant later Peter turned upon her, his high cracked voice like an assault and battery.

"Where's those bonds? They was here ten minutes ago!"

She replied low, "I don't know, Mr. Dewstow. You locked the box up with me."

From the instant of Peter's first outcry Tomlinson had been waiting to hear her speak. Would she denounce him? Now that she had spoken, he raised a hand and touched his neatly trimmed mustache with thumb and forefinger.

But old Peter's wits were working, recalling what had happened immediately after the audit, and in an instant he got the solution of this puzzle, remembering that he had started talking to Tomlinson about the trolley bonds; recalling clearly how they had moved a little away from the table, his back toward it, while the Nettleton box stood on the table and this young woman stood beside it; recalling also how he had turned around when Thorpe entered and seen her and the box. That two minutes, he perceived, was the only time during which the bonds could have disappeared. All other times they had been under three pairs of eyes, or locked in the vault. As that conclusion formed in his mind, he boarded Leila with it, cutlass in hand.

"We'd counted 'em! We'd checked 'em up!" he declared in high excitement. "We'd put 'em back in the box! Then we got to talkin' about trolley bonds. The box stood here on the table. You stood here." He moved briskly, gesturing, dramatizing the situation. "You stood right here. We stood over there. You had the box beside you. Remember that?" he demanded.

"Yes, I remember it," she said helplessly.

Peter beat the table with his knuckles. "That was the only time the bonds could 'a' disappeared. We'd counted 'em a minute before. We locked 'em up a minute afterwards." He dodged over, dramatizing it again. "The box stood here. You stood here. We stood here. Whadda you gotta say to that?" In his excitement he ran the words together.

The scene which he was recalling was clear in her mind also. She perceived how it told against her, and she had already said that she did not know where the bonds were, so that she could not now, with any show of consistency, accuse Tomlinson. She felt a trap closing upon her and struggled against the toils.

"I didn't touch the bonds, Mr. Dewstow," she protested. "I never opened the box."

"Well, bonds don't fly away!" Peter declared ominously, and turned to Tomlinson. "You been here all the while since we left?"

"All the while," said Tomlinson dustily.

Peter gave his grizzled head a decisive jerk.

"Then the bonds are here! They couldn't 'a' got out of this room unless somebody came and took 'em out." He gave his head another conclusive jerk. "We're in time! They gotta be here yet!"

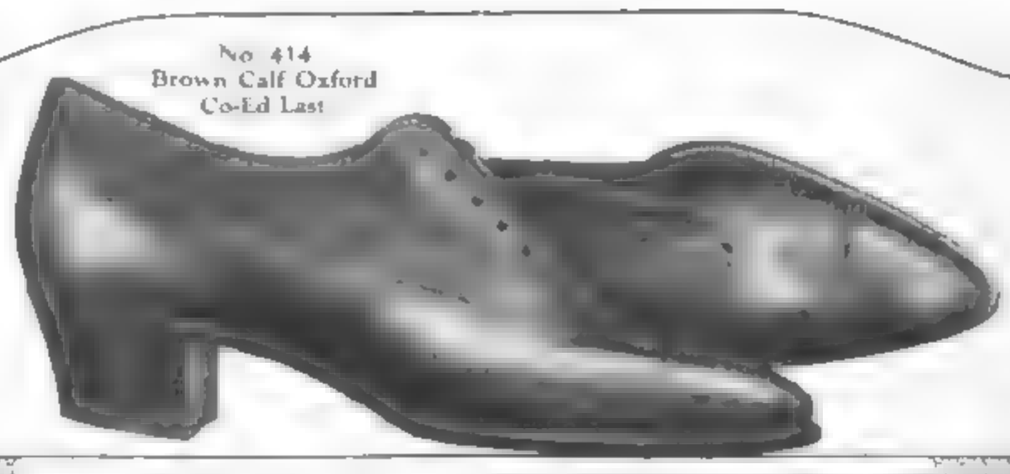
His manner, more than his words, showed his meaning—that she had slipped the bonds out of the box, but as yet had found no opportunity to get them out of the room. Of course, he would search and find the bonds.

Leila felt the trap spring shut. She saw it would be useless to protest; useless, after what she had said, to accuse Tomlinson. His dry, cool voice saying he had not been out of the room during Peter's and Thorpe's absence seemed to affirm that he would save his own hide, doing it very capably. Her word, under these circumstances, would not stand against his. Obscurely she felt that a sin had been committed, and she must suffer for it. She bent her head.

Peter, gnawing his nether lip, was looking aggressively about. But there was hardly anywhere to look. She had stood at the table; the table had one drawer in it. His militant glance took in the few papers in sight. He darted to the drawer, pulled it wide open and drew forth the Liberty Bonds. There was an anticlimax in it, for the theft was so pitifully transparent, so barefaced.

He lifted the bonds up and slammed them down on the table, and said to Thorpe quite flatly, "Wouldn't that git your goat?" But the sheer impudence of the thing roused him anew. He rapped the bonds smartly with his knuckles and

Lake St. Mary and Jun Mountain, Glacier National Park



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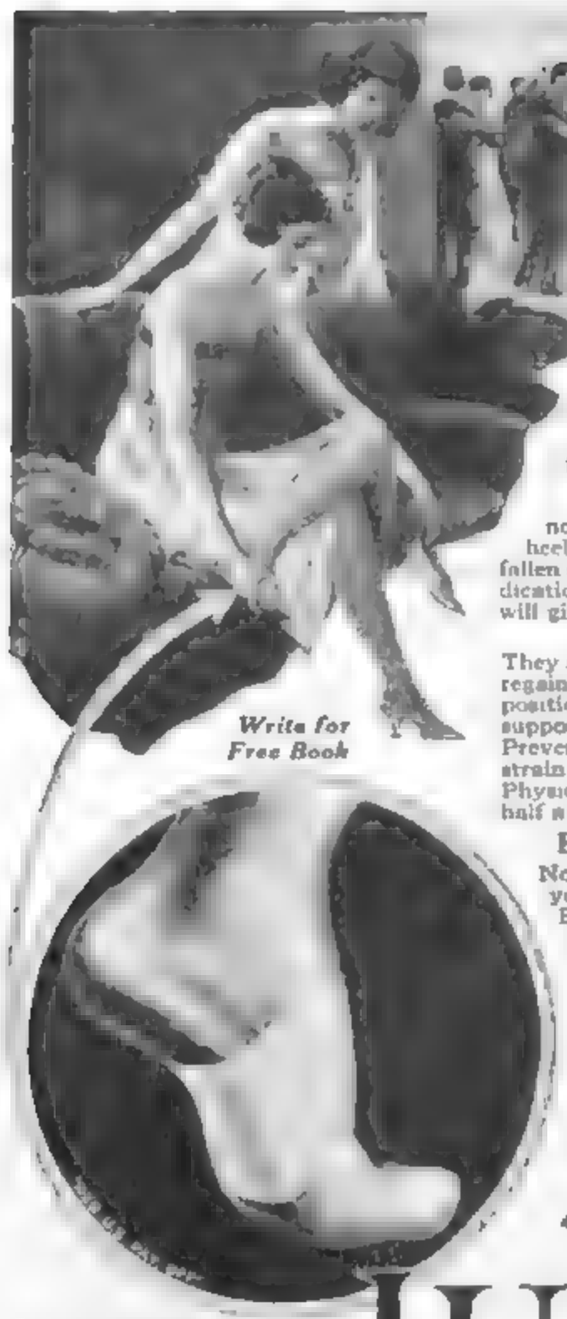

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wagged his head at Leila. "You don't git away with it! You don't put it over! Under our very noses! Under my nose!" He was beginning to boil again, and declaimed to Thorpe and Tomlinson. "It was just an accident that saved us. If I hadn't come back for those trolley bonds ——" Indeed the narrow margin by which they had escaped appalled him. He was bleating, "I won't stand for it! Under our noses, and come within a hair of puttin' it over! We gotta make an example! I've never compounded a felony and I never will. She's gotta answer for it! Call an officer!"

The command was addressed to President Thorpe, who stood gaping at Leila, vastly shocked and grieved, but unable to deny the witness of his own eyes.

"Go on! Call an officer!" Peter shouted, and they might have heard him upstairs.

Pale, Leila had been looking over at Tomlinson, but his eyes were on the floor. Shocked, President Thorpe, perceiving the sad necessity, started for the stairs with heavy feet. Leila looked at him as she might have looked at a sacrificial priest who was laying her on the altar. The president quickly averted his eyes. Then she heard Tomlinson's dusty drawl.

"I put the bonds there myself." All eyes turned to him. He met them calmly, and proceeded in dry, lazy utterance: "We been going through this auditing rigmarole four times a year for five years. You can go through motions till the cows come home, but it's no good if you do it just by rote. I made up my mind our audit was just routine rigmarole—no good really. Mr. Dewstow's idea was to have three people watching all the while, and then nobody could put anything over. But I saw we'd got to doing it mechanically—everybody half asleep. If I'd told you so, you wouldn't have believed it. I thought I'd prove it. No trouble at all about it. I could have taken half the stuff in the boxes if I'd had any place to put it I first slipped these bonds under my overcoat, and then when you two went upstairs I put 'em in the drawer. You notice I hung around. I meant to wait till shutting-up time and then call you down here and show 'em to you. What's the good of taking up three people's time four times a year unless you really keep on the job?" He concluded by quoting two of Peter Dewstow's favorite maxims: "A bank director that don't direct ought to be in jail." "Eternal vigilance is the price of safety."

Peter Dewstow's meager face was puckered as though he had been abruptly kicked in the stomach. Getting breath he sputtered. "Course I wasn't watchin'! You can't watch everybody 't the same time! You might 'a' told me what was in your mind instead of makin' all this fuss! Fool thing to do, I say! If you don't like our way of auditin' ——"

But he stopped there. One must not go too far. Tomlinson was valuable to the bank. And even Peter had sufficient grace to wish to get out of Leila Hagar's sight as soon as possible. He carefully avoided looking at her, and sputtered on testily:

"No use your standin' round there, Ben! Help me git these trolley bonds done up. Wait till we lock up this fool box again!"

Tomlinson picked up his hat and overcoat. Leila and Peter went once more to the vault and silently locked up the Nettleton box. When she returned Tomlinson had gone. The chairman and the president went immediately upstairs with the obnoxious trolley bonds.

So not a word passed between Tomlinson and Leila Hagar; only a shining look from her. It held his mind as he walked homeward, with absorbing thoughts from far down.

"She'd have stood the gaff! She's sort of hooked me—fished me up. I'll pitch in now and make the money. . . . Queer business, life is."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

"A $50 Increase In Salary!"

"I'VE been watching your work, Ralph, and I've decided to give you Jim Hanna's position at an increase of $50 a month.

"I remember when you came here looking for a job. Business was good—you said anything would do—so we put you on the payroll.

"After that, I am frank to say, I forgot all about you. You were doing routine work and you seemed no better or worse than a score of other young fellows in the office.

"Then one day I received this letter from the International Correspondence Schools, telling me that you had enrolled for a course that would give you special training for our business and that you were making splendid progress.

"'There's a man worth watching,' I said to myself, and I began to keep tabs on you.

"And day by day I could see that your spare-time study was helping you in your work. You were the first man in the department to enter my mind when this position became open.

"I'm glad to promote you, Ralph, because I know you'll make good. Keep right on. There are even bigger things ahead for you."

HOW do *you* stand when your employer checks up his men for promotion? Is there any reason why he should select you?

Ask yourself these questions. You must face them if you expect advancement and more money.

Suppose you were an employer and you were seeking a man for an important position.

Would you select the man who, outside of being a good fellow, had no special qualifications? Or would you select the man you knew was preparing himself to handle the job ahead?

There is no question but that you would select the trained man.

That is the reason why students and graduates of the International Correspondence Schools are the first to be hired, the first to be promoted, and the best paid. They have the special training that employers are looking for.

When a man enrolls with the I. C. S. he is asked if he wishes his employer notified of his progress. If the answer is "yes," regular reports are sent to the employer.

The following letter from one of the largest concerns of its kind in the country shows the value of this policy:

"Your letter regarding one of our employees, Mr. M—— D——, has been forwarded to the writer with the request that I convey to you an idea of our appreciation for drawing this to our attention.

"We note with pleasure Mr. D——'s progress in the course he is taking with your institution and appreciate thoroughly the fact that efforts such as his require determination which is to be admired.

"At the present time, for your information, we are inaugurating a system whereby we are making it part of a man's efficiency record as to how he spends his spare moments in the evening. If he is a man who is inclined to study and advance himself to one of the better positions in life, this is a matter of his record."

AN I. C. S. course is not a sure guarantee of a larger salary, but it comes as near to it as anything we know.

Every mail brings letters from I. C. S. students telling of advancements and increased salaries won through spare-time study. In a single year, the increases reported by I. C. S. students totalled more than $2,000,000!

These advancements and increases in salary are not only in the technical subjects such as Electrical, Mechanical and Civil Engineering, Architecture, Chemistry, etc., but in Salesmanship, Advertising, Business Management, Accounting, etc.

EMPLOYERS in every line of business are begging for men with ambition—men who really want to get ahead in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that *you* are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for something better if you will only give them the chance. Surely, the least you can do is to find out just what there is in this proposition for *you*.

The way is easy. Just mark and mail this coupon, and, without cost or obligation, get a copy of "*Who Wins and Why*" and descriptive booklets telling how you can prepare for success in the work of your choice.

SEND FOR THIS BOOKLET
"Who Wins and Why"

A gripping business story that raises a vital question and answers it in a manner that will interest every man—or woman!—who wants to get ahead and seeks to learn how. 48 pages. Sent on request. Use the coupon.

International Correspondence Schools
Box 4006, Scranton, Penna.

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INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 4006, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me your 48-page booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:

BUSINESS TRAINING DEPARTMENT

☐ Business Management	☐ Salesmanship
☐ Industrial Management	☐ Advertising
☐ Personnel Organization	☐ Better Letters
☐ Traffic Management	☐ Foreign Trade
☐ Business Law	☐ Show Card Lettering
☐ Banking and Banking Law	☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Accountancy (including C. P. A.)	☐ Teacher
☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting	☐ Civil Service
☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Business English	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Private Secretary	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Business Spanish	☐ Illustrating
☐ French	☐ Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

☐ Electrical Engineering	☐ Architect
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ Contractor and Builder
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☐ Mechanical Engineer	☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Plumbing and Heating
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☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Chemistry
☐ Civil Engineer	☐ Pharmacy
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Automobile Work
☐ Mining Engineer	☐ Navigation
☐ Metallurgist	☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Steam Engineer	☐ Mathematics
☐ Blue Print Reading	☐ Radio ☐ Airplane Engines

Name _____

Street Address _____

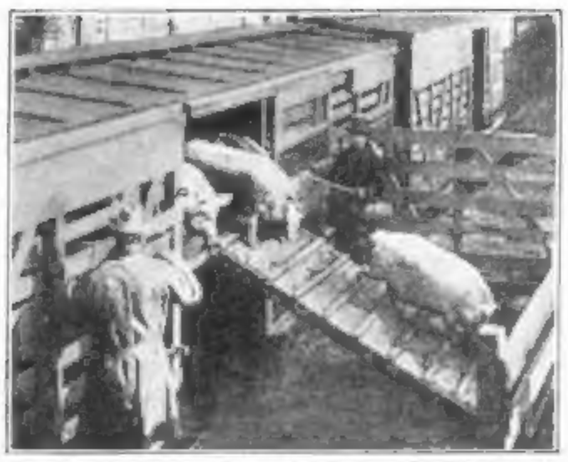
City _____ State _____

Occupation _____

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

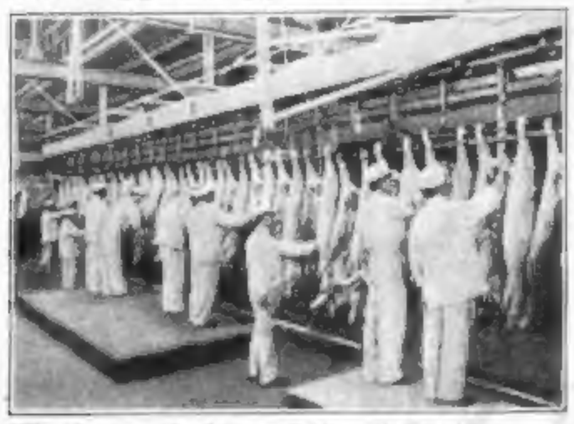
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Offices in leading cities throughout the United States and Canada



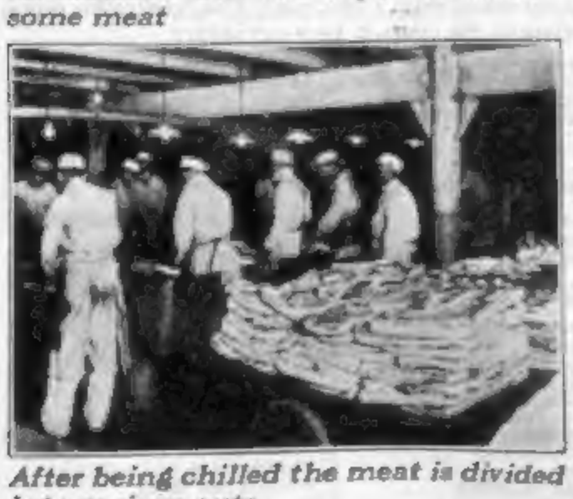
On arrival at the stock yards hogs are unloaded and driven into pens where we buy them

Animals are placed in rest pens before entering packing plants



Workers, clad in white, dress the carcasses in a careful, sanitary manner

United States Government Inspectors, each a trained veterinarian, inspect all animals and assure you of wholesome meat



After being chilled the meat is divided into various cuts

The Swift Arrow

stands for

Service—preparing meats and distributing them over thousands of miles to 110,000,000 Americans.

Speed—fresh meats, hanging in the cooler an hour after the live animal enters the plant; all in the hands of the consumer within two weeks.

Sanitation and cleanliness—liberal, habitual use of water throughout plants; bathing and dressing facilities for plant workers; rigid inspection of animals and meat, by our own as well as by Federal Government employes.

Size—twenty-three plants, more than four hundred branch houses, thousands of refrigerator cars, a trained army of workers and distributors, fitting the nation's size and able to meet its vast food needs.

Scope—world-wide markets; country-wide access to sources of supply.

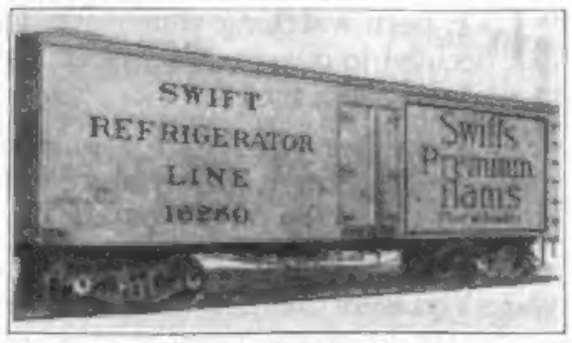
Saving—in cost of preparing and handling meat because of scope, size, equipment, modern methods, efficient handling of by-products.

Steadfastness—always on the job; furnishing a steady cash market for the live-stock producer and keeping up a steady stream of meat to the consumer.

Swift's Premium Hams are given a special cure that imparts a delicate flavor highly prized by epicures

After curing, the hams are placed in the smoke houses over hardwood fires

Each ham is wrapped in parchment paper to protect it and preserve its flavor



Refrigerator cars keep the meat well chilled during its journey to your retail dealer

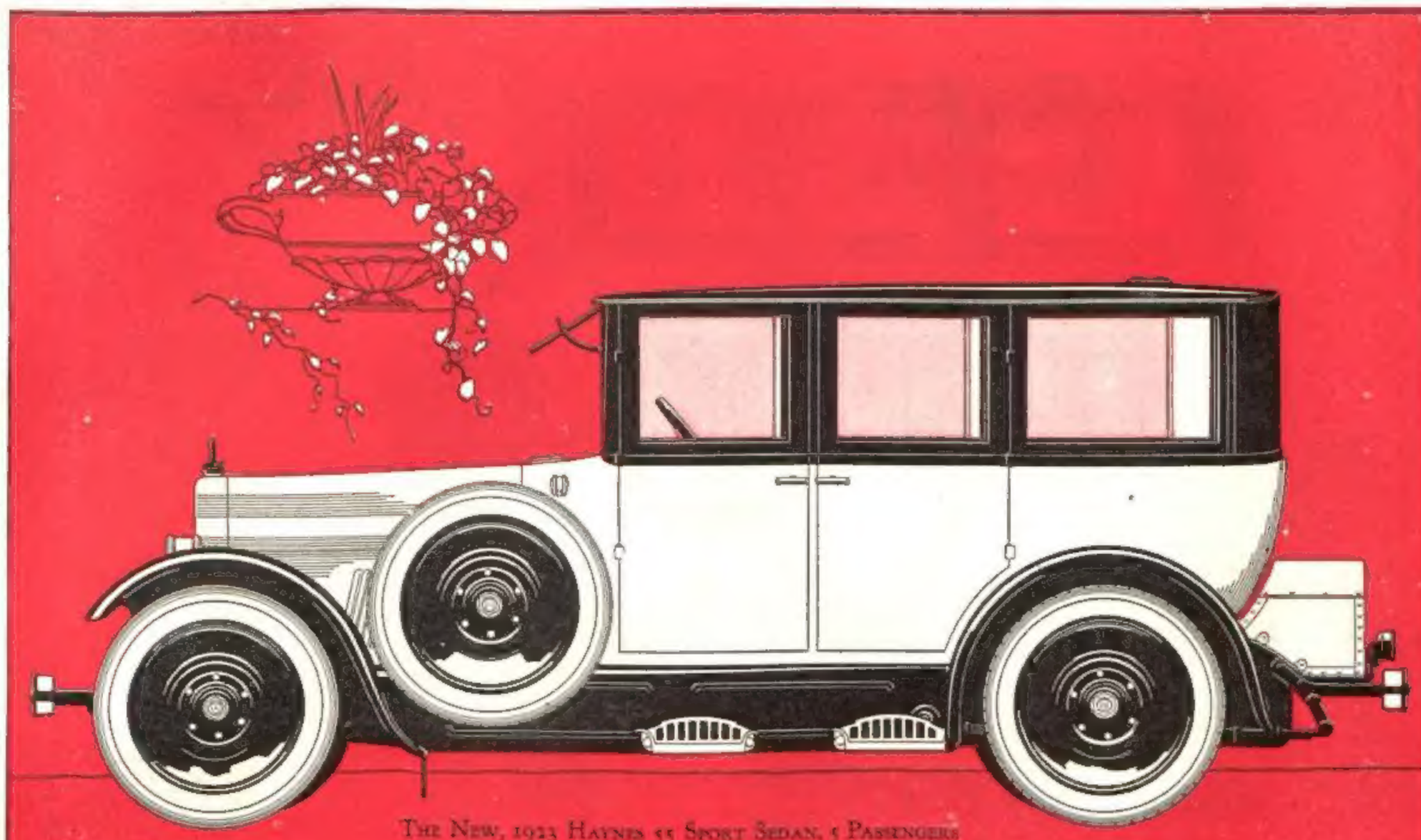
More than 400 Branch Houses and hundreds of car routes distribute the kind and quality of meat you demand

Swift Trucks, kept scrupulously clean, deliver our meats

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 45,000 shareholders



THE NEW, 1923 HAYNES 55 SPORT SEDAN, 5 PASSENGERS

ANNOUNCING THE 1923 HAYNES FOUR SPORT MODELS

THE vogue of the sport-model car is established. Haynes has been responding to it, and now meets it completely with four new models of this type of car for 1923.

They are cars for those who love the thoroughbred—who want strength with beauty and power with comfort.

THERE ARE NO EXTRAS TO BUY. Each of these cars is fully equipped. The newest accessories are standard equipment. Front and rear bumpers, a spacious trunk, six disc wheels with six 32 x 4½ cord tires, sun and vision visor, polished protection bars at the rear of the body, handsome individual steps—everything that you naturally expect as an essential feature of a sport car. The open models are equipped with new design windshield wings and are trimmed in beautiful Spanish leather. All of the new 1923 Haynes 55 sport models have a 121-inch wheel base and are finished in a pleasing shade of deep maroon.

Graceful in design, they have the outstanding attractiveness of real individuality. Beneath their attractiveness is the famous Haynes-built six-cylinder motor and the sturdy mechanical perfection which characterizes the Haynes. The demand will be great without a doubt. We urge that you make your own reservation at once with your Haynes dealer.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, *Kokomo, Indiana*
EXPORT OFFICE: 1715 Broadway, New York City, U. S. A.

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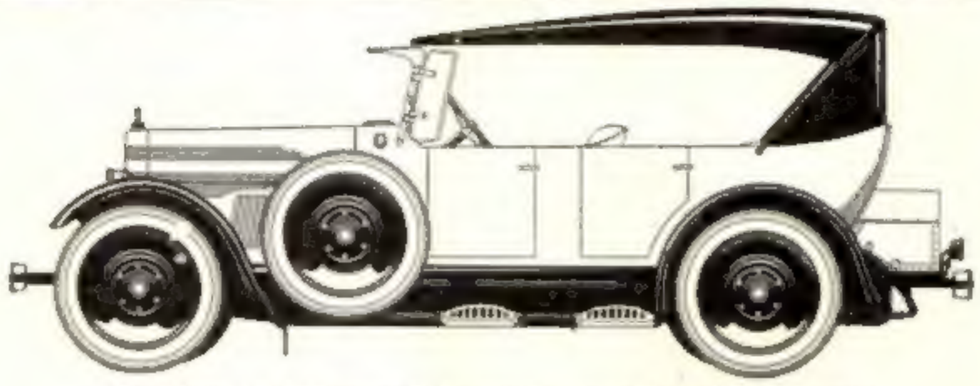
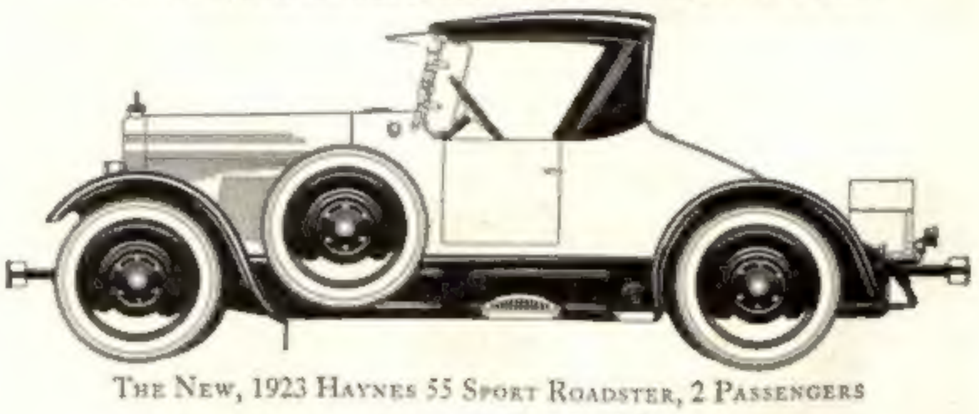
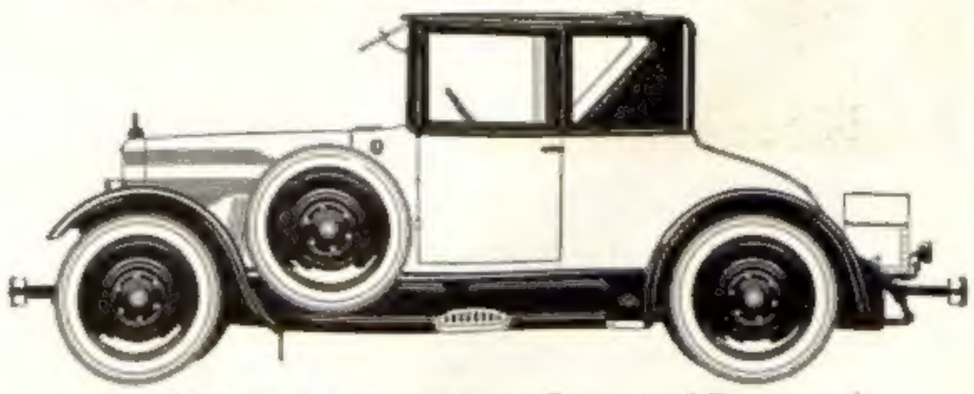


THE NEW, 1923 HAYNES 55 SPORT TOURING CAR, 5 PASSENGERS



THE NEW, 1923 HAYNES 55 SPORT ROADSTER, 2 PASSENGERS



THE NEW, 1923 HAYNES 55 SPORT COUPELET, 3 PASSENGERS

Your Future Self

In a few years you will be a new person. Everything about you, except the enamel of your teeth, will have changed. Be fair now to the person you will be. Read here why it is important to protect the enamel of your teeth by using a *safe* dentifrice.

COLGATE'S

Cleans Teeth the Right Way

Washes and Polishes—Doesn't Injure the Enamel

THE theory that everyone becomes a new person every seven years is substantiated by scientific authority. *(See article on Biology by Professor William Keith Brooks, New International Encyclopedia, Vol. III, page 90.)*

An injury to the flesh, the bones, the eyes or other organs may be healed by Nature, but the thin coating of enamel upon your teeth never is renewed, once it is broken or otherwise damaged.

> **"The enamel is a very hard substance; it is also brittle, and may be cracked or broken. If once lost, it will not grow again. It is evident, therefore, that it is very essential to protect this outer layer, both from the action of acids and from mechanical injuries."** —*From Human Biology, page 90, by Peabody & Hunt. The Macmillan Company, 1920.*

The enamel protects your teeth from decay. When it is broken or scoured away, tooth trouble is almost sure to begin.

Consequently, you should be careful in the selection of your dentifrice. Choose one which will wash and polish the enamel, not one which will scour with harsh grit. Colgate's is based on fine precipitated chalk and pure vegetable oil soap. The chalk loosens the clinging particles from the enamel, the pure vegetable oil soap washes them away.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream does all that a dentifrice should do. It cleans teeth thoroughly, and it has the important virtue of being *safe for habitual use.*

Protect the enamel of your teeth, and be fair to your future self by using Colgate's regularly, night and morning.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806
NEW YORK

25c

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture